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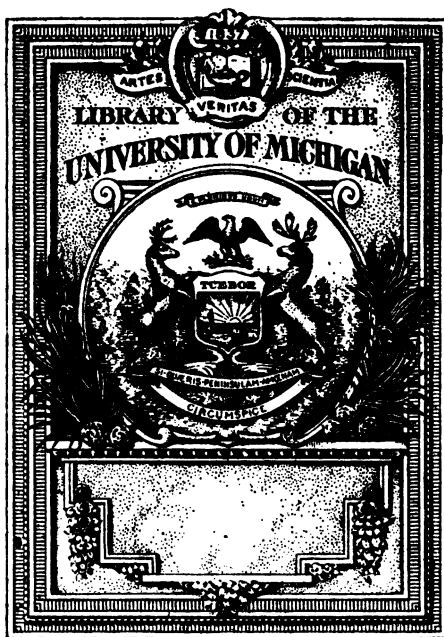
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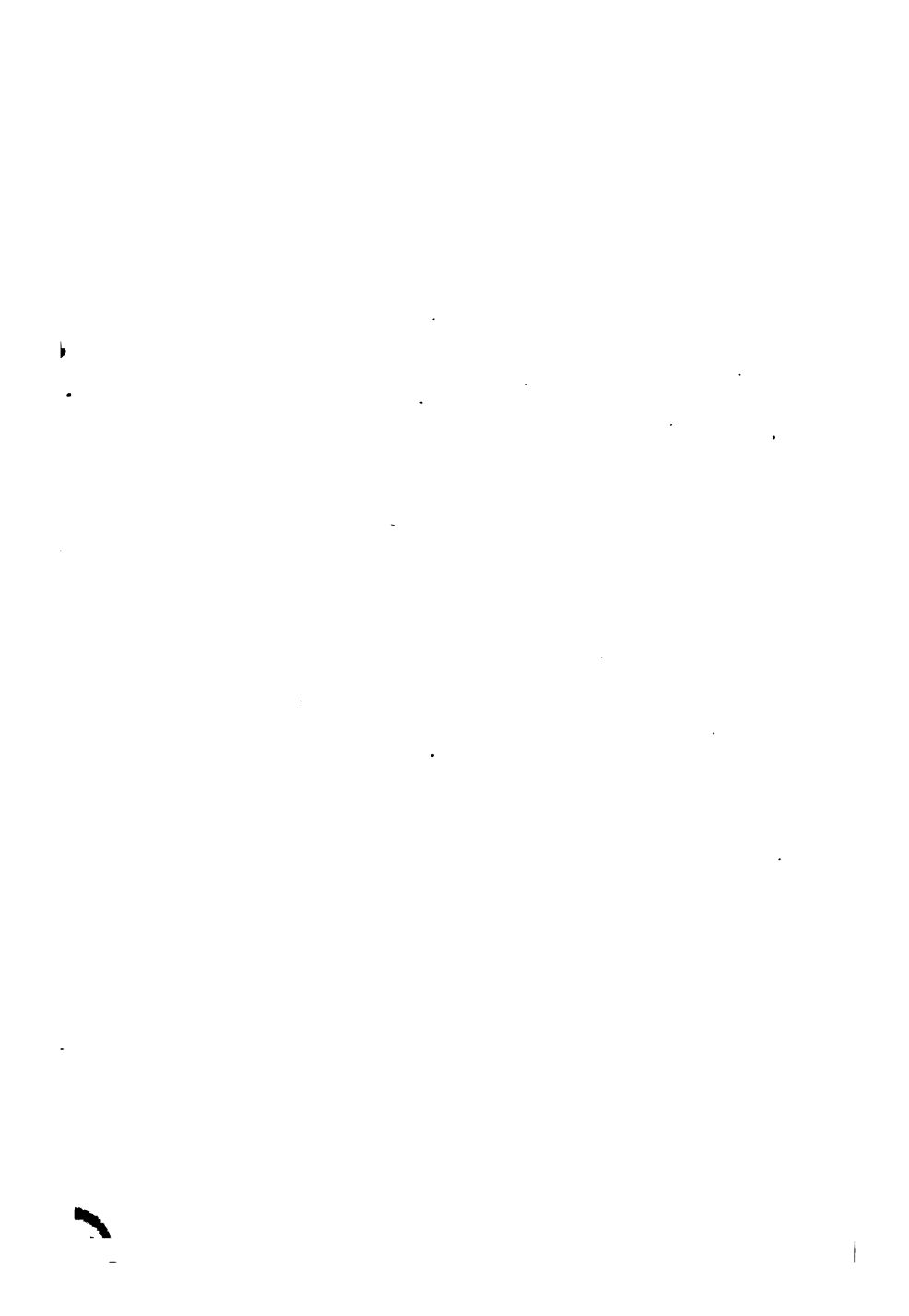
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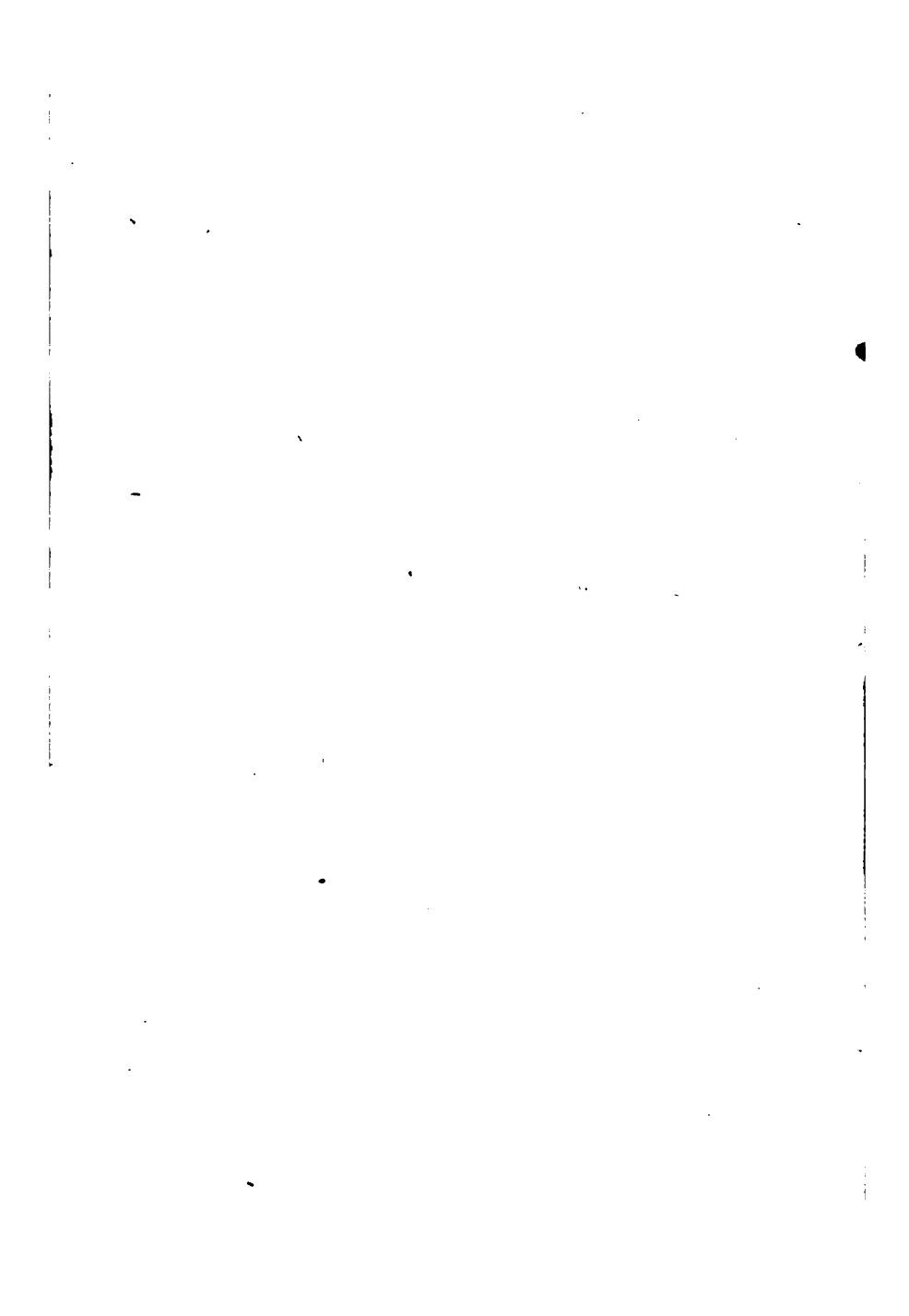
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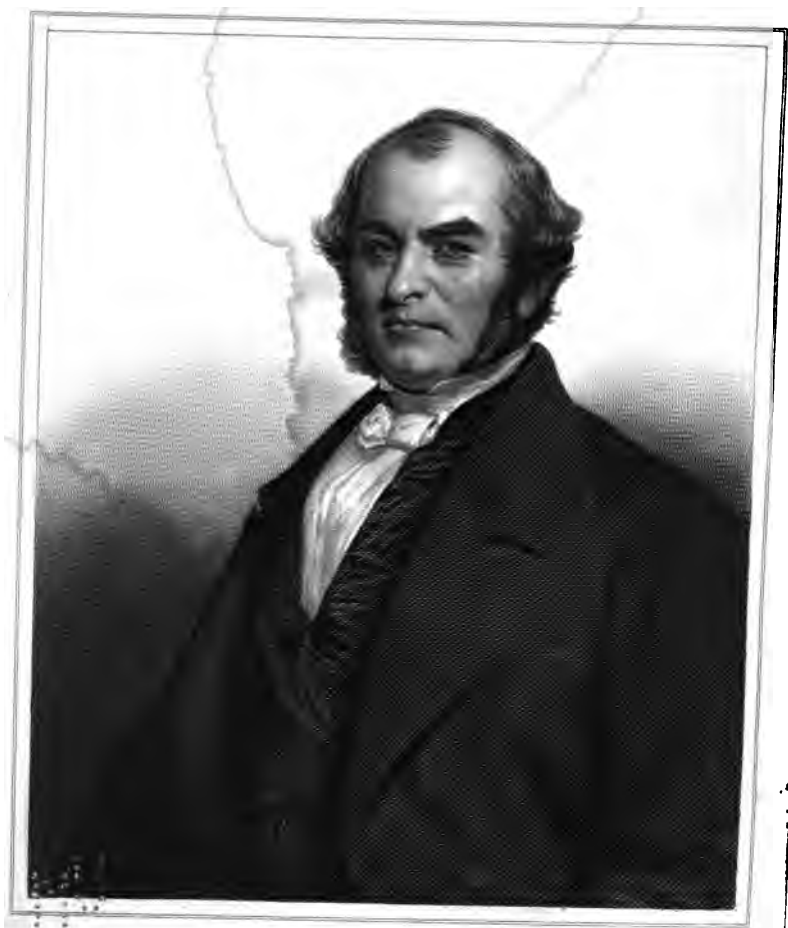
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ANDREW CORBETT, Esq. of New York, N. Y.

PRESIDENT OF THE CANADA COMPANY IN 1842.

AND

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CANADA COMPANY IN THE U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

THE FIRST BOOK OF SAMUEL
CHAPTER I
ANNA, THE DAUGHTER OF PHINEHAS,
OF RAMATH, IN THE LAND OF ZEBULUN, WAS BARREN,
AND WAS IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD AT RAMATHAIM
BETH-LEEM, WHERE SHE WAS SERVING IN THE
HOUSE OF THE LORD.

AND SHE WAS BARREN, AND SHE WAS IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD AT RAMATHAIM BETH-LEEM, WHERE SHE WAS SERVING IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

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THE LIFE AND TIMES
OF THE
REV. ANSON GREEN, D.D.

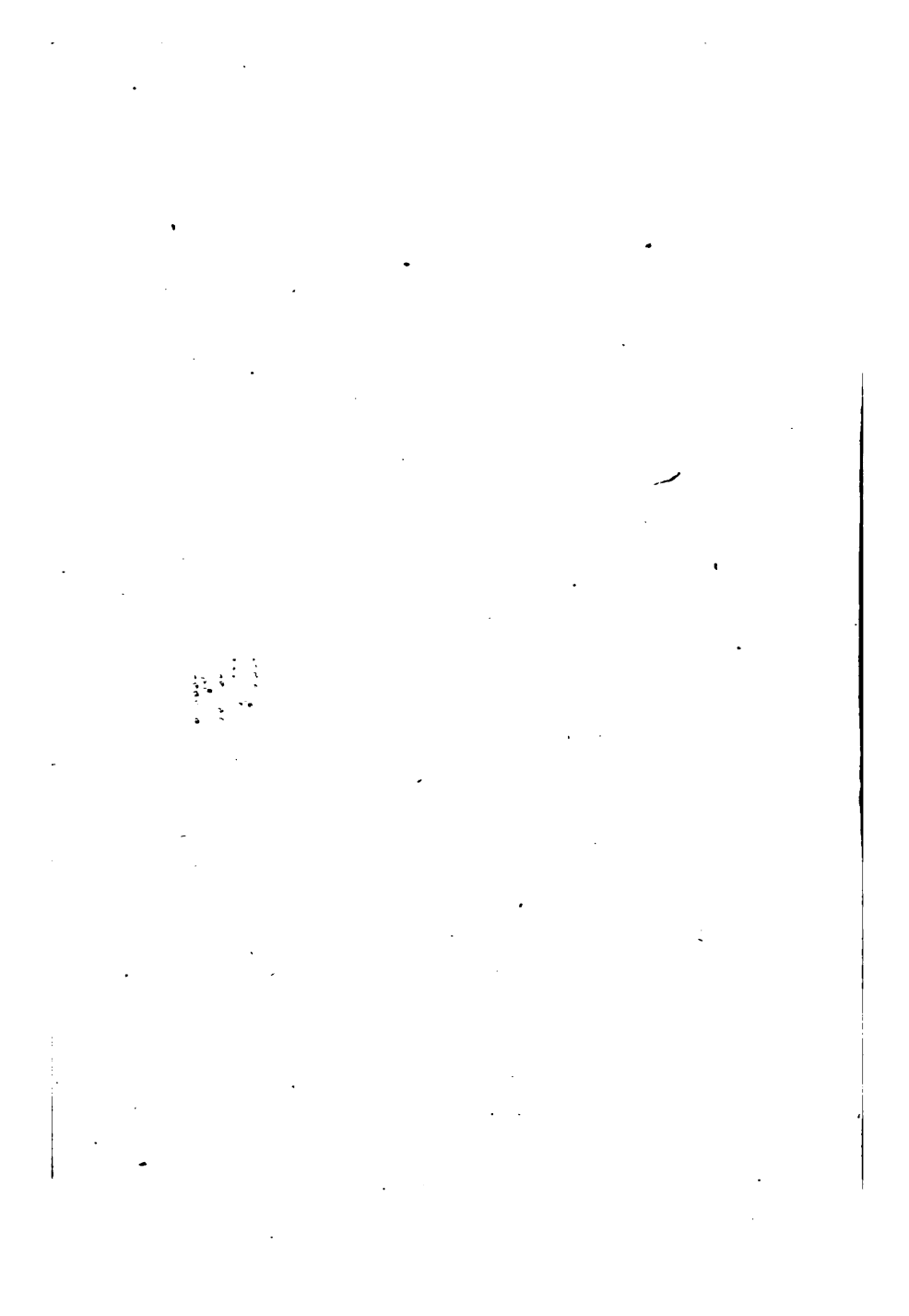
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,
AT THE
REQUEST OF THE TORONTO CONFERENCE,

AND PRESENTED TO THE CHURCH FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
SUPERANNUATION FUND.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THE REV. S. S. NELLES, D.D., LL.D.
President of Victoria College.

"Bible speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

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TORONTO, July 11th, 1876.

REV. ANSON GREEN, D.D.

REV. AND DEAR DR.—It affords me much pleasure to send you the following copy of a resolution passed on the 20th of June, 1876, at the Toronto Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, held in the George Street Church, in the town of Peterborough, Ont.

I am,

Yours truly,

WM. BRIGGS,

Secretary of Conference.

Moved by Rev. JOSEPH SANDERSON, M.A.,

Seconded by Rev. WILLIAM YOUNG, and carried,—

“That whereas it is in the knowledge of members of this Conference that the Rev. Anson Green, D.D., has in his possession important records and personal recollections of events pertaining to the early history of our Church in Canada; and whereas Dr. Green has been for more than half a century identified with the work of our Church throughout this land, and considering it desirable that such records be given to the Church and the world from his own pen, therefore Resolved, That Dr. Green be urgently requested by this Conference to prepare and publish, at his earliest convenience, a volume of such reminiscences.”





INTRODUCTION.

NO writings are more valuable than those which give a faithful picture of the early history of a people. At later periods the sources of information multiply, but the origin of things is often shrouded in impenetrable obscurity. Records not having been made at the time, the materials cannot subsequently be recovered. Canadians should be mindful of this fact now, and encourage all well-directed efforts to furnish any memoirs, narratives, or sketches, however fragmentary, that serve to throw light on the primitive times when

“The rudiments of empire
Were plastic yet and warm,
The chaos of a mighty world
Then rounding into form.”

Among the early moulding forces of the Canadian nation nothing has been more powerful or more beneficent than Methodism. All honour to the other Churches now working so effectively in the common field, but the praise of pioneering, of preaching the Gospel in “the regions beyond,” this, in Canada, as in America at large, belongs peculiarly to Methodism.

These memoirs of the Life and Times of Dr. Green are a very interesting and valuable contribution to this phase of

Canadian history. The venerable author, though now advanced in years, still lingers among us as one of the few surviving labourers in the great work of founding Christian churches in this once northern wilderness.

Those of us who inherit the fruits of such labours cannot cherish too fondly the memory of the men who have done so much to make Canada what she is to-day, and what she is destined more and more to become—one of the freest and happiest of the nations of the globe. We should be blind as well as unpatriotic not to recognise, I will not merely say the usefulness, but the greatness, of these pioneers. There are many forms of greatness, but into all true greatness there must enter something of courage, self-reliance, unselfishness, and persevering toil amid discouragement and hardship. Such virtues we find in the early preachers of this country. Their highest qualities were doubtless of a moral kind, and sprang from their Christian principles, but the moral and religious power of the men was often accompanied by intellectual abilities of a high order. We find it hard to understand how a man could be a student, much less an extensive scholar, and live on horseback, but between living on horseback and on a railway car, the former is in our judgment the more favourable of the two, not only to mental vigour, but even to mental discipline. Books and newspapers were not so abundant in those days, but the few books were more thoroughly mastered, and the reading was made fruitful by meditation. Educational disadvantages were often compensated by native talent improved by self-culture and inspired with religious devotion; and these again were brought into freer play by the very conditions of the country and the enterprising methods of an itinerant ministry.

The open air, the vigorous exertion, the wild scenery, the habitual converse with nature in her changes of season and

her varying moods of sunshine and storm, the robustness of frame and freshness of spirit which belong to such a life, the sense of freedom, the unity of aim, the occasional dangers by flood and field, and above all, the spirit of the cross with the purifying effect of self-denials borne for Christ and his Gospel, these and like causes served to give even ordinary men an extraordinary power, and to clothe extraordinary men with a kind of heroic grandeur. The same influences and conditions preserved these men from some faults and malformations which cleave too naturally to the clerical character when joined to a sedentary life and a narrow range of reading. It was a further advantage that along with their hardy itinerancy they were called also to the work of ecclesiastical organization, and of doing battle betimes for civil rights. Thus they added to the graces of the Christian, and the gifts of the preacher, something of the capacities and habits of the statesman, and acquired a symmetry and healthy completeness of manhood which belong neither to the devotee nor the worldling.

As regards eloquence, of which in our day we hear so much and see so little, we recall with a kind of wonderment the melting power and simple grandeur of those old pioneer preachers. They were no doubt specially raised up and qualified for their great work. Their religious conversion was generally striking, and their call to preach clearly marked, and the new spiritual life breaking in upon their souls, like a divine revelation, became the source of new energies, both of thought and speech. It was an eloquence born of the baptism of fire. The conversions among the people were often of the same marvellous type. Common experiences made common sympathies, and these sympathies were not chilled by the critical and doubting spirit of our time. The cardinal truths of the Gospel were proclaimed with remarkable distinctness and simplicity, and when

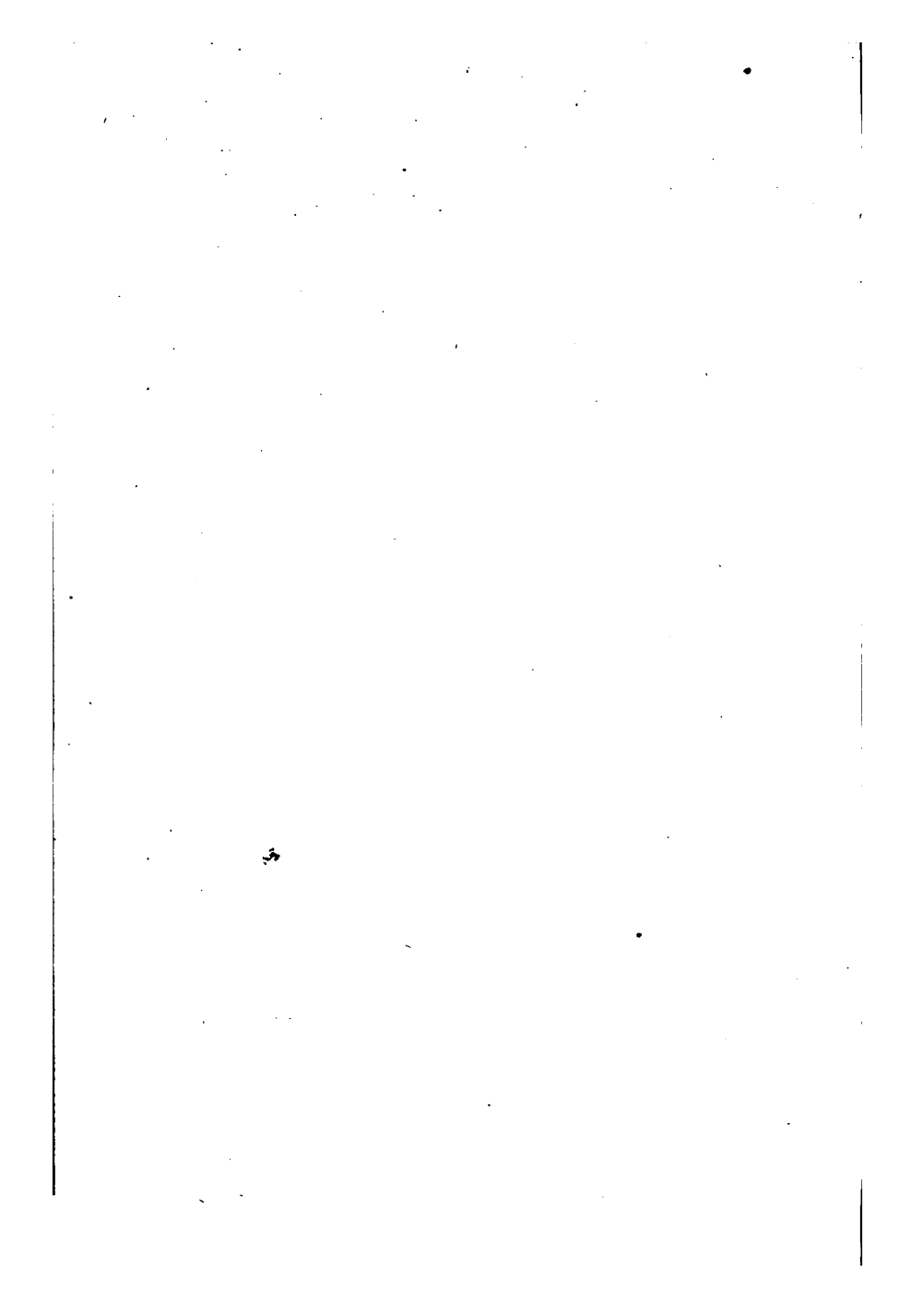
pressed home upon the conscience with urgent appeals, and the now old-fashioned and well-nigh obsolete methods of exhortation, the word was with power. The divine unction was more than rhetoric, and the want of cultured tastes among those who heard did but give greater freedom and fervour to religious sensibilities. It was as if the windows of heaven were opened and the fountains of the great deep broken up. Preachers and people were alike exalted beyond the common moods of life, and brought again to the verge of that apostolic day when the pentecostal showers fell and the first disciples saw the tongues of flame.

No more affecting seasons are to be found in the history of the Church than those long-remembered quarterly occasions and camp-meetings when these devoted itinerant preachers met with the multitudes gathered from places far and near—gathered not by easy pleasure trips on steamboat or railway, but by serious, honest pilgrimages in heavy waggons over rough woodland roads. The vast congregations were swayed as the summer corn is swayed by the wind, their hearts warmed and stirred as the streams under the breath of spring. The converting power still abides with the Churches, and a variety and fulness of instruction not available in the former days, but the startling conversion of daring transgressors, followed by a burning intensity of devotion, the moral revolutions putting believers in marked and courageous contrast with surrounding ungodliness, together with a certain awfulness overhanging the dispensation of God's grace, and felt both by saint and sinner, and transferred also to the preacher as the messenger of grace, these are either not known now, or, if known, fail to draw attention as in the days when the rarity of Christian privileges, and the simple ways of the people, made the coming of a minister like the visit of an angel, and the conversion of a soul like a miracle from heaven.

Having been permitted to read a portion of these memoirs I have found them of great interest to myself, and I most heartily recommend them to others. The author speaks of matters that came under his own observation, and that belong to his own experience, some of them facts and incidents of moment to all Canadians, and not likely to be presented, or, at least, so faithfully presented elsewhere. The Rev. Dr. Green has had a lengthy ministerial career, and besides doing his part in the rougher itinerant work has filled all the higher positions in the gift of his Church. He has enjoyed, to a remarkable degree, the confidence of his brethren. While holding an eminent place as a preacher he has, perhaps, distinguished himself yet more highly in the legislative and financial schemes of the Church, and has repeatedly been called to represent the Connexion on important missions both to the English and American Conferences. His great penetration, his uniform self-possession, his wide experience, his dignified and courteous bearing, together with an imposing presence, all eminently qualified him for these onerous and delicate duties. If he had not become a Methodist minister he might easily have risen to eminence as a financier or a diplomatist, and even a Methodist minister is the better of a capacity for both the one and the other. May his venerable form still continue to grace the Conference platform, and may this little volume, with its simple instructive narratives, and its often touching pictures of Canadian and Methodistic life, have a wide circulation.

S. S. N.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY,
March 3rd, 1877.



PREFACE.

THE author presents this narrative to the reader with much diffidence, and under a deep sense of its many imperfections. He has always endeavoured to meet the wishes and comply with the demands of his Conference in everything : the foregoing resolution will therefore plead his excuse for coming before the public in this way. Had the Conference made this request two or three years earlier, when he had more time and strength, he might have done his Church better service, and himself more credit. During the fifty-three years of his ministry he has been in the habit of keeping journalistic jottings, not for the public eye, but for his own amusement and improvement. These jottings now would fill more than a thousand such pages as these, and not having time and strength to write a new book, he has made such abridgments of, and extracts from, his journal as he trusts may give the reader a glimpse of the past, and rescue some achievements from threatened oblivion. This will account for the fact that some events, long since passed, are written in the present tense. In presenting these events, he has followed down the stream of his own life and times, in order the better to describe the circuits and districts on which he has laboured ; and present a consecutive view of the transactions of his times.

The present and rising generations know but little of the privations and persecutions which some of us, and our people, were called to endure fifty years ago ; and the writer has

endeavoured, in the briefest manner possible, to furnish such facts concerning the Clergy Reserves, and the efforts for a State Church, as will give some idea of the unrivalled influence exerted by the Methodist people to secure that state of religious liberty and equality which we now so happily enjoy.

The author is a Methodist, not by birth and education, but from conviction and choice; and he has written in a plain way for a plain people. He respects and reveres other Churches, and trusts he has not offended them by speaking well of his own. He has seen great changes during his ministry. Some of his week-day appointments have now become heads of circuits, and some of his circuits embrace whole districts. Had Dunham or Case, Whitehead or Metcalf, left a history of his own life and times, written by his own hand, with what relish would we now peruse such a work. Dr. Carroll and Mr. Playtor have done good service to the Church, but the resources are not exhausted. Our aged ministers are swiftly passing away, and what they do must be done quickly. If the following pages contribute to the happiness of any, the author will be rewarded for his effort.

As the writer has devoted his whole life and energies in promoting the interests of his Church, he feels it right to give this work to her also. He has therefore presented it to our Book Room to be published for the benefit of the superannuated ministers, widows, and orphans, of the Toronto, London, and Montreal Conferences, reserving to himself a few volumes only for personal distribution.

The frontispiece is from a plate engraved for the *Wesleyan Magazine* in 1855, and is too young for the author now, but not for him during three-fourths of the period about which he has written.

TORONTO, March 1st, 1877.

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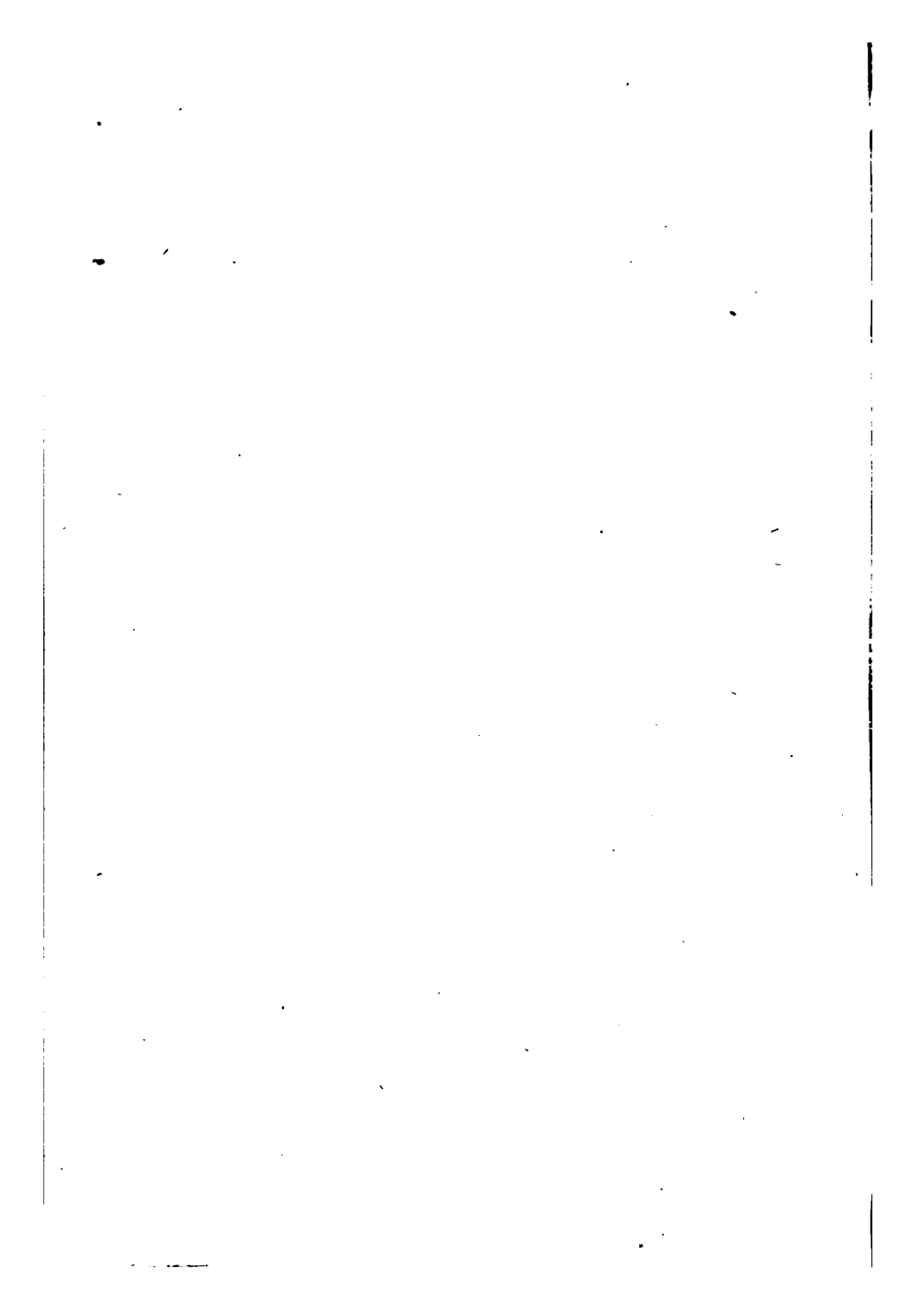
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LIFE AND TIMES
OF THE
REV. ANSON GREEN, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS—CHURCH RELATIONS.

I WAS born on the 27th of September, 1801, and born again on the 27th of October, 1819. The former was an important event, but would have proved an endless curse without the latter. Our old family name in England was Clark; but the mutations of time and the change of property often produce a change of name, hence mine became Green. The old name has always been venerated in the family, therefore my oldest brother was called Clark.

My paternal grandfather's name was Isaac. He had three sons. My uncles, James and Benjamin, settled in Rhode Island, where the latter filled the office of Judge for 25 years; but Joseph, my father, went to the State of New York, married Miss Lydia Vorce, and settled on a farm in Middleburgh, Schoharie, where I was born. My father was an honest, upright man, but made no profession of religion. He abhorred profane or debasing language, and inflicted his first chastisement on me for calling my sister a devil. When first I attended school he gave me such a lecture on

honesty as I can never forget. In company with my school-mates, I had picked up some early apples under a tree where they had fallen in great profusion. On meeting my father I hastened, with childish pride, to offer him a ripe apple, supposing I would get great praise. But how sadly was I disappointed when he asked, "Where did you get that apple?" On being told, he fixed his bright blue eyes upon me and said, "So you have been stealing, have you ! I'll eat none of your stolen fruit, and your mamma will make your back smart if she finds we have a thief in the family." This was the first intimation to my innocent mind that I had done wrong, and the thought of being a thief filled me with sadness. I threw my delicious apples into a maple grove, and walked home with a heavy heart. How timely this caution against venial offences ! Never since have I seen lads picking up apples under a tree but this rebuke has come distinctly before me.

My memory of early days is very vivid. I have a distinct recollection of three events which occurred the day I was four years old, and of others which must have taken place prior to that day. I well remember the great eclipse which occurred on the 16th of June, 1806. The workmen left the fields and amused themselves in gazing at the stars. The birds ceased their songs, the fowls went to roost, and the cattle lay down for their night's rest. On the 9th of June, 1816—that fearfully cold summer—we were surprised to see snow deep enough to allow one man to drive four miles and back in his sleigh. For three nights the ice formed a quarter of an inch thick, and leaves were falling as they do in autumn. Dark spots were seen on the sun, and farmers feared their fruit was spoiled and their crops destroyed. But the dark spots disappeared, the crops measurably recovered, and we realized the truth of God's word, which assures us that "while the earth remaineth seedtime and

harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

On the 13th of April of this gloomy year, my dear mother died when only fifty years old, and I but fourteen and a-half. She was my best earthly friend, and the loss was irreparable. She died happy, and her triumph over the last enemy surprised me much. She was the only pious member of our family, and I missed her pious example and godly admonitions. Sunday-schools were then in their infancy, and but little known in any part of the new world. In the winter of 1818, I was confined to my bed for months with a lingering fever, during which time my mind was dark and my heart hard. When spring returned I measurably recovered, and began to read the Scriptures with more relish. Religious enjoyment was low in the place, and prayer-meetings neglected until the summer of 1819, when two pious females, Mrs. Roger Gale and Mrs. Stephen Joice, came to the village and commenced holding female prayer-meetings. Mrs. Joice possessed remarkable gifts in prayer and exhortation, and she used them with marked success. The fire soon began to burn, and the brethren sought and obtained admittance to these meetings. On one Thursday evening in August my youngest sister asked my brother and me to accompany her to the prayer-meeting, which we did; and I found the service most impressive and solemn. My sister was prayed for as the young woman who had left the ball-room. On Sunday evening we went again, and found the school-house quite full. During the services my sister arose and asked a local preacher present to pray for her, and while Mr. Joice was pouring out his soul to God in prayer for her Betsy C—— and Maria F—— went and kneeled, one on either side of her! These being leading young women, their example produced a great sensation, and others, in different

parts of the house, began to cry for mercy. My brother Andrus was among the penitents. The house seemed filled with the Divine presence, and tears came to my own eyes. I was pressed by the Spirit to follow the example of others, and kneel for prayer; but my proud heart said, wait for a calmer moment, you can do better alone than in this excitement. I yielded to temptation, and left the house. But, oh! the bitterness of heart, which I felt was oppressive, and for the first time in my life I went down upon my knees, sincerely, to ask for pardon. The moment was an eventful one. While I was weeping without, scores of my young companions were crying for mercy within. But if sinners wept on earth, angels rejoiced in heaven. The Holy Ghost had come to "reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," and His reproofs brought pungent conviction for our transgressions, convinced us of our dangerous course, and suggested the remedy. It is the prerogative of the Spirit to convince and convict the sinner without his consent, and it may be, contrary to his desire and in opposition to his will. But woe to the man who resists this heavenly Visitor! God never converts a sinner without both his concurrence and ardent desire, expressed, it may be, by cries and tears, but always by "repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." Nor is the Holy Spirit confined to one method in bringing sinners to himself. He often speaks in "a still small voice"—invites, allures, impresses. If these influences bring the prodigal home, well; if not, he is taken to Sinai and made to hear the thunderings of a broken law, amidst scenes which made even Moses "exceedingly fear and quake." When Christ knocks at the door of the heart it is always best to let Him in *at once*; for if we grieve the Holy Ghost by putting off our repentance to "a more convenient season," we may expect to be beaten with many stripes, and have a

dreary night of sorrow before the morning dawns. This was my case. I was disgusted with the excitement of the house, and resolved that I would seek the Lord alone. Still, I was convinced that I ought to ask the prayers and assistance of the Church in this weighty matter. Had I done so, and publicly kneeled for prayer as others did, I might, like them, have obtained peace in a few days or hours. But my proud heart said no : and I was left for two dreary months to bear my sorrows alone. I went home that memorable night pensive and sad, brought my burdened heart of grief to the Lord in my closet, and resolved to lead a new life. I prayed daily, and sometimes earnestly, for light and peace, but strangely allowed myself to be deluded with the idea that I could obtain salvation and serve God by myself without any assistance from the Church. This is the rock on which the good desires of thousands have been wrecked ; and on this dangerous rock I came very near dashing my hopes to pieces, and losing all my desires for salvation. But God, who is rich in mercy, and willeth not the death of the sinner, graciously interposed to prevent it. I now see the hand of God in all his dealings with me during these dark hours, and can have no doubt but he designed me to take some part in building up and strengthening that very Church which I then so foolishly slighted, and whose prayers and counsels I refused to request.

But while I was thus halting and temporizing between the Church and the world ; between God and the best interests of my soul, the world was not idle. Many efforts were made to check the revival, and draw the young converts, and those who were seriously inclined, away to the follies and amusements of the world. One evening we were all invited to a social tea at the house of the village magistrate. The young converts, not suspecting that any trap was laid for them, went to meet their friends as aforetime. The

evening passed away very pleasantly for a season ; then a fiddler was smuggled in, and commenced playing in another room ! The sound of the violin was the sign for a general movement : the giddy ones all hastened to the dance, while the converts, as promptly as though the thing had been previously arranged, all got themselves ready and started for home. I belonged to neither party and was in a strait, not knowing what to do. I did not belong to the Church, for I had slighted her counsels and refused her aid. I did not belong to the world, for I had resolved to abandon its follies and give myself to God. After a little I awoke from my reverie to find myself entirely alone in the room. Instinctively I arose, hastened to the ball-room, selected my partner, and began to dance ! But my heart was not there. My conscience upbraided me, and I knew I was doing wrong. As soon as the music stopped I handed my partner to the sofa, left the room and started for home. The truth is, my dearest friends had left, and my heart and judgment went with them. I entertained a strong conviction that they had taken the wisest course ; and, at the same time, I felt such a disgust with, and contempt for, the fantastic amusements of the dance as induced me to decide then and there to abandon forever these silly revels, with the perils and vices they entail. From that time to the present I have never violated that decision, nor felt the slightest desire so to do.

Previous to that event, I had engaged to spend Thursday evening, the 27th of October, in a social card-party with a few friends, who were anxious to keep me from the prayer-meeting. We were not to engage in games of chance for a wager—for in my worst days I was never guilty of gambling—but simply to spend a quiet evening in shuffling the cards, which I looked upon as an innocent amusement, and a pleasant way of spending an hour. But blessed, forever

blessed be the name of God, it pleased Him in his infinite goodness and tender compassion to bless me, on the afternoon of that memorable day, with the *pardon of my sins* through faith in our adorable Redeemer. This joyful event made me forget the appointment with my young friends until I met them going to it when I was on my way to the house of God. We met, exchanged bows, said not a word, but passed on in silence.

MY CONVERSION TO GOD was on this wise. Whenever I went upon my knees to implore mercy, the compassionate Redeemer did not reject me entirely, nor turn me away in despair, but seemed to whisper in my ear, Are you reconciled to the Church? Do you love the brethren? You have sinned against God by holding his children in contempt and refusing their aid in your conversion. Christ was crucified without the gates of Jerusalem, and you refuse to "go forth unto Him without the camp, *bearing his reproach.*" In a word, there was a fearful struggle going on in my breast between inclination and duty. My judgment and conscience constantly upbraided me, saying, you should not be afraid nor ashamed to let the world know that you have decided for God; and let the Church feel that you have confidence in its members, and regret your opposition to them by publicly renouncing the world, and asking God's people to help you into the pool "when the waters are troubled." This my proud and stubborn heart would not do, and God would not save me in my pride. But the crisis was drawing nigh. About four o'clock p.m., while in a field near my father's barn, musing upon my past life, I heard a strange voice floating on the ambient air, which arrested my attention. The sky was clear and serene. Not a breeze disturbed the foliage of the trees, not a cloud moved in the heavens. All nature seemed hushed in silence, as if waiting for some great event or preparing for

some startling announcement. My own mind was calm and meditative. I listened to the mellowing voice which came floating on the zephyrs. Whence can it come, thought I. Is it the voice of God come to help my faith in the struggle? Or is it the voice of some kind angel come to remind me of the awful hell to which I am exposed? Soon I detected the accents of prayer. It was the voice of my brother praying for me. He had retired to a grove for secret prayer, but, like good old John Knox praying alone in a field, saying, "Give me Scotland or I die," he had let his voice go out with his heart towards heaven in fervent prayer for a halting brother. Oh! thought I, what a change in that man! There must surely be a transforming power in God's Spirit which I have never experienced, and, by the help of Him who came into the world to save sinners, I am resolved to have it at any sacrifice. Immediately I entered the barn, kneeled upon a bunch of corn stalks, and smote upon my breast crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The moment was an anxious one, and the interest at stake tremendous. I had broken off my outward sins, turned away from wicked companions, and prayed daily for pardon. Still, I was unforgiven. O where was the hindrance? Again the deep impression came home to my anxious heart, one thing thou lackest. Will you kneel in public and ask the Church to pray for you? "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Yes, Lord, my heart replied; yes, anything if I may but obtain that peace with God which others enjoy. And just then and there my guilt was removed, my burden taken away, and my soul comforted. O how sweetly the Holy Spirit whispered to my soul, "Peace, be still," "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," "Take my yoke upon you

and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." As soon as I took his yoke and allowed my proud heart to be humbled, I did find rest; and yet I could scarcely believe that I, even I, was a Christian. That night I was early at church, and early at the anxious seat for prayer. It was no cross for me now to be upon my knees in public. I searched for my convictions, they were gone; for my tears, but they would not flow. God had removed the cause of my grief, and my faith laid hold of the great atonement. My burden had fallen from my soul like that of Bunyan's Pilgrim at the sight of the cross. I marveled at the calm state of my mind, but still, I could scarcely dare to think I was really saved. I seemed to lack the direct witness of the Spirit, or did not fully understand his language. But on the ensuing Sabbath the whole question was settled. I went to church confident that I was a new creature, for I loved the people of God, felt that I had an interest in his house, in his services, and in his children, which I had never felt before. But I was not satisfied. The Rev. John Wate preached that morning on Titus ii. 14: "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." While he was describing, in a pleasing manner, the peculiarities of God's people in their experience, I said, that is just what I experienced in my father's barn; and at that moment I felt such a flood of light, joy, and comfort flow into my soul, connected with such a view of Christ upon the cross dying for me as entirely put doubt to flight. Like Wesley, "I felt my heart strangely warmed within me," for the Spirit of God bore witness with my spirit that *I was a child of God*. I could then sing—

“My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba father, cry.”

The question may arise in the minds of some who read this plain statement of facts, was the witness of the Spirit given in my father's barn on Thursday, or not until it came in the sanctuary on Sunday? To which I reply, it was given on Thursday; for “being justified by faith, I had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ;” and “he that believeth hath the witness in himself.” I knew that a great change had taken place, but I had expected it in a different way, and could hardly believe that I, who had been praying two months for pardon, could obtain it so easily when I promised to do, what I had never intended to do—to take up my cross in public. The spirit of adoption was surely sent into my heart when I felt my sins forgiven; but it did not come in its fulness of joy until, under the preaching of the word, I was fully convinced that I was not mistaken; and then it came “with joy unspeakable and full of glory.” I was not only satisfied, but my brethren were perfectly satisfied also, that I was born again. They have told me since, and even within a few years, that they knew the moment well, for my face shone brightly and my whole countenance was changed. Let not any one be troubled if he is not brought to God in the same way as I was: for in these days of Sunday-schools and Christian training few are placed in similar circumstances; but I must think that every one who is born of God has been convinced of sin and convicted for his transgressions, has repented unfeignedly,

believed on the Lord Jesus Christ firmly, and obtained the witness of his acceptance in Christ.

JOINING THE CHURCH.—The questions of Church fellowship, Church doctrines, and Church government, up to this happy day, had given me very little concern. I had not mentioned the change to any one, but several came to me after the sermon and congratulated me upon my conversion : they knew it, they said, by my countenance. Before I had thought seriously on the subject the people began to enquire what Church I would join. One young man, Daniel Garvey, a Baptist, invited himself home with me to dinner, and on the way he endeavoured to indoctrinate me into the mysteries of his belief. "We have no doubt," he says, "of your conversion, and you may now dismiss all anxiety and feel yourself perfectly secure." You can never finally fall from grace, for Christ says of his sheep, "They shall never perish." He argued for some time, but I was silent. I had not studied points of doctrine, but his dogmas grated upon my ear. I thought there must be another side to the question, and I would examine before I decided. I could not argue the points of doctrine with him, but felt sure he was mistaken. His doctrines were so contrary to my own experience, and my views of God and his government, that I could not receive them until I had studied the Scriptures more thoroughly. Indeed, his arguments had precisely the opposite effect upon me from what he intended to produce. I have no doubt but the good Lord designed to call me to the work of the Wesleyan ministry ; for the impressions which these doctrines of my friend—which were then in the ascendant—made upon my mind from the first dawn of my spiritual life, precluded the possibility of my believing them.

I entertained sentiments of respect and esteem for the Baptist Church. My dear mother—the best and kindest

of mothers—belonged to that people. All the religious instructions I ever received in my father's family came from her; and now, though she had been more than three years in her grave, her memory was more precious than ever, while the recollection of her pious admonitions and example made me more desirous to follow in her steps. But, on the other hand, my brother, sister, and most loved companions were Methodists. That Church had been instrumental in bringing me to God, in consequence of which I now loved its members as sincerely as my former prejudices against them had been unreasonable and hurtful. But above and beyond all these considerations, there were doctrinal difficulties in the way which were insurmountable. The dogma of close communion was an offence to me. I could not brook the idea of being prohibited the privilege of going to the Lord's table with those servants of God who had been instrumental in bringing me to my Saviour. The very thought was preposterous, and every feeling of my renewed nature revolted against it.

A fierce controversy was then going on between Calvinists and Methodists. In the language of the former, Wesley was a deceiver, an arch heretic, a pelagian; and his followers were a set of deluded enthusiasts. These compliments were laughed at by the Methodists; but still, the bitter attacks made upon their doctrines were hurled back from their pulpits with arguments which, to me, appeared conclusive and irrefragable. Turning to the Word of God to test the doctrine of my friend Garvey, I found that Adam had fallen from grace, that David was a backslider, and King Saul an apostate; that Judas betrayed his Lord, and Peter denied his Saviour; and as to the idea of falling *foully*, but not *finally*, I turned to 2 Peter ii. 21, and read, that "It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it to

turn from the holy commandments delivered unto them." How can this be possible, thought I, if they were *ultimately to be saved*? And then turning to what Christ said concerning those into whom the unclean spirit returned after he had been driven out: "The *last state* of that man is *worse than the first*." (Matt. xii. 25.) These, with many other Scriptures equally pointed and decisive, confirmed me in my former impressions, and after two weeks my mind was fully made up to join the Methodist Church, whose doctrines I found to be both reasonable and Scriptural. I told Mr. Garvey that unless he could find a state beyond the "*last state*" of a man, I must believe in the possibility of final apostacy.

Before I joined the Church there was one point which, if possible, I desired to gain—that was the consent of my father. I had always made it a point of duty never to take an important step in life without consulting one of my parents. My dear mother was gone, and I knew my father entertained strong prejudices against the Methodist Church, and how was I to obtain his consent? I made it a subject of prayer, and the Lord, in an unexpected manner, opened the way. On the 10th of November, the Rev. George Coles, the junior preacher on the circuit, preached in the village, and my father went to hear him. After the sermon he kindly invited all who might feel inclined to remain awhile for class. Nearly the whole assembly remained. They expected that a large number would be received into the Church, and they were curious to witness the ceremony. To my great surprise and joy my father remained. During the evening the minister invited all those who wished to become probationers in the Church to intimate their desire, and it would be attended to. Several gave in their names, and then I arose and said I should like to become a member of this Church if there are no

objections. Father, have you any objections? My father fixed his eyes upon the floor for a moment, while all eyes were fixed upon him. Perfect stillness reigned throughout the house. Soon my venerable father arose, very deliberately, and said: "Well, my son, you have asked me a very important question, and it shall have a candid answer. I have no objections to your joining the Church, provided you live up to its rules and lead a Christian life; but I should be very sorry to see you join a Church and bring a reproach upon the cause you profess to love." Well, father, said I, your remarks are good, I thank you for them, and will endeavour to live a Christian life. The moment was an eventful one to me; I felt the weight of father's words, and of the great responsibility I had assumed. All the people were solemn as eternity. They admired this little episode in the ordinary proceedings of the evening; but my heart was at rest, and I was happy.

The work of reformation went on until nearly one hundred souls had been gathered into the fold. But such was the influence of the Baptists in the country that most of the youth had grown up without baptism; and many of the converts were anxious to receive that sacrament. During the summer our probation expired, and we were solemnly received into full connection with the Church, and a day appointed for BAPTISM. A large assembly gathered in a beautiful grove on Peleg Cook's farm. Both of our ministers were present, and the Rev. Henry Stead preached a most convincing sermon on Christian baptism, showing the nature of the sacrament, the mode and the subjects, together with the obligations it imposed upon its recipients. After which we all stepped down to the brook, where a large number were baptized; some by immersion, some by sprinkling, and others knelt in the edge of the water and received it by pouring. In the afternoon, Bro. Coles

preached on the nature of the Lord's Supper, after which we all kneeled and received the holy Eucharist.

The entire services were replete with interest, and were unusually solemn and impressive. I was much gratified with the liberty given, by which each candidate was allowed to choose the mode by which he or she would receive holy baptism. It appeared quite consonant with the freedom of our doctrines and institutions. We preach free grace, and the freedom of the human will, and why not allow persons to choose the mode by which they will receive this appropriate sign and seal of their faith?—a seal by which we take the solemn vows of God upon us, “and promise to renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomps and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same.” During that memorable day I received, for the first time, **THE HOLY EUCHARIST**. I ventured with faith and prayer to receive these symbols of Christ's broken body and shed blood. O what a day was that! Such a day as old Huntersland never saw before. God was in his word, in his sacraments, and in his people. We did, indeed, “discern the Lord's body”—not visibly in the bread, as some vainly imagine, but spiritually, by faith, as He communicates himself to us when we surrender ourselves entirely to Him in this divine remembrancer. The joys of that day will never be forgotten by me. My soul was full of love to God and sympathy for sinners. I even allowed myself to think that when I told them what great things God had done for me, they would believe me and turn to the blessed Redeemer as I had done. But when I attempted it I soon found my mistake.

MY FIRST QUARTERLY MEETING was at Rensselaerville. Our circuit, called Schenectady, was a very large one, and I desired to see the official host gathered together, and hear the Presiding Elder preach. Hence I went seven miles to

this feast. The Rev. Samuel Merwin was our Presiding Elder, and he brought the Rev. Samuel Luckey with him. They both preached excellent sermons. The people had come from ten to twenty miles, and I was curious to know how we were all to be entertained: but soon the mystery was solved. After preaching on Saturday, our ministers called each leader, ascertained the number from his class, and found them homes for the night. When they came to our leader, they said, "Brother Joice, how many from your class?" "About twenty," said he. Then turning to a rich farmer, they said, "Brother Conkling, how many can you entertain?" "All the Huntersland class," he promptly replied. Another brother said he could take as many as there were boards in his floor—at least forty. On reaching my lodgings, I was curious to know how beds were to be provided for us all; but, on retiring, I found the men lying on beds placed around a large room, with all their feet pointing towards the centre. The melody of song, and the voice of praise, were heard, in some parts of the house, until a late hour.

MY FIRST LOVE-FEAST, with the impressions it made upon my mind, will never be forgotten. It reminded me of Solomon's words: "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Our prayer-meeting, on Saturday evening, in which ministers, local preachers, exhorters, leaders, and others had taken part, greatly enhanced my veneration for the official members, and increased my desire for the love-feast. On my way to it, I looked down upon the village and saw crowds gathering at the church door, a large number of whom were not allowed to enter. I felt for those who were excluded, and my thoughts were carried on to the final scene when Christ Himself "shall separate them, one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." How dreadful, thought

I, to be excluded from this feast! but how much more dreadful to be excluded from that better feast—"The Marriage Supper of the Lamb!"

On inquiry I learned that there were three classes of persons whom these doorkeepers were instructed to admit. 1. All members of the Church were admitted as a matter of right. 2. All persons who were seeking the pearl of great price; and, 3. Members in good standing in other Churches, with serious persons not accustomed to attend love-feasts. But in those days of persecution, when scoffers rallied in great numbers to such places, it was deemed necessary to scrutinize closely, and allow sincere persons to enjoy these feasts by themselves. Hence all rude fellows *of the baser sort* were excluded. When I learned the nature of the case, I could not but approve of the course pursued. From the large number without, I began to fear that we might find but few persons within; but, when I entered, I found the large house well filled with people and with the songs of praise. Prayers were offered, and then, as now, bread and water were passed round by the stewards, which, we were told, were not sacramental symbols, but simply tokens of our mutual love. In receiving these tokens, we spoke in symbolic but forcible language to each other, saying, I am your friend, your fellow-pilgrim, your brother. We will joyfully travel on together, mutually praying for and helping each other on the road to Paradise.

This was a new school to me. I had never seen so many Christians together before, and the sight greatly cheered and comforted me. The speaking was lively, not a moment lost. I gave in my testimony with the rest, and, from that time to the present, have never attended a love-feast without either bearing witness to the truth or arising to do so. I told them I had often read of heaven, but never saw so good a representation of it as I saw there. I returned home much

pleased with all I had seen, heard, and felt ; greatly encouraged to pursue the straight and narrow path which I had entered, and abundantly thankful to God for having led me to cast in my lot with a people whose doctrines were so scriptural, whose ministry was so powerful, and whose officers and members had zeal enough to travel some twenty or thirty miles, over hill and dale and mountain-top, to attend such means of grace. I have been thus particular in my descriptions, in order to give the people of this day some idea of what Methodism was fifty-seven years ago.

The method of conducting prayer and social meetings during our revival, was well calculated to call out or develop the talent of the Church. Our ministers preached only once in two weeks in our village, and then passed on the next morning to other appointments. The local preachers, exhorters, and leaders then took the lead, and carried on the work, while the members rallied around them. In addition to the regular Sunday and Thursday evening appointments, cottage prayer-meetings were held in different parts of the neighbourhood, designed more particularly to benefit the young people. To these gatherings I always managed to find my way. All these meetings were conducted on the principle of freedom and general co-operation. After the opening prayer and a rousing exhortation, the members were all invited to use their liberty, and sing, pray, or speak as the Spirit gave them utterance. All were urged to take some part. I was sometimes called on to lead in prayer or give a word of exhortation. I hesitated ; but when induced to pray audibly, or speak to my young companions, I was always blessed in the deed, and convinced that my brethren were right in urging the delinquents to duty. When I looked around upon my unconverted friends, I longed for their conversion. I had found the pearl of great price myself, and was anxious to share it with them. I had

happily dug down to the spring, and living waters came bubbling up to slake my thirst for happiness, and I felt sure that others might be induced to come to the same fountain. To effect this I frequently exhorted them with all my heart, and with tearful eyes, to come and be saved. This method of calling up and employing the talents of young converts soon brought to the surface five regularly licensed exhorters, namely, Wm. Stead, Daniel Grippin, Seneca Gale, my brother Andrus, and myself. My case was brought before the Society without my knowledge or consent, and all persons present voted to make me an exhorter. The minister then said to me: "The Church are anxious for you to employ the talent which God has given you in calling sinners to repentance. You will, therefore, improve your talents as occasion offers. Your printed license will come from the Presiding Elder, when the quarterly meeting conference approves." I scarcely knew what to say. I dared not say no, and I could not say yes. I was perfectly silent. There was one case among the exhorters which gave me courage. D. G. was a *fearful stuttrer* in conversation, which was painful alike to himself and his hearers. But after his conversion he could both pray and exhort with marked fluency and effect! I thought if the Divine Spirit can thus make the stammerer speak plainly, can he not, also, make me of some use to my fellow-creatures? and I resolved to try.

A FEARFUL VISITATION UPON INCORRIGIBLE SINNERS made me more anxious to improve the time, and do something for poor fallen humanity. In the vicinity of our village lived a family, in which there were three young men and one young woman. During the reformation these young people used their utmost influence to prevent their young companions from giving their hearts to the Lord! On going home one evening from meeting, I heard them threat-

ening several parties with their endless displeasure if they joined the Church. They declared to several who were seriously inclined, that if they abandoned the dance and became Methodists they would never speak to them again ! One evening they brought nuts to the place of worship, and, sitting with their hats on in time of prayer, busied themselves in cracking and eating them ! My righteous soul was stirred with indignation, and I arose and poured forth such earnest strains of withering reproof as made them quail under it. I then invited them, in loving and persuasive language, to abandon their folly and become Christians. But no ! They would none of our reproof, but hardened their hearts and stiffened their necks against the truth ; and the King himself has said, " Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished." This alarming threat was literally verified in their case. The revival had about ceased, the converts had been gathered into the fold ; but some, who were once deeply impressed, had been wiled away by these gay and Christless brothers, until they were as bad as ever, and began once more to feel at ease. One day, Ashley, the oldest son of this worldly family, was at work on a saw-mill, full of glee and boastful of the victories which he had achieved over fanaticism. But God says, "*When they shall say peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape.*" A neighbour, who had called at the mill, was about leaving, to whom Ashley said, " Stop a little, I am going to have a devil of a scrape ;" and he took his dog to the pond, drove it into a log which was to be drawn on to the mill by a windlass. The gate was then hoisted, and while he was steadying the chain around a perpendicular shaft his hand was caught under it, and he cried amain to his friend, who had just left, for help ; but before his friend could reach him the chain had lashed him to the turning shaft, and buried

its cold links in his flesh, literally crushing his life out of him. Thus his *devil of a scrape* ended in death, and his unwashed spirit was ushered into the presence of a sin-avenging God.

Soon after this sad event, both of his parents and his two surviving brothers were taken sick. The parents, after a little, began to recover, but the brothers grew worse. One evening I was sent for—a distance of nearly two miles—to sit up with them during the night. Early in the evening I discovered that the eldest brother was dying. Dr. Wheeler, who had been induced to remain with us for the night, was called in, and said, *it is too true*. He advised me to broach it to his parents in their sick room, which I did; and they requested me to make it known to their son. I then said to him, “Horace, how do you feel?” “Very poorly,” was the reply. “Do you think you are near your end?” “No, I hope not. What do you think?” “Well, Horace, I am sorry to say you are sinking fast, and I fear your days are numbered.” “Is it possible!” said he. “Where is the doctor.” The doctor told him, “You are sinking fast, and if you have anything to do you had better do it quickly.” He then wished Lydia B—— sent for, to whom he was engaged to be married. Having taken leave of the family, he turned to Miss B. and said, “Lydia, this is a sorry hour to us both. I am now in the valley of death, but oh, how dark and gloomy! I have often held you back from seeking God, telling you that there was neither hell nor heaven. Do forgive me, and seek God while you are well. It is now too late for me. Farewell!” He then asked me to pray for him, which I tried to do; but the heavens were brass. I urged him to pray for himself, but oh! such a look as he gave me, exclaiming, “It is too late!” When I pointed him to the thief on the cross, he said; “Oh, Anson, had I come when you called me, but now

it is too late ;" and with these awful words, "Too late ! Too late !!" faltering upon his lips, he died.

I was reminded of the *call* I gave him when he was cracking nuts in the house of God. Then I could refer him and others to these words in the first chapter of Proverbs, "Turn ye at my reproof ; behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you. Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded ; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof ; I, also, will laugh at your calamity. *I will mock when your fear cometh ; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind ; when distress and anguish cometh upon you.* They would none of my counsels : they despised all my reproofs. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of *their own way*, and be filled with their own devices." These words had an awful meaning when I uttered them by way of reproof and warning to those irreverent youths in God's house ; but now, in this dreadful moment, when reminded of them by his words : "Had I come when you called me," they came home with crushing import to my soul. During the solemn hours in which I was trying to bring some promise to this dying man, he seemed incapable of exorcising saving faith. He had sinned in despising reproofs, and now, when his desolation and anguish came upon him, he was *filled with his own device*. He died without hope, and we laid him in his winding-sheet.

I then went to the bedside of Harry, the youngest brother, and he too was dying. *They were both laid in one grave*. I must not follow them further. After their death I laid me down to meditate upon the scenes of this dreadful night. I examined my own heart in this chamber of death, and was happy to find that, to me, death had lost its sting. But O, how thankful that I had not joined these men in

fighting against God! It is a fearful thing to fight against God's convincing Spirit, and refuse him entrance into our hearts, for his Spirit does not always strive with man.

After the *Christian Advocate* was started, in 1826, I made my first contribution to the press, by writing a description of these painful events for the columns of that paper.

MY FIRST APPOINTMENT was the occasion of much solicitude. My friends, who were more anxious to thrust me out than I was to go, had made an appointment for me to exhort in the school-house at the Little Lake, on a Sunday evening. I trembled in view of the effort, and induced my brother to accompany me; then, if I failed, he might stand in the gap. There was a goodly company present, and I scarcely dared to look round to see who were there. I had prayed much, read much, and studied much in view of the occasion, and resolved to keep near the shore, and not drown in deep water. I spoke for twenty-five minutes, scarcely knowing what I said, but the Lord helped me; the people seemed pleased with the boy, and I was encouraged. On returning home, Bro. Gale, with whom I resided for a season, was much delighted to find that I had broken the ice without sinking in the flood. Bro. Gale had taken a fancy to me when I was a small lad, and when we experienced religion he pressed me very much to go and live with him, as he, not having wife nor children, was very lonesome. He was converted to God, on the road, while trying to convince me of the importance of the Christian religion. He was an old school-teacher, well read and intelligent. We studied the natural sciences together, and he was of great advantage to me. We toiled and wept, fasted and prayed, ate and slept together, and took turns in leading our family devotions.

MY SCHOOL DAYS are still fresh in my memory. In my childhood my mother sent me to school in the summer, and

kept me at home in the winter ; but when I reached my boyhood my father reversed the order, sending me to school in the winter, and allowing me to assist my brothers on the farm in the summer. This was a privilege which I greatly prized, for I was fond of the horses, the sheep, and the cattle. This method, of spending a part of our schoolboy days on a farm, is of immense advantage to those who are to lead a life of mental toil and study. No employment is more honourable or better calculated to give muscle and strength to the body, and firmness and vigour to the nerves, than is that of husbandry.

The farm, with its newly-turned furrows and balmy air, its green hills and flowery vales, its pastures covered with flocks, and fields with corn ; together with its murmuring brooks and feathered songsters, had many attractions for me ; and I delighted to linger amidst these scenes, with book in hand, to study the grand volume of nature. From these fields of toil, and walks of pleasure, I could turn away, in autumn, to my literary pursuits, with increased appetite. The advantages of moderate exercise in the open air are invaluable as a preparation for study. Thousands of our youth have been driven from their academic halls to wither, like fruitless plants in the shade, or to lie down in a premature grave, merely for want of muscular power to sustain the mental strain to which their flexible nerves were subject.* I have always been thankful for that providence which, in early life, placed me in circumstances to obtain a

* The circular of information for March, 1872, says that of 1,022 graduates of Yale, Dartmouth and Harvard Colleges, and the Wesleyan University, who died between the ages of 20 and 60, 84 per cent. died between the ages of 20 and 40. Whereas, out of 61,405 other males who died during the same period, only 59 per cent. died between the ages of 20 and 40. Outdoor exercises would, doubtless, have increased the longevity of these graduates.

full development of a muscular, manly frame, before the more pressing studies and responsibilities of mental toil and care came upon me. I was not an apt scholar, and my books had less attractions than the field, the forests, the dashing brook, or the sloping hillside. I had no *verbal memory*, hence learning to spell or to commit lessons to memory was irksome to me. In these things I was mortified to see my schoolmates go ahead of me, but when allowed to give the meaning of any rule in grammar or other lessons in my own language, I could, with equal facility, distance them.

Living in a rural part of the country, I scarcely saw or felt the importance of education until I was sixteen years old; and then, unfortunately, I was visited with a lingering and dangerous fever which threw me back for more than a year. On resuming my studies I found my classmates far ahead of me; indeed, quite out of sight. But being fully aroused, I buckled on the armour afresh, overtook them, and, finally, left some of them in the rear. This happy change I attribute, mainly, to the grace of God in me. Religion makes all things new, and mine gave me new motives for study, and many hours, rescued from the rounds of pleasure, to pursue it.

At this period the Methodist people had no college on this continent—Cokesbury College having been consumed by fire. The Cazanovia Seminary was not started until the autumn of 1824. My father, who raised a large family, was not wealthy, and a regular collegiate course was difficult to reach in those days. Under these circumstances, I resolved, if possible, to educate myself. No man knows what he can do until he tries, and when he does try, in good earnest, he finds he can do almost anything which is reasonable and necessary. Had we obtained our rights, our funds would have been ample. My maternal grandmother was a

Bogaudus, and one of the heirs of Captain Bogaudus, who owned two farms, one of 60, and the other of 130 acres, in what is now the city of New York. One of the heirs proved treacherous, and conspired with rich men to cheat the others out of their lawful rights! Trinity Church, on Broadway, got a large portion, and became one of the richest churches on the continent. Long and expensive litigation exhausted the resources of the heirs, and might triumphed against right. It is difficult to contend against a whole, a powerful city.





CHAPTER II.

REACHED MY MAJORITY—STARTED FOR CANADA.

THIS is a moment for reflection. On this day, Sept. 27th, 1822, I am twenty-one years old ; but, strange to say, I feel no particular delight in crossing the line from boyhood to manhood. I once looked forward to this day with interest, and in my youthful dreams built many castles in the air ; but, now, as I cross this arbitrary line, I am not at all elated. The responsibilities of the future oppress me, while the follies of the past afflict me. Could I recall my mis-spent hours, how eagerly would I embrace them ; but they are gone to return no more forever. Had they been properly improved, I might now have been much further up the hill of science than I am. I have just knowledge enough to learn how ignorant I am. I have ascended the mount just far enough to look down and see the blunders and crooked paths behind me, but when I look up, “ Alps on Alps arise,” while all around me are lengths and breadths and depths which I have neither reached nor fathomed.

My brethren are beginning to intimate that I may, one day, be called to the pulpit. This surprises me much. I cannot see that I have any qualification for the itinerant ministry. But there are some things which I can do, and

which I, this day, on my knees, resolve I will do, viz. : 1. I fully determine to live much in my closet, and cultivate a closer communion with my ever-blessed Redeemer. 2. I resolve to use all the time and resources at my command for the cultivation and improvement of my mind, and the reading of those books which tend most to my spiritual comfort. 3. Feeling the importance of fiscal means for the accomplishment of these objects, I will endeavour to be industrious and frugal, honest and upright, never spending money foolishly. 4. If opportunity be given, I will travel a little before I settle, and see something of other parts of the country. 5. I will devote the next six months to study at school, hoping to grow wiser and better as life wears away.

April 6th. This is my last Sabbath at home, and my heart swells with emotion. I was asked to lead the services ; but when I attempted to speak to the congregation I found I had not fully estimated the severe tax thus imposed upon my sympathetic nature. My fraternal feelings were tried to their utmost extent. I managed to express my gratitude to God's people for their efforts in bringing me to Christ, and their kindness in watching over my spiritual childhood ; to give a word of exhortation and warning to those who were still out of the ark of safety, and to urge the young converts to be "steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord ;" but when I came to speak of our separation the sobs of my sister and others, became oppressive. Floods rushed to my own eyes, and, despite my efforts to resist, my feelings quite overcame me, and I was forced to resume my seat. Many prayers were then offered for my safety, prosperity, and happiness, and the services were closed. We had a melting time in class ; after which I gave the parting hand and walked home. But whence this grief—these tears of sadness ? I had long determined to travel a little before I settled in business, and now, when the hour,

anticipated with so much pleasure, has arrived, why do I weep? Ah! how can I refrain from weeping? This is my native village. Here is my spiritual birthplace. In sight of this sanctuary is my mother's grave. My kindred, my brethren, my earliest companions are here, whom I am about to leave, and, it may be, for ever. But God is everywhere. Christ is my elder brother, and I need not fear. Blessed Jesus, thou hast been the guide of my youth. Oh, be the guide of my manhood and of my riper years. Direct me in my course, and suffer not my feet to depart from the straight and narrow way; but ever keep me near thy bleeding side. Guide me by thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory, for thy name sake. Amen.

I had designed to visit my friends in Ohio, but Reuben Barnes goes with me, and he has friends in Canada, hence we arranged to take that country in our way. On Monday morning I took my leave of Mr. and Mrs. Gale, kissed their dear little daughter Maryette, and started for Upper Canada. We visited several friends on our way, and spent several days with my father and friends at Richfield. Father marvelled at my purpose to visit Canada, at which I was not surprised, for I scarcely knew myself why I had taken this course. "Abraham went out not knowing whither he went," and in this respect I followed his example. God may be in this movement in some way which does not now appear. I have been strangely led into this arrangement without due reflection, and I must now go forward. God has promised to direct the paths of those who "acknowledge him," and I shall not take myself away from his controlling and guiding influence. On the 19th, we arrived at Sacket's harbour, a village rendered somewhat memorable by the battle fought there on the 29th of May, 1813. We found no steamers plying here, but took passage on a small vessel bound for Kingston, where

we landed on the 20th of April. A large war ship lies in the harbour only half finished. Peace fortunately came while she was being built, and the workmen left her for a more peaceful employment, and we all now hope that no war cry may ever move her from her present moorings.

Kingston, which was laid out as a village in 1793, and then called Cataraqui, is now the largest town in Upper Canada. Its population in 1794 was only 345, it has since increased to 2,336. It is situated at the head of the River St. Lawrence, and at the confluence of Lake Ontario and the Bay of Quinte. No one could tell its nationality from its inhabitation, composed mostly of English, Irish, Scotch, French, Dutch, and Americans; and I felt strange among them. My first impression of Canadian society was not very flattering. On Monday we reached Hallowell, and were kindly received by the relatives of Mr. Barnes. Hallowell Township was so named from Benjamin Hallowell, Esq., in 1797. He was formerly Commissioner of Customs in Boston, but came here at an early date. He died in York in 1799. The village of Hallowell is small, and built mostly on one street. The Methodist Church, commenced in 1818, but not finished until 1820, is the only church in the place, and is its principal ornament. The leading inhabitants belong to our communion. The circuit embraces the entire peninsula, has two ministers, Calvin Flint and Charles Wood, and contains 500 Church members. I have been received very cordially among them, and, on the 11th of May, attended class, and joined the Canadian Church. I had neglected to bring a certificate of membership, but was asked if I had not an exhorter's license. This question surprised me, as I had kept my license a secret. But Jas. Dougall, Esq., had either heard of it from Reuben Barnes, or surmised it, and he insisted on seeing the document. I then presented my printed license, which was

considered equal to a certificate, and I was at once received into full connexion, and treated as a brother beloved.

Upper Canada, as far as I have seen it, is a charming country of about 130,000 inhabitants. Our Church members are 5,450. If we allow four hearers to every member, then, at this ratio, more than one-fifth of the inhabitants are Methodists. We both resolved to remain here for a season, and I took a school at West Lake. Ours are the only ministers in the peninsula; but there is a Baptist minister, Mr. Wynn, living at the Carrying-Place. The Quakers have two meeting-houses in the Peninsula, and we have four. There are no others.

The farmers are much to be pitied. Wheat is the staple of the country, but they can get only fifty cents a bushel for it, and that seldom comes in cash. Montreal is the chief market, and the grand mart where the merchants purchase their goods, and pay for them in wheat and lumber. Large rafts of square timber and staves are floated down the bays and rivers to Quebec; but the process of bringing up merchandise is painfully tedious. The goods are placed upon barges, and, when the wind is not favourable, are forced up the rivers and bays with long poles placed against men's shoulders. They are drawn up the rapids, however, by horses on the shore, connected with the barges, or Durham boats, by long ropes. But *steam boats* are beginning to run on the lake, and when they come up the bay they will make things more lively, and give impetus to trade and commerce.

October, the 20th, 1823. I have now been six months in Canada, and learned something of the habits, manners, and customs of the people, and the more I see and know of them the better I like them. In many respects Canada compares favourably with New York State. The people, as a whole, are more religious, and manifest more veneration

for divine things. There is less of low, vulgar infidelity amongst them. You can scarcely find a man who does not profess to belong to some form of religion ; hence there is much less scoffing at sacred things. Still, there is one thing which surprises me much. The Methodist, though by far the largest religious body in the country, are not allowed the privilege of being married by their own clergy ! Nor of holding lands for Church purposes ! The Episcopal clergy claim 'to do, nearly all the clerical marrying, and yet they have no minister in this peninsula, and, I am told, only one between this and York ! How our people can quietly submit to this mortifying indignity is passing strange. It puts them to much inconvenience, and is wrong in itself. Surely they will arise in their strength, exert their moral influence, and put an end to this intolerable tyranny and exclusiveness.

These were some of my reflections during the first months of my abode in Canada ; and, in looking back to those days, after 54 years' experience, I cannot greatly modify these views concerning them. Indeed, one reason why I have been induced to publish these extracts from my journal is, to let the present generation see the difficulties we had to overcome, and the peerless influence exerted by the Methodist Church in bringing about that state of religious freedom and equality which we now so happily enjoy. The battle for equal rights has been bravely fought, and the victory gained ; and now our constitutional, rational liberty is not excelled in any part of the world. But, to return to the thrilling events of 1823. Here the conversion of our Indians must have a prominent place.

The first Ojebway Indian ever baptized in Canada by a Protestant, received this sacrament from a Methodist minister in 1801. Mr. S. was preaching near Stoney Creek, and was much delighted to see an Indian woman in the

congregation listening with attention, as though she understood what he was saying. Her husband, a white man, was also present, and after service the minister sought an interview with them. The man proved to be a Government surveyor,—Mr. Augustus Jones. They soon applied for Christian baptism, and the minister, being satisfied with their experience, appointed a day for administering that sacrament. When they presented themselves for baptism, they brought a bright-looking Indian lad of some eight summers, and wished him to receive a Christian name, and be baptized, also. The minister consented, gave the boy his own name, and baptized him JOSEPH SAWYER. Had this work been closely followed up, from this auspicious beginning, I am persuaded that many a poor Indian might have been saved who died a heathen. But the Church had neither funds nor other appliances to carry on the work among these Tribes, and they were neglected until 1823, when Seth Crawford was moved to go to the Grand River as school teacher. The boy thus baptized, afterwards became the famous CHIEF SAWYER, of the Credit tribe, from whom I received this history; and he was greatly instrumental in bringing his, and other tribes to God.

On the first of June, 1823, Elder Case held a camp-meeting in Ancaster, where Peter Jones and his sister Mary were converted. They were children of Augustus Jones, by a Chippeway wife. This was a joyful day in Israel. When Mr. Case saw Peter Jones among the converts, his soul was thrilled with joyous hope, and he cried out, "Thank God, we have now a key to open a door for the Gospel, to these long neglected tribes." And so it was in truth. Those converts went back to the Grand River full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost. God was with them, and the work spread rapidly. Sawyer and his people went up from the Credit, and pitched their tents at the Grand River, to in-

quire after the true God. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." The tribes on the Grand River were all excitement. Sawyer and his tribe caught the fire of love and carried it back to the Credit. Thence it ran down and kindled in the Belleville and Kingston tribes, where John Sunday and Peter Jacobs were soon converted to God. The flame then, changing its course, hastened back, as if impelled by a mighty rushing wind, to Rice Lake, Snake Island, Muncey, Saugeen, and other places. So rapidly did this work spread that the world was taken by surprise. We had never seen it on this wise before, and we looked on with admiration, wondering how these dry bones could thus be made to live. Aid was sent on from New York, and Mr. Case and others pushed the victory to the gate. My own soul was moved to its lowest depths when the news reached us that these savages were turning to God by scores. I had seen many of these degraded, drunken, half-starved creatures, wandering about in filth, with a few rags tied round them, but still in a disgusting state of semi-nudity, and had asked myself, is there no arm long enough, no hand strong enough to bring them up from this "horrible pit" into the light of religious truth? But I had received no satisfactory response until it came from the Grand River. When it did come it was satisfactory, demonstrative, cheering.

BLOOMFIELD—CALL TO DUTY.—While these triumphs were being achieved among the Indians, during the autumn of this year, a strange event occurred in the Quaker settlement,—now Bloomfield,—which went far towards changing my purposes, and directing my future course. Surely,

"There is a Providence which shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we may."

I had been thinking much upon the strange position in which I had been so unexpectedly placed—a stranger in a

strange land—and meditating upon the probable events of the future, when the following most unusual proceedings took place, which, however trivial in themselves, or unexpected by me, gave a new current to my thoughts and entirely changed my course for life. Had these acts, which seemed at the time to border on presumption, been less bold, persistent, and demonstrative, they might not have effected that crisis in my proceedings which so strangely led me in an opposite direction from my projected course. I had not used my exhorter's license in Canada, wishing to avoid, and thinking that I might innocently avoid, public speaking, especially in any official capacity. But, on Sabbath day, I had walked down to the village, attended preaching in the morning, and my class in the afternoon; and then walked back again, a distance of four miles, to John Bowerman's, where I was boarding. I had taken my tea, and, being weary, had retired to my bed to rest. But my weary head had scarcely touched the pillow when I heard a gentle tap at my door, and in came Bro. SAMUEL ORSER, the leader of a class in the back concession, saying, with much earnestness, "My dear brother, the people are all gathering, and they will be waiting for you; dress as quickly as you can and let us be off." I looked up astonished, and inquired, what do you mean? Pray, what is the matter? Why, said he, "There is an appointment given out for you to preach at Bro. Williams' this evening, and the people are coming from all directions!" I said, with emotion, are you crazy! Pray, what does all this mean? No one has said a word to me on the subject, and I never preached a sermon in my life. "Never mind that," said he, "it is all arranged; we will pray for you, and God will help you." "There is no release in this war." At this moment a text of Scripture rushed upon my mind with unusual power and sweetness; and it opened up to me as

clearly as though I was actually reading a sermon upon it. I dressed quickly, and we walked nimbly to the house of prayer. There were but two Methodists in the place, and no Methodist meeting had ever been held in the vicinity. I was aware of the prejudices of the *Friends* against our services, and scarcely thought we could get a dozen people to meet us on such an occasion. But the news had spread rapidly through the settlement, and when we reached the house it was crowded, mostly with young Quakers, who had come together with much glee, prompted by curiosity to hear what the youth could say to them. I soon gained the attention of the Quakers by telling them that I was surprised at being called out of my bed to address them! That I had made no preparation, but must trust alone to their prayers, and to God's Holy Spirit, to aid me. My message to you is plain and simple, but of infinite importance. Hear it, "*The wages of sin is death.*"

I. Think of this MASTER—SIN—His origin, his nature, his government.

II. THE WORK. Disobedience, rebellion, drunkenness, murder, war.

III. HIS WAGES—"Death," temporal, spiritual, eternal.

Do you admire this master? Do you love his work? Do you covet his wages? If not, abandon his services to-night, and choose Christ, whose work is pleasant, and whose reward is eternal life. The youths, who had received me with good-natured levity, were the first to weep bitter tears. Good impressions were made, and we kept up the meetings twice a week until a goodly number were hopefully brought to God. A number of young Quakers were converted, among whom were Miss Polly White, now Mrs. Richards, and Miss Fanny White, now Mrs. Crandall, of Picton. They still hold on their way living for eternal life. We soon formed a class; then obtained week-day preaching;

then Sunday preaching; then a church was built; and now it is the head of a prosperous Circuit.

"See how great a flame aspires
Kindled by a spark of grace!"

Christmas day I attended meeting with the Quakers, but not a word was said. How unlike Christ and his Apostles! "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together." This they had done, but Paul adds—"Exhorting one another." This they failed to do. I felt inclined to exhort myself; but I had been told that, on one occasion when a minister attempted it in a Quaker meeting—an old man cried out, "A wolf! a wolf!" At this a few youngsters caught up the preacher and carried him out-doors. "Well," says the minister, "this is reversing the usual order. I have often heard of the wolf carrying off the sheep, but this is the first time I ever heard of the sheep carrying off the wolf."

Parliament was prorogued on the 24th of January, without accomplishing much good. The Lower House, with great unanimity, and probably in view of the general election, which is to take place next summer, have passed a Marriage Bill; but the Upper House, with far less trouble, have thrown it out! It is said they have a clergyman with them who, failing to get a Presbyterian congregation in Montreal, turned Episcopalian, and thus got himself appointed a legislator. Surely he might be better employed than in oppressing God's people.

April 3rd, 1824.—This day the Quarterly Official Board recommended me to the Local Preachers' Conference for LICENSE TO PREACH. The brethren are anxious to keep me in this country, and to get me into the travelling connexion, while the young converts in our vicinity cling to me with as much affection and importunity as though their happiness depended on my course.

Our quarterly meeting was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Messrs. Ryan, Metcalf, and Healey preached with much power. I was greatly comforted. I have had many offers to go into business here, but, really, my heart is in the work of saving souls. Oh, how sweet it is to enjoy communion with God, and feel that one is in the path of duty! Avaunt, then, ye fleeting pleasures of earth; away, ye fading vanities of time! You have no charms for me. My happiness consists in doing and getting good.

May 9th.—The family of the Rev. David Wright being ill, he has saddled his old horse “Bol” for me, and I am going round the Circuit for him. At German’s and Pleasant Bay had good liberty. At Consecon and at Dempsey’s, happy, but felt embarrassed on being called on to visit a dying man. At Redner’s had much freedom. This was new work to me, but I went on until Mr. Wright was able to resume his work.

In the month of June I attended a camp-meeting in the northern part of our circuit, when, strange to say, Elder Ryan submitted to our official members a proposition to rebel against the order and government of the Church! He had not been elected a member of the General Conference which met at Baltimore last May; but he and David Breakenridge, Esq., a local preacher, were desirous of being present to urge a separation from the Church in the States. We allowed them to go, subscribed to pay their expenses, and joined in a memorial to the General Conference to set us off, an independent body in Canada. They, of course, were not received as members of that Conference, nor was our request for a separation granted; but that body did the next best—perhaps the very best—thing. They ordered a Canada Conference to be formed; and arrangements were made for their Bishops to visit Canada and make themselves thoroughly acquainted with our position and wishes. Messrs.

Ryan and Breakenridge returned full of mortification and displeasure, called the local preachers of the district together at Elizabethtown, and passed sundry resolutions condemning the General Conference, and resolving to take matters into their own hands! These resolutions were to be laid before the quarterly meetings by Mr. Ryan, and if they passed the Bay of Quinte Circuit, and all east of it, they were to become law, and Canada was then free from the control of the General Conference! Mr. Ryan was accompanied by Mr. James Richardson, who was the Secretary of his local preachers' meeting. They laid these rebellious resolutions before our official board, and every member but myself voted in their favour! Mr. Ryan was in great glee, fancying that he had checkmated Chamberlain and Smith—his own son-in-law—members of the General Conference, as well as Mr. Case and his district, who, though in favour of constitutional separation, were opposed to those measures. Mr. Ryan was a great tyrant in his way. He had arraigned W. Chamberlain, of the Bay Circuit, and suspended him, before he left for the Conference, and had put S. Waldron in his place. But, when Mr. Chamberlain returned he went to his circuit, and resumed his work as preacher in charge. That circuit was, therefore, in a strange and painful muddle. There were many reasons why I could not vote for Mr. Ryan's resolutions: 1. I looked upon them as a declaration of rebellion against the Church and her constitutional authority. 2. If successful, they would reduce us to a *mere schismatical faction*, without legitimate paternity, constitutional authority, or fraternal regard. A secession, without self-respect or efficient control, liable to be devoured by conflicting elements and ambitious aspirants. 3. I was aware that some of the wisest and best men amongst us—Case, Madden, Metcalf, Chamberlain, Isaac Smith, and others—were opposed to the rash and ill-advised measure,

and would not submit to be governed by Ryan and his confreres. And 4. I felt confident that when the embarrassments, arising from our foreign relations, were fully understood by the General Conference, that venerable body would be sure to afford us relief in some constitutional way. In this I was not mistaken, as the sequel proves.

The Bishops hastened to perform their part of the work. Bishop George entered the Province at Cornwall, and journeyed westward; preaching, visiting the societies, and freely conversing with our leading laymen in the east; while Bishop Hedding, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Bangs—who had been converted, and spent six years of his ministerial life in Canada—entered the Province in the west, and journeyed eastward, obtaining full information as he passed down through the country. They met at Hallowell, and on the 25th of August organized the Conference, had an interview with the local, as well as the travelling preachers, and quietly arranged the matter in a way well calculated to give satisfaction to all parties concerned.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY—FIRST CONFERENCE.—At the last quarterly meeting for this year, after much prayer and serious consideration, I consented to allow our ministers to present my name to the brethren for a recommendation to the travelling connexion. The change which my mind has undergone is surprising to myself. My brethren on this circuit have entirely taken me captive. My heart is so fully attached to them, and especially to the young converts who claim me as their spiritual friend, benefactor, and guide, that I cannot make up my mind to leave them and this charming country. And then, after what I have seen and felt, I can scarcely doubt but that God desires me to serve him in the ministry of the Word. 1. The entire dealings of divine Providence with me, since my conversion, have been leading in that direction. The fact of my being a Methodist

at all, so contrary to my former prejudices and views, is a standing mystery to me; and the manner in which I was led to Canada was *entirely providential*. But apart from these events, from the time I received the clear and decisive witness of my conversion, I had felt a strong desire to do good to the souls of men, and was never as happy as when I was labouring with them, praying for them, and urging them to flee from the wrath to come, and lay hold on eternal life. 2. All my promotions in the Church, from the beginning to the present time, have come unsought, and, generally, unexpected by me. It was always a great cross for me to speak in public; but, when license for public speaking was thrust upon me, the responsibility of conducting divine service, in large congregations, came with crushing weight upon my mind, and almost overwhelmed me. This was what induced me, when I came to Canada, to keep silent on the subject until my license was called for. But the climax was reached when I was called out of my bed to commence preaching, and placed in such circumstances as made it almost impossible to refuse; and I have always thanked God that I obeyed that call. 3. When I was induced to stand up for Christ in a public congregation, my soul was wonderfully blessed and anointed by the Holy Spirit. The people were comforted, and, in many instances, souls were brought to God through my feeble efforts. 4. The Church called me to the work. The people desired it, and our ministers urged it upon me. "No man taketh this honour upon himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." Under these circumstances I felt that I was called of God. I needed no brighter visions to convince me. When I went over from my school to Brother Williams', to labour with those who were crying, "Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved," I felt to say with the prophet, "Now, the

Lord God and his Spirit hath sent me." I saw the fields white unto the harvest, and seemed to hear the Master say, "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto eternal life." When, therefore, the Lord said, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" My heart replied, "Here am I; Lord, send me." And he did send me in to his vineyard; and in that vineyard I have toiled ever since, and intend to work on until the Master comes and says, "It is enough; come up higher." I always believed in a Divine, as well as a Church call, to the work of the ministry. It is a great mistake for any to send their sons into the pulpit before God says to them, "Separate unto me, Saul and Barnabas, for the ministry." It is God's work, and why not allow Him to select his own servants? Man himself claims this prerogative, and why deny it to the Head of the Church? It is only when God sends us that we can truly say, "Now, then, *we are ambassadors for Christ*, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you, in *Christ's stead*, be ye reconciled to God." What! ambassadors for Christ, when he never sent us! Whence and where are our credentials, then? What! Speaking in *Christ's stead* when Christ has never authorized us to speak in his name! Never! for who under these circumstances can say, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel?" It was only when I came to this point in my Christian experience that I could feel free to forsake worldly pursuits, and enter the Lord's vineyard as a herald of the love of God. Then the matter was settled *for life*. I was at ease. The responsibility was with Him who sent me, and who knew all my weaknesses, deficiencies, and foibles. He has promised to be with me always, even unto the end; and I know His "strength is made perfect in weakness." The Rubicon is passed; the battle-field is before me. I go, trusting entirely to His direction and help, who

has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." He has already led me to some victories, while his "arrows were stout in the heart of the king's enemies," and He will lead me still.

"Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee ;
Still, let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me."





CHAPTER III.

THE FORMATION OF THE CANADA CONFERENCE.

HITHERTO the Upper Canada ministers had belonged to the Genesee Conference. That Conference had held two sessions in Canada—one in Elizabethtown in 1817, when Bishop George presided, and where a glorious revival commenced, which kindled a fire in almost every part of that circuit; and one at Lundy's Lane in 1820, at which Bishop George was also present. But on the 25th of August, 1824, a new Conference for Upper Canada *was organized*, composed of those ministers who were willing to remain in the work here. To this Conference we had looked forward with anxious solicitude; and, in some respects, it was one of unusual importance.

1. It was the first organization of Ministers on Canada soil, having for its exclusive object the cultivation of our Canadian field. In this respect it was the nucleus of that grand Conferential movement which was destined, in its increasing and expansive energy, to raise up our united societies in Canada, from almost nothing, to that lofty position of civil and religious liberty and equality which they now enjoy, and by which they have been able to confer invaluable benefits upon themselves and upon the Christian community at large.

2. At this Conference, and

during the first week of its sessions, our Canadian Missionary Society was formed, and a Constitution adopted—a society which, under divine direction and aid, was to play such an honourable part in the evangelization of the country, the Christianization of its aboriginal Indian tribes, and the extension of gospel truth and gospel privileges through the newly settled portion of Canada, and even to extend its operations to Japan. 3. As I have intimated elsewhere, it was by the wisdom, the piety, and the judicious exertions of this Conference that a miserable conspiracy was arrested, and an incipient rebellion put down,—a rebellion which threatened to rend the Church, and leave her bleeding at every pore, the common prey of ambitious aspirants.

There were but nineteen members of Conference who took Circuits, and twelve preachers on trial. There were also two young men, John Black and Anson Green, who took Circuits under the authority and direction of Mr. Case, our Presiding Elder. If to these we add five superannuated ministers, we shall have the entire ministerial force of the Conference then stationed in our itinerant field. The Province was divided into two districts, twenty circuits, and three missions. But we were without Church funds, literary institutions, or resources of wealth. Mr. Playter, in his history, says this Conference was held in the old Meeting House near the village. The old house referred to is at Conger's Mills, two miles east of the village, but the Conference was held in a new Church—the best in the Province—erected in 1820 or 1821, in the centre of the village, and on a very eligible site. This was then the only Church in the country built with firmly capped pews, or slips, but without doors. All churches then were free.

Eleven meeting-houses were reported to the General Conference, as built before the American war, (the precise number on the Continent before the Revolutionary war.)

The first of these was in Adolphustown, on Hay Bay. The subscription paper, to erect which, is dated February, 1792 ; just one year after the first class in Canada was formed by Losee, on the same farm. The second was built nearly at the same time in Fredericksburgh, on the bay shore, where the second class was formed. The third class was formed at the house of Samuel Detlor, Esq., near Napanee, on the day Wesley died. The old church, erected near Hallowell, was built in 1809. These facts I had from Samuel Detlor, a pious, intelligent, and good man whose account may be relied on. I am not confident as to the order of time in which the other eight churches were built, but from all I can gather, it was as follows : Matilda, Augusta, Christian Warner's, near St. David's, 1802 ; Montreal, 1806 ; Ancaster, Long Point, Elizabethtown, and Stoney Creek. I have preached in all these old sanctuaries, except those of Montreal and Matilda. Down to the time of the first Conference the number was increased to between thirty and forty. All wooden frame buildings except, perhaps, the one in Montreal, which was given up to the English Conference in 1820. All those in Upper Canada, of which I have personal knowledge, besides those mentioned, are the following, and I think the list is nearly, if not quite, complete, viz. : Kingston, Waterloo, Switzers, Hallowell, Belleville, South Bay, Colborne, Hamilton Township, York, Cumers, Tylers (now Aurora), Palermo, Rock Church, Hamilton, Saltfleet, Smithville, Thirty-mile Creek, St. Catharines, Niagara, Lundy's Lane, Bertie, Woodstock, London, Lyon's Creek, and Thames. There may have been three or four others of which I have no knowledge. The missionary money, presented at this Conference, amounted to \$144 00. The largest amount came from the Stamford branch, \$23. Ancaster and Saltfleet, each \$22 ; Trafalgar, \$10 ; Bertie, \$7 50 ; Smithville, \$9 25 ; Lyon's

Creek, \$12 62; Thorold, \$5; Beverly, \$5; Long Point, \$4; John Keagey, \$8 25; ministers at Conference, \$15 38.

I mention these amounts, not only to show where this stream of Christian benevolence commenced, but also to exhibit the feebleness of our beginnings. But

“Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.”

Let the results of 53 years' hard toil encourage us now to look for, and expect *great things*, and then never rest until the acme is reached, and the victory gained.

I was much edified and encouraged by the preaching during this Conference. Dr. Bangs preached on the fruits of the Spirit. Wm. Ryerson on “the world passeth away.” I was pleased with the profound depth of the one, and the enthusiastic eloquence of the other. But the good Bishop quite carried us away on the Lord's day. A singular scene occurred while Bishop George was preaching in the morning. The weather was warm, and the Church uncomfortably crowded. The good sisters in those days came a great distance, and generally brought their babies with them on such occasions. A great many were present in the congregation, and when the preacher became eloquent, he frequently wiped tears from his eyes, while the people also wept freely. Just at this crisis about twenty infants set up such a tremendous, combined, and continued scream, as nearly drowned the Bishop's voice. He stopped, raised up both hands towards heaven and exclaimed, “God have mercy upon the children!” Suddenly, as if by concert, every child stopped crying, and all was still! How this effect was produced, whether by sympathy, by maternal soothing, or by special answer to prayer, I know not; but the end was accomplished, and the good Bishop proceeded admirably.

MY FIRST CIRCUIT.—I had purchased the best young horse I could find in the township, got my saddle-bags, completed my travelling outfit, and was ready for my appointment. I had received no intimation from anyone to what circuit I would probably be sent; nor had I the slightest anxiety on the subject. Still, I had an impression that I would go to the Smith's Creek Circuit. And, sure enough, that was my place. When the Bishop had finished reading the appointments, the Presiding Elder came to me, on the Conference floor, and said, "You are appointed to the Smith's Creek Circuit." I thank you, said I; just where I expected to go. On the morning of September, the 7th, in company with a pleasant young preacher by the name of Griffis, I mounted my beautiful steed, with saddle-bags and valise well filled, and started on my mission as a TRAVELLING PREACHER. As I left the house of my dear friends, Brother and Sister J. P. Williams, I could not but drop a tear. Their kindness to me, and attentions to my wants, when I was a stranger in a strange land, I can never forget. They, with a goodly number of the young converts, gathered around us at the gate, wept as we mounted, blessed us as we started, and watched us anxiously until we were out of sight. The morning was lovely. Seldom has the sun shone upon a more charming day, or a clearer sky. If this is an index to, and the precursor of, my day of ministerial toil, thought I, then surely I may look for a sunny noon and a cloudless evening. I have had many a struggle to bring my mind to a godly decision, but the struggle is now over. Christ says, "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." I have no selfish ends in view. I go at the call of God and his Church, only to bring forth *fruit that will remain*. And now, having fairly and prayerfully buckled on the armour, I am quite

resolved never to cast it off until the war is over, and the victory gained, or I receive an honourable discharge. Mr. Case has furnished me with written authority and directions, and given me his blessing. He has promised, if possible, to give me a year or two at Cazenovia, and I have sold a lot of land, and placed my available funds on interest in view of such a contingency.

A charming ride of twenty-five miles brought us to the eastern limit of my circuit, where we found a sweet home with one of my circuit stewards, Chas. Biggar, Esq. The Carrying Place is about two miles long, and connects the Bay of Quinte with the lake. On Wednesday I had an appointment at Presque Isle, but Bro. Demorest, who was on his way to his circuit, kindly preached for me. He said many good things, with scarcely a motion of his body, or much emotion of soul. Thursday, the 9th, I PREACHED MY FIRST SERMON in our Church at Cramahe, now called Colborne, from 1 Peter 4: 18. I did not venture into the pulpit, but spoke from the chancel. I had tolerable liberty, but was not greatly encouraged. On Sunday, preached at Haldimand, Four Corners, from "What will this babblers say?" I scarcely knew myself what he would say, but he tried to preach Jesus and the resurrection. In the evening, at the school-house, at what is now called Grafton, from Romans 10: 13. Had good liberty, and was comforted.

Sunday, 19th. At Hawkins' school-house, in Hope, from Matthew 11: 25; and in Cobourg, in the evening, from Romans 5: 2. Cobourg is the name of a small village of some 100 inhabitants. The Church of England has a young clergyman here by the name of McCaulay. He has a small Church, the only one in the village, while we preach in a school-house. There are two small stores here, several mechanics, and plenty of taverns. The court-house and its surroundings form a small villa, more than a mile distant.

We have a good Church two miles north of the village, with a small log cabin near it, which they call the parsonage. Here my colleague is to live, and this is really the head of the circuit. The Church is respectable; but oh, the parsonage! Thursday, the 25th, preached at Baltimore—Matt. 7: 7. At Wm. Kelley's, the next day—Psalms 40: 2. A kind family and a good home. Sunday, the 26th. At the parsonage Church in the morning—Col. 3: 4; and at Cobourg in the evening—Rom. 10: 13. Thank God for such a day. Had much liberty in preaching, for God was our leader. How encouraging to get such "showers of blessing!" Monday, Sept. 27th, start for the bush, a distance of twenty-miles, over rough roads, with plenty of corduroy bridges. Stop at De Ells', and preach in a house just erected both for a church and a school-house. It had no windows, doors, nor floor, and yet we had plenty of light coming in through the doorway, and between the logs with which it was built. Our position was as novel as it was awkward. The people sat upon the sleepers, with their feet dangling below, while I took another sleeper for my pulpit. It being my birthday, I took a text in accordance with my feelings,—“The world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.” Much of my time has run to waste. It pains me to reflect upon the little good I have done. May I be of some service in the future, and that quickly, for

“Our life is a dream; our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.”

On the 28th September I started for the township of Smith, passing through where the town of Peterboro' now stands; but there was only one house there then, and that one down on the river's bank, quite out of my sight. My

path was a winding Indian trail, where no wheel carriage had ever passed. I was obliged to jump my horse over logs, ride him through deep mud-holes and bridgeless streams, guided sometimes by marked trees. When I got a short distance beyond Peterboro', I entered a clearing with two or three log cabins in view. In one of these lived a godly old Yorkshire woman, who received me joyfully. Her house was covered with hollow logs, halved, and so arranged as to shelter its inmates from the rain and snow. The room was about fifteen by twenty feet in size, and it served for our kitchen, bed-room, parlour, dining-room, and church. Here I preached to a congregation of eight souls, and was happy. O how these people in the bush value the Gospel, and love the messengers who deliver it to them. On Wednesday returned to the town-line, and found my way to the house of Mr. Morrow, in Cavan, and preached to the best congregation I found in these woods. Here, too, I met with an intelligent Irish local preacher by the name of Blackstock. We had a good class-meeting, and rejoiced together. I was not surprised to learn that my predecessor, Brother Belton, had lost his way in these primeval forests. I was told that he took a wrong path one stormy day; but, as night was coming on, he fortunately met a man who knew him, and accosted him thus: "Sure, and is this you, your riverence; pray, where are you going?" "Oh, to hunt up the lost sheep," says Mr. B. "Indade, well, I am afraid the sheep stand a poor chance of being found to-night, since the shepherd himself is lost!" The poor preacher was six miles out of his way, but he was kindly guided to the little flock who were anxiously waiting for him. Thursday, preached at Mr. Sheckleton's, and on Friday at Mr. Thompson's, in Monaghan. This last appointment was not on my plan, but Mrs. Thompson had met me at my appointment on the town-line, last Monday, and pressed me to take an appointment at

her house, promising me a good congregation. I was glad I went. I found a sterling family, who were Wesleyans in England. The congregation were perched upon a loom, like a flock of pigeons on a tree. After preaching, Mrs. Thompson related to me the following most thrilling event in her own experience, showing how much good we may accomplish when our hearts are free to do it :—

“ In England,” said she, “ we were members of class, and accustomed to hear preaching every week. When we came to these woods, we were three years without seeing a minister. Hearing that one was to preach on the front, I travelled out fifteen miles on foot to hear him. My soul was filled with comfort, and I begged him to come to the bush and preach in our house, promising him that, if possible, every person in the township would be present to hear him. He consented. On the day appointed I gave our family their breakfast, and then went to every house and got a pledge that every man and woman would be present at the appointed hour. On my way home I saw the track of a horse in our field, and knowing that there was no horse in the settlement, I thought it must be the horse of the man of God who had come to bring the Gospel to our forest. Is it possible, thought I, that after so long a famine for the bread of life, the time has come at last when we are to have the Gospel preached in our own humble cabin ! The thought was overwhelming ; tears came to my eyes, my heart throbbed with emotion, and I sank upon the earth and kissed the ground on which the horse had trod which brought the man of God to our township. I thought of former times in Yorkshire, and then and there renewed my covenant with God, pledging myself to do all I could to spread the Gospel through these forests.”

This good family prospered in everything ; and, thirteen years after this visit, I had the pleasure of preaching in a

comfortable church erected on their farm. This pious and devoted woman comforted me much, and encouraged me to greater diligence in acts of self-denial. I met one of her sons, now venerable in appearance, at the Peterboro' Conference. Hard, indeed, must be that heart which would not go any lengths, and make any sacrifice, to preach the Gospel to such a people! If Wesley was right when he directed us to go to those who need us most, then I was right in taking up this appointment, and I left one for my colleague. While riding back towards the front, over rough roads and through gloomy forests, I dismounted to relieve my horse a little and stretch my own limbs by walking, leaving my saddle-bags on the saddle. But the cunning beast proved treacherous—I had good cause to regret my kindness. I had left the bridle on his neck and was walking by his side, when he managed to get a few steps in advance. Having walked a couple of miles in this way, I began to feel weary, and asked my horse to stop; but he seemed to prefer walking alone, and resolved to keep out of my reach. When I walked fast, he increased his pace accordingly. When I ran, he ran—then off came my bags, which I had to carry. This appeared to amuse him much, and no intreaty could induce him to wait for me. Is it possible, thought I, that I am doomed to walk and carry this burden, through this solitary wilderness, all the way to Cobourg. In my dejection and weariness, a happy thought came into my mind. There is a long corduroy bridge about a mile ahead, and on that bridge I can outrun the cruel beast. The plan was laid and the conquest effected; but I learned that too much liberty was a bad thing for a horse, while there might be circumstances under which even these miserable log-bridges might be of service to a travelling preacher.

Sunday, the 3rd of October. Preached at Cramahe and at Presque Isle. Cramahe is a small village about the size

of Cobourg, but it has a good Church, a better society, and a larger congregation. Hiram Merriman, a faithful under-shepherd is our leader here. He is very fond of a good, warm-hearted shout, and, when he feels well, he can bear his part in it with stunning effect. At Presque Isle we have a large log-house for worship, and an excellent class. James Lyons, Esq., M.P.P., is our leader, and an excellent leader he is. James Richardson, Esq., his brother-in-law, lives near him, and is an able local preacher, but it is intimated that he is soon to take a circuit. On Monday, preached at Sherwood's, and on Tuesday at the Carrying Place. Called on the Rev. Mr. Greer, a young Episcopal clergyman, who had just settled in this village. Wednesday, rode round the head of the Bay to the Trent, thence over to Mr. Young's (father to the Rev. Wm. Young), and preached from Proverbs 8: 4. Wednesday, preached at Cold Creek to a few settlers, but no class. After a lonely ride to Percy Mills, I preached to a small congregation, led a small class, and was entertained by the father of the Rev. Solomon Waldron, of our Conference. Friday, rode back through the woods towards the front, and preached in the house of a local preacher by the name of Joshua Webster—an intelligent man and good company. Sunday, 10th Oct. At Haldimand and Grafton, preached on "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" A question, this, of infinite importance, but easily answered.

Monday, the 11th, at Bro. Waite's, back of Grafton. Saturday and Sunday, the 16th and 17th of October, heard Mr. Case at our Quarterly Meeting in Hamilton Church. He is a lovable man; mild as St. John, but firm as St. Paul. Not a great, but a good preacher. His sermons are not deep, but efficacious, and we love him, admire him, and pray for him. I received twenty-five cents travelling expenses,

but no quarterage, as my colleague required all the money paid in to meet his moving expenses. We arranged for a *new* appointment at Mr. Bullock's neighbourhood, near the Carrying Place, and another at what is now called Newtonville, about twelve miles west of Port Hope—since become the head of a circuit. On the 4th of November I preached the first sermon ever delivered at Newtonville, in a log house owned by Mr. Soules, situated on the main road, and on the west side of a high hill. I gave them a synopsis of our doctrines. One intelligent-looking gentleman eyed me closely, and seemed to be carefully weighing every sentence uttered. He thanked me for a doctrinal sermon, and invited me to visit him at his house, which I did; and this visit led to the following *case 'of conscience*:—In accordance with Dr. Adam Clarke's "Advice to Young Preachers," I had resolved to pray with every family I visited. I found this gentleman alone, and as he did not propose prayers, I had not courage to do so myself, but left him alone in his musings. The cross was heavy, and I failed to bear it, though Jesus had said, "*Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple.*" As I rode away my conscience stung me severely—Is that the way you carry out your purposes? Is that all the courage you have to bear the cross for him who bore the cross for you? Then better leave this field to others and go home! I stopped my horse to return to the house; but this would appear absurd, hence I compromised the matter by promising to call on my next round and ask to have prayers with this gentleman. After this decision, I rode on; but, alas! on my next visit to that place his house was empty. This gentleman had left the neighbourhood, and I never saw him more! But his image is photographed indelibly upon my mind, and I can never forget that first breach of faith with myself. It is a dangerous thing to trifle with a good conscience. I was

miserable in the extreme, and would have given much if I had never seen that man, or, having seen him, had done my duty. Our next appointment led me to Major Wilmott's—now Newcastle—preached in a school-house a little west of Salmon Creek. From this we went to Mr. Butterworth's, in a back concession ; and I left an appointment also, on the main road, at Mr. Wallbridge's house. Sunday, the 7th of November, preached at Hope school-house in the morning, and at Mr. J. Boyce's in the evening. Dined with Mr. Hawkins, and found good lodgings at Bro. Boyce's during the night. We had also a regular appointment at Mr. Farley's school-house. I have now preached in all the regular appointments, and find we have enough to do. We preach in twelve townships, have thirty-three appointments each for every twenty-eight days, lead all the classes after public service, preach funeral sermons, and attend as many prayer-meetings as possible. Our Circuit embraces all the country between Bowmanville and the Carrying Place, River Trent, and Mud Lake. It requires a ride of 400 miles to get round it, which we performed, winter and summer, on horseback.—There are now twenty-four circuits within these limits.—We had only two churches on the circuit which we could use for Quarterly meetings—one in Colborne, and one in Hamilton, near Cobourg—but we erected a small one in the village of Cobourg before Christmas. My colleague, the Rev. David Breakenridge, is kind and industrious, but, like myself, is a new recruit in the ministry. He is blessed with a charming wife. Her maiden name was Lawrence, but her mother was once the wife of the celebrated Philip Embury.

DEDICATION AT COBOURG.—On the 28th of November, I had the pleasure of opening our new church, erected on the corner of Division and Chapel Streets. My text was from Zech. 14 : 6, 8. These "living waters" were refreshing,

and all were invited to drink freely. Very little ceremony was connected with church-openings in those days. Father Wilson was present, and took part in the services; but, strange to say, he was not in my way at all. I had feared him greatly, but he removed that fear entirely during my second sermon at the Parsonage Church. He was living near that church, and I could not think of preaching in his presence. I, therefore, took the first opportunity to call on this venerable divine, and earnestly request him not to be present when I preached, as I had not been accustomed to preach before ministers, and feared I might break down in the attempt. He said he knew how to sympathize with such feelings, and at once assured me he would not attend until I was an established preacher. I felt much relieved by this promise; but alas! he thought I was "established" long before I thought so myself; and at my second appointment in that church, after the preliminaries were over, and I stood up to read my text, I saw his venerable form enter the door. He had on short breeches, with silk stockings, knee-buckles, shoe-buckles, &c., and with his clerical garb and venerable locks, he made a most formidable appearance. I was both surprised and frightened. Indeed, I trembled to that extent that I could scarcely hold my pocket Bible in my hand. I first thought of sitting down and calling upon him to preach, but dared not do it. I then placed both elbows upon the pulpit to steady my trembling nerves, and read, "Unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth and grow up as calves of the stall." By the time I got through with my introduction, I had lost sight of the old divine; my trembling ceased, and from that moment I had no more fear of Father Wilson.

FIRST SERMON AT PORT HOPE—November 30th. This afternoon, by previous arrangement, I delivered what I was

informed was the *first sermon* preached in Port Hope by a Wesleyan minister—it was certainly the first appointment in our circuit work there. I had a shoemaker's shop for my church, his shoe-bench for a pulpit, and six persons for a congregation. Port Hope is the largest village on the circuit. It is situated at the mouth of Smith's Creek, from which our circuit takes its name. It is full of enterprise and spirit, but so full of whisky and sin that it bears the name of "Sodom." My text was, "Some have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame." The wedge is now entered, and if we can manage to get a congregation, Sodom may yet be redeemed, and by divine aid we may hope to do some good there. December 1st, took up another new appointment at Mr. Herchel's, on the lake shore, some four or five miles west of Port Hope. December 8th. My colleague has also taken up an appointment at Mr. Purdy's, on the lake shore, in Cramahe, where I preached to-day. We have also arranged to preach at the Court-house, and at the school-house at Major Jones', half-way to Port Hope.

FATHER WILSON'S NARROW ESCAPE.—When in Cobourg last October, I saw the beach, west of Division Street, covered with small white tents, filled with Irish immigrants. The Hon. Peter Robinson had been home and brought out a shipload of these people, whom he landed here. There was no wharf in Cobourg then, and the landing was somewhat difficult. They were to be located in the bush beyond Rice Lake. Mr. R. has given his own name to the place, calling it PETERBOROUGH. These white tents presented a beautiful and attractive appearance. They stretched along on the sand beach, lying between the lake and a forest of small cedars, which covered the worst part of the swampy ground east of Ham's mills. Among the newly-arrived were fourteen Protestant families; the remainder were Papists, with a priest at their head. Mr. W., being an

Irishman himself, went and preached to his countrymen ; but when the priest—who was absent at the time—returned, he was much displeased, and told his flock that if that heretic came there again to preach, they were “to cool his zeal by throwing him into the lake.” The Protestants reported this to our brethren ; and soon after the magistrate sent for the priest and asked him if the report was true. “Certainly it is,” said the priest. “What right had that man to preach to my people in my absence?” “Just as much right as you have, sir, if they wish to hear him. You are in a free country now, where the liberty of free speech is protected. You are therefore to go immediately and call the people together and tell them if Mr. W. comes there again they are to use him civilly ; and I will hold you responsible for any mischief done him.” The priest very properly hastened to the camp, blew his horn, collected the people and said to them, “I perceive I have made a mistake. If Mr. Wilson comes here, be sure you use him well, or I will hold you responsible for any mischief done him. Remember what I tell you.” I scarcely need to add that these immigrants were well taught in Gospel truth, while they remained on the beach.

On New Year's eve, had a profitable watch-night in our new church ; but, under the pressure of a bad cold and hard work, my voice was so injured that I could scarcely speak at all. Happily for me, Elder Case came to us at this time, and, seeing my weakness, directed me to lie by for a few weeks. So strong was my frame that I scarcely knew I could injure myself by constant preaching ; but I found, to my cost, that my lungs might be so overtaxed as to injure them, and weaken my entire frame. Mr. Case's timely interposition gave me relief. His goodness of heart is only equalled by his prudence and forethought. He authorized the Rev. George Farr to form a new mission in Cavan.

Allowed Reuben Grant, a good local preacher, to take my appointments for a time, and I started off to see my friends. About seven o'clock one evening I left the stage and knocked at my father's door. I had been absent about two years, and he was glad to see me ; but when he learned, from my own lips, that I had entered the ministry, he expressed his surprise, and, in his mild way, intimated his regret at my choice. A little respite and a change of air soon restored my voice and my health. I could not resist the pressing invitation of my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gale, Judge Watson, and others, to preach. They were pleased to find their predictions, concerning my calling, so soon fulfilled, and said many kind things concerning my feeble efforts. After enjoying a delightful visit with my friends in Middleburgh, I returned to Richfield.

MY FIRST SERMON BEFORE MY FATHER.—I had two brothers living in Richfield, who, being anxious to hear me preach, had given out an appointment for me in Brighton village. My father's cousin, Wardwell Green, Esq., was the patriarch of this place. When I entered the house, behold, it was filled to its utmost capacity. I crowded my way to the pulpit, and, on looking round, was surprised to see my venerable father and his cousin, the village magistrate, sitting together on a side seat. Their unexpected presence embarrassed me much. I regretted that I had consented to preach at all. But I was there and must proceed. Earnestly did I pray for help ; and the Lord heard and answered. My text was, "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." I had spoken for fifteen minutes before I had courage to look towards the seat where my father sat ; but, when I glanced my eyes that way, I was much relieved to see both of these venerable men using their handkerchiefs freely to wipe away their tears. This removed my fear and gave me

courage. The word had reached their hearts ; others wept with them, and my soul rejoiced. The next day, when I bid my father good-bye, he kindly gave me his blessing ; said I was taking the right course, and he only wished all his sons were like me. This paternal approval of my calling was what I did not expect ; but it was more valued by me than gold or silver. I took leave of my friends with comparatively a light heart, and hastened back to my circuit. I had intended to induce my youngest brother, Joseph, to come to Canada with me ; but he was called away in the morning of life, and buried in Brighton before I reached home. Under these circumstances I brought Mr. Lewis W. Joice with me, and got him a school near Cobourg.

A FUNERAL SERMON UNDER TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.—When in Hallowell, the Rev. F. Metcalf came to me and urged that I would preach a funeral sermon for a man who had died in the village ; and he prevailed on me, much against my inclination, to consent ; but was careful not to give the character of the deceased. I learned afterwards that he was an old tipler who had importuned Mr. Ballard, one very cold night, to let him have a bottle of whisky to take home with him, which Mr. B. refused to do, telling him that if he got it, he would drink himself dead before he reached home. He then declared, most solemnly, that he would not touch a “ drop until he reached home ; if he did, he hoped God would strike him dead on the road.” He got the whisky, retired from the house, and began to drink freely. God took him at his word, and he was found frozen to death on the street. All the tiplers from some distance were at his funeral. Our church was full, and I took for my text, “ But the end of all things is at hand ; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.” I could not hope to benefit the dead, but I faithfully reminded the living of the shortness of time, and urged them to sobriety, watch-

fulness, and prayer. The old toppers were not much pleased with my faithful dealing, but said, afterwards, that I ought to have been dragged out of the pulpit! I made no references to the deceased, only to leave him where I found him, in the hands of a just God. Some of the tiplers took my part and said I had manfully spoken the truth. But some of "the baser sort" went to the widow to sympathize with her and get me condemned. She plucked the feathers out of their caps at once by telling them "it was the best sermon she ever heard in her life. That every word was truth, and they knew it well; that if her husband had heard it years ago, and lived according to its teachings, she would not now be a widow;" and she exhorted them to leave the bottle and become sober men. The effect was good, and these raging inebriates went home wiser, if not better men. Temperance societies, for the suppression of drunkenness, were not then known, but we used frequently to thunder from our pulpits against this disgraceful and soul-destroying vice.

CAMP-MEETING AT ADOLPHUSTOWN—LICENSE TO PREACH.

—The power to grant licenses was vested in what was called THE LOCAL PREACHERS' CONFERENCE. This body was composed of all the local preachers on the district, with the Presiding Elder as President. This Council had met the previous year at Elizabethtown, one hundred miles away from me; and I had, by the authority of Bro. Case, been preaching for a year on the recommendation for license of our Quarterly Meeting. Mr. Case had appointed a camp-meeting at Hay Bay, where the District Conference was also to meet. On Saturday, the 18th of June, I was expected to pass an examination before this grave body, on doctrines, discipline, experience, &c., when I, with other candidates, was expected to give precise definitions of all the cardinal doctrines of the Church, and prove them by pertinent passages of Scripture. I found no difficulty in answer-

ing the questions. I then retired to give the members opportunity to deliberate, but was soon called in, when Mr. Case told me the brethren had cordially granted me license, and he desired me to use them, at once, by taking the stand and preaching to the people. I did so, and the good Lord helped me graciously. The kind words spoken to me afterwards by Bro. Metcalf, Bro. John Ryerson, and others, encouraged me greatly.

At this meeting I had the pleasure of seeing that venerable apostolic man, Dr. DUNHAM. He was the first ordained Wesleyan minister who came to Canada, and, consequently, the first to administer the sacraments to the people here (in 1792.) This happy old veteran now stood upon the ground where his colleague, Losee, formed the first class in 1791, and erected the first church in 1792, and where the first camp-meeting in Canada was held in 1805, attended by Case, Bangs, Ryan, &c. He prayed for sinners with great energy, and sometimes used most terrific expressions. He had seen the Church of Canada in her infancy, and anxiously watched her youthful progress; but now, like Israel's Moses, he seemed to view the promised land from Pisgah's top, quite ready to "launch away and mingle with the blaze of day." There were many on the ground who belonged to the first class formed in Canada, and others who were taken into society by Losee in other places. Oh, how I love to sit at their feet and hear them tell of early days! Here are the Casey's, Huff's, Vandusen's, German's, Detlor's, Roblin's, Embury's, Ketcheson's, and Switzer's. Here, too, are the Dougall's, Dulmage's, Green's, Yeomans', and Johnson's of primitive times. The thrilling anecdotes they tell of early days would fill a volume. Would that they were written for our admonition and instruction. Here is good old Casper Vandusen from the High Shore, a valuable leader and powerful exhorter, whose voice I have heard with profit

and delight. He knew little of religious language and customs before his conversion, hence, when first asked to say grace at table, he stood up and said, "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c. These were all the religious words he knew, and they were acceptable to him who looks not at the words, so much as at the heart. This meeting was primitive in most respects, and many souls were brought to God.

On the 1st of September another camp-meeting was held on our own circuit in Cramahe, where we had the help of several ministers who were on their way to Conference. It was a blessed time and a glorious winding up of the year. I received such a blessing as comforts me still when I think of it. The local preachers held an adjourned session on the camp ground, where they recommended me to the Conference as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry. We had a large number of conversions on the circuit, but were a little surprised to find that we could only report a net gain of forty-seven. My receipts on the circuit, for all purposes, amounted to \$60. I had no place which I called my home; and yet I found a home whenever night overtook me. My saddle was my study, saddle-bags my wardrobe, and my Bible and hymn-book my select library. I found comfortable temporary homes with the kind families of Messrs. Biggar, Lyons, Keeler, Strong, Merriman, Powers, Powel, Perry, Spencer, Bates, Kelley, Spalding, McCarty, Boyce, Hawkins, Wilmott, Farley, and many others. My needs were all supplied, and I wanted nothing but more grace. Father Wilson, who frightened me so much in the beginning, was of great service to me; but he was very eccentric at times. He could not bear to have any of his opinions called in question. He once preached in Hallowell, from a text in the Book of Job, and the people took the liberty of calling in question some remarks which he made concerning that ancient book. He heard of it, and when next he

preached in our pulpit he opened his hymn-book, and then, knitting his dark, heavy eyebrows, and making his black eyes sparkle with emotion, he exclaimed, "So you are critics here, are you! I care no more for you than for the worms under my feet; I have preached to thousands in Ireland before I saw your faces!" He then put on a smile, read his hymn, and went on with the service. I sat in the pulpit with him once when, becoming absent-minded for a moment, he stopped suddenly and said, "Really, I have forgotten where I am; if any one can put me on the track I will proceed." I then told him where he was, what he said last, and the theme on which he was dwelling. He thanked me, and then proceeded as usual. He abhorred drunkenness, and held the sot in utter contempt. He was once asked to ride ten miles to bury a drunkard, but indignantly refused, saying, "No! he lived like a dog, and let his burial be the burial of an ass. What! go to preach the pure gospel over such a man! Never! never!"

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS which occurred on this circuit may be recorded for serious reflection. My horse, a noble, beautiful looking animal, had the fault of stumbling. On one occasion, when in sight of my stopping place, I rode fast to avoid a shower of rain which I saw approaching, when his feet sank so deeply in the soft earth which had just been placed on the road, that he fell and landed me several feet in front of him. When I managed to pick myself up I found him lying on his own head, apparently dead. When I turned him over he arose, shook off the dust, and carried me to the house, neither of us being any the worse for the fright. Had I been looking at the road before me, instead of watching the approaching storm, I might have avoided this calamity; but He, whose eyes are always open to the dangers of His people, kindly preserved both the horse and his rider from serious harm. At another time he fell with

me on my way to preach in Haldimand, throwing me into the mud before him. It was rainy, and I held my umbrella over my head, musing upon my sermon. But I soon found myself in one place, my horse in another, and my umbrella some distance from both of us. I scarcely knew what to do. The congregation was waiting for me near by, but I looked more like a toper who had been rolling in the mud, than a divine on his way to the pulpit. But all's well that ends well. I rubbed off the thickest of the mud; the people waited patiently, and we had a thankful and joyous time together. On another occasion my horse got so frightened at an old bear and her two cubs that I could scarcely manage him at all. I was returning from Percy Mills, and on looking to my left, up through some pine woods which had lately been burnt over, I saw, about a quarter of a mile away, three bears coming directly towards me. I stopped my Charley to get a good sight of them. He soon saw them coming down the hill, and stood, with his ears thrown forward, trembling with fright. They came into the road about one hundred feet before me, and remained smelling round, but didn't observe us. After I had satisfied my curiosity, I told them to be off. Frightened at my voice they trotted away into the thick bushes below the road. But as they moved away, my horse turned swiftly round and ran some distance as if it were for life. When I managed to stop him and turn him on his right course, he stepped very cautiously until he came to the place where the bears had trod, and then I could not get him to cross their path. I finally dismounted and led him over; he crouched slyly behind me until he came to their track, and then shot by me with speed and tried to run. It was with much difficulty that I reached my saddle again; but no sooner had I mounted than he took the bit between his teeth and ran through the woods until he reached the bridge over

Cold Creek, where I managed to get him quieted. I was not aware, until this occurrence, that horses were so much afraid of bears. Once my poor Charley had a narrow escape in going over a corduroy bridge in Cobourg, near Ham's Mills. He got his fore-feet between two logs, and sank down until my feet touched the poles, when I walked off over his head. I thought his legs would be broken, but he managed, with my assistance, to get them out unhurt. We found this kind of roadway or corduroy bridges, as they were called, in great abundance on our circuit; but the good Lord preserved both man and beast during the dangers of this eventful year. We need not fear danger if God is with us. He did not keep Daniel from the den of lions, but He guarded him there. He did not hold the three Hebrews back from the furnace, but "the form of the fourth" was with them and they could not be hurt.


On the whole, this was a pleasant and successful year. I sold books for my colleague, and had the privilege of reading them, when I could find a place and an hour in which to do so. I loved the people, and became much attached to them. They bore with my weakness, encouraged me when I faltered, upheld me when I was weary, and cheered me when I was discouraged; and I went to my next field of labour with a light heart.





CHAPTER IV.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1825—HALLOWELL CIRCUIT.

N Tuesday morning, just one year from that Tuesday on which I entered the circuit, six of us mounted our steeds and started for Conference, viz. : W. Case, W. Chamberlain, F. Metcalf, Ezra Healy, P. Smith, and Anson Green. During most of the day we travelled on my own circuit, but spent the night at Mr. Cryderman's, three miles west of Bowmanville. On Wednesday evening we reached York, after a long and wearisome journey through a beautiful country, the most of which had never been subdued by the woodman's axe. For nine miles we neither saw house nor clearing ; but the monotony of the journey was somewhat relieved by the novelty of having *divine service on horseback*. Mr. Case proposed that we should each preach a sermon. The proposal, to me, was a strange one, but I soon became reconciled by the thought that Jesus, our great exemplar, preached to two disciples on their way to Emmaus. Mr. Case led off with, "*As you go, preach.*" He told us what the Gospel was, and how and when we were to preach it. Next, in course of seniority, came Mr. Chamberlain with, "*And hath raised us up together.*" He showed the connexional and apostolical nature of Methodism. Many

circuits, but one field. Many laborers, but all raised up together to cultivate this field in harmony. Then came Mr. Smith with, "*Be perfect.*" He defined and described Christian perfection, and its importance to ministers and members. It gave to the Apostles their power, to Wesley his success, to our fathers their triumphs; and, if all were perfect, it would soon give to the Church a world redeemed. Then came Mr. Healy with his clear, sweet voice, saying, "*And this will we do if God permit.*" Mr. Metcalf pleaded illness and was excused. I asked to be excused also, on account of youth and inexperience; but Mr. Case replied, "There is no release in this war." His word was law, and I gave out, "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*" I described the work to be done, the manner and time of doing it, and the reward promised. While we are to be faithful as believers, as stewards, and as teachers, we do it as our life-work, in all places, at all times, under all circumstances, and unto death. The reward a crown, with more or less stars, as we are more or less faithful. All agreed that the texts could not have been better suited, to the occasion, nor the discourses more harmonious, as a series, if the whole had been pre-arranged.

THE TOWN OF YORK, which we reached before dark, lies mostly between the river Don and the market, and contains, I should judge, about 1,500 inhabitants. On the 27th of April, 1813, the Americans took this place, but lost Col. Pike and two hundred soldiers by the explosion of a magazine. There are few buildings of note here. The Episcopalians have a small church on the corner of King and Church Streets, and we have a small one, forty feet square, a little out of town, on the corner of King and Jordan Streets. The Parliament House was burnt down last January, and the members meet now in the Hospital. But the tendency of the town is westward, and some of our

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brethren have erected houses on Bay street, near the Church. Thursday evening we reached Hannahsville, in Nelson, and were entertained by Messrs. Hopkins and McCoy. On Friday we all dined with Father Keagey, a pious and liberal-hearted Dutchman, who was pleased to see so many ministers together. On Sunday morning, the 11th of September, we reached Davisville, the seat of our Indian Mission, on the Grand River. This was the happy goal to which we had been pushing all the week. We found a neat building of hewn logs, designed both for church and school-house, standing in a pasture field, quite alone. There were some trees and many clumps of brushwood, evergreens, &c., all through the field, which made it picturesque and inviting. This house, the first Wesleyan Church built for Indians, was erected in 1824. Mr. Chamberlain and I stood several rods away from the house, but could see no human being save Mr. Case and the school teacher, who were standing near the chapel. We began to fear that there must be some mistake. It was drawing near nine o'clock, the hour appointed for love-feast, and not an Indian to be seen, nor a single wigwam in sight. The teacher then blew his horn, and suddenly, as if by enchantment, the place was full of human beings. They rose up from amidst the evergreens—men, women, and children—all cleanly in appearance, and hastened to the sanctuary. As they entered they knelt devoutly in secret prayer, and many of them were melted into tears before they arose. Mr. Case began the service, and these children of the forest sang with sweet accord, and listened with rapt attention to all that was said. It was a good day. The love-feast was lively; not a moment lost; upwards of one hundred converts were present, and about sixty children. We all spoke a word for their encouragement, and rejoiced and wept together. "Happy are the people that are in such a case. Yea, happy is that people

whose God is the Lord." They expressed great pleasure at seeing so many "*black coats*" together ; a sight they never witnessed before. We were not only gratified with what we saw and heard, but highly delighted. Open vision puts doubt to flight, and we left, saying, "Then, indeed, hath God granted repentance unto life to the Indians also."

After service I rode home with the venerable Thomas Whitehead, to his residence in Burford, and the next day visited Mrs. Earle Martin, of Blenheim, who taught me to read when I was a child. Had a pleasant visit with an old friend, preached to the people, and then started for Conference. As I passed through the village of Hamilton I was much pleased to see our new and beautiful church, erected in 1824, on King Street. The only church in the village, and second only to our church in Hallowell. At Stoney Creek I lodged with that excellent family, the Gages, the home of my friend Case. Our church here, with the fences and trees, all bear the marks of a battle which was fought in this place on the night of June 5th, 1813. The graves of twenty Canadians and many Americans, near the roadside, remind us of the cruelty of war. How peacefully and quietly these foemen now sleep, side by side, beneath this friendly sod ! "The small and the great are there, and the servant is free from his master."

The Conference was held at the Fifty-mile Creek, Saltfleet. When I reached my lodging, at the house of G. Carpenter, Esq., I was told that my case had been called up, and I, with five others, had been received on trial. On Saturday, the 17th of September, the Conference adjourned to allow the Missionary Society to hold its first annual meeting. This meeting, being the first of the kind ever held in the Province, excited much attention, and was of great service to the good cause. Bishop Hedding was in the chair, and the principal speakers were : Wm. Case, Peter Jones (a

Chippewa Chief), Thomas Davis (a Mohawk Chief), and the Hon. John Wilson, Speaker of the House of Assembly. I was interested and benefitted in all the proceedings, but in none so much as in the speech of Chief Davis. His appearance commands respect. Tall, straight, well built, with a high forehead and pleasant countenance, he appeared like a Grecian sage. He was dressed in a frock-coat, with a red military sash round his waist; gentlemanly in his bearings, and forcible in his elocution, he at once commanded attention. For twenty minutes he held the assembly in silent awe, but with tearful eyes. I could understand but one word he used, that was Jesus; that precious name which is the same in all languages, and by which the Lord saves his people from their sins. Still there seemed to be a telegraph between his soul and mine which told of salvation and heaven. There appeared to be language and power in his gestures which demonstrated his earnestness, and drew tears from my eyes. The design was accomplished: the Conference was thoroughly imbued with a missionary spirit, and we resolved to labour more diligently for the salvation of these tribes. Some difficulty between Messrs. Madden and Ryan, made the Conference a long and tedious one. But on Friday morning the exciting moment came. The appointments, then read by the Bishop, had been kept a profound secret with Hedding, Case, and Madden. When the good Bishop read, "Hallowell—Franklin Metcalf, Anson Green," we were both delighted, and exchanged a friendly smile of congratulation. Poor Bro. Belton looked anxious! Name after name was read until the last circuit was mentioned. He looked as though he had been entirely forgotten, when the Bishop read out distinctly, "Samuel Belton, Missionary to the newly-settled townships between the Mississippi and Grand River." Poor fellow! he fairly whistled out his disapprobation, to the amusement of the entire Conference.

He scarcely knew which way to go to find his mission. I could not have been better pleased. I was going home, where I knew a warm reception and much kindness awaited me. Mr. Chamberlain came and congratulated me upon going to the best circuit in the Province. We rode over to Nelson that evening, and the next day to York. But Mr. Bissel and I were sent nine miles up Yonge Street, where he preached in Cumer's Church on Sabbath morning, and I in a log school-house in Eglington in the evening. We lodged with Mr. Grafton's excellent family, and reached town on Monday morning in time to learn that our comrades had gone on and left us.

HALLOWELL CIRCUIT.—Although taken on trial at this Conference, my judgment told me that Cazenovia was my appropriate place. I thirsted for classical lore, and anxiously desired a more thorough mental training than any which I saw before me in this new country; but Mr. Case, who had great control over my movements, desired me to take a circuit for the present, and he would try to arrange for me in the future. I submitted my judgment to the will of one whom I loved and respected. I had made no request concerning my field of labour, but if I had been asked to choose I would have selected Hallowell Circuit, and Bro. Metcalf for my superintendent. I had obtained the plan of our circuit on my way down; and on Friday night, the last night on my old circuit, I occupied the same room with Mr. Biggar's family, which I occupied the first night I slept on that circuit. The Carrying-Place formed the dividing line between my old and new field of labour; hence, on Saturday morning, I was on my new circuit, and on Sunday, the 2nd of October, I commenced my work at Pleasant Bay, taking Consecon in the evening. Consecon is a small village of about sixty or seventy inhabitants. It is situated on a small inlet of the lake, and has a store, a grocery, a school-

house, &c. On Monday, preached in Bro. Dempsy's house on the south shore of the Bay of Quinte. I found a lively little class of Dutchmen here, who interested me much by relating reminiscences of past days. On one occasion an ambitious young man was teasing his Superintendent for license to preach, and he gave him a trial in this place. But when the young aspirant read his text from 2 Peter 2:1, for heresies, he substituted hearsays, and dwelt largely upon the damnable "hearsays" of the day! The minister was not only mortified but amused, and after service he told Mr. H. that he was not aware that there was such a text in the Bible as the one he read; and asked him to find it and read it to him again. He turned to the verse, but had to read it three times before he discovered his mistake. The minister cautioned him about reading the Scriptures carelessly, and was not soon asked for license again from that quarter.

On the 4th I rode to Mr. Redner's and preached in his own house. On the 5th, in a school-house on Missasauga Point. Thursday in Bro. Snider's house. On Friday rode twelve miles to Demorestville, fasting until tea-time. This place is generally called Sodom, it being headquarters for lumbermen, who rush out of the surrounding forests now and again, to have what they call a high-day here. But there are more than ten righteous persons in it, and we have given the village a new name. G. Demorest, Esq., the father of one of our ministers, has mills here, and he has built us a small church with gallery, which is a great blessing to the village, and we have given it his name. There may be 150 or 200 inhabitants in the place, and they are principally dependent on us for the gospel. After preaching and leading class I rode ten miles, to Mr. Potter's, on the High Shore, and preached in the evening. On Tuesday, the 11th, at Bro. Rykemeyr's house. We have an

excellent class here, led by good old Bro. Allison ; but he is weak, and his son Cyrus often takes his place. Wednesday, at the house of my old friend Daniel Gilbert ; a good class, full of life and peace. Many of them attribute their conversion to my feeble efforts, more than a year ago, when we spent several successive evenings in praying, singing, and exhorting together. It is very encouraging now to meet lambs in this fold who were thus brought to God.

Sunday, the 16th. In the old church at Conger's Mills. This was the principal church on the circuit before the one in the village was erected, five years ago ; but a more awkwardly-arranged house for worship I do not wish to see. It has three galleries, but the floors in them are level, and only seated with rough plank or loose boards. They are much too high, and being level, the pulpit has to be stuck up towards the moon in order to see the people in them. The doorway is on one side, and the pulpit stands opposite to it on the other side, with a good sounding board over it. It is a great mistake to build galleries and pulpits, in churches, too high ; it compels the speaker to breathe the fumes and fetid breath of the congregation, while, at the same time, if he stands erect—as he always should, in order to give his lungs and speaking organs full play—he can scarcely see the people in the church below him. Much better to elevate the rear of the church and gallery floors, and give the speaker an opportunity to look gracefully around and above him. I seldom enter these awkward elevations, choosing rather to speak from the chancel. But the assembly was large to-day, and I had to stand in the pulpit to see those in the gallery. In the evening, preached at Hallowell Church, from Chronicles 28 : 9. On Monday preached at Mineker's, in the 5th Town. A fine family this, and a good home. Tuesday at Bro. Green's, on the Rock. Wednesday at Rose's or Wright's, below the Rock,

in the fifth town. Thursday, in our church, South Bay. A good class-meeting, and a comfortable home with Andrew Mineker, Esq. Friday, at Greenbush. In all these places I led class after preaching. Sunday, 23. Preached in our commodious church in town in the morning, and at Bro. J. P. Williams' in the evening. A grand rally at both these services; but the most joyous and thrilling was that in the evening. Bro. and sister Williams—just as good as ever—insist upon my making their comfortable house my home again, as in former times. It is a great privilege to us, who have no homes of our own, to find such dear and loving friends who are both able and willing to take poor homeless wanderers to their houses and their hearts. When this benevolent lovingkindness of Church friends ceases, the itinerancy will either be greatly contracted and weakened, or entirely destroyed. The young converts appear to be steadfast, faithful, happy. Our class-meeting reminded me of former days and seasons in this place. Tuesday at Mr. Morgan's. Wednesday at Soup Harbour. Thursday at Striker's school-house. Friday at Mr. Carrman's, and Saturday at Mr. German's house, in the seventh town.

I have now been round the circuit, and find it in a healthy state. My work not as hard as last year. Then I had thirty-three appointments every four weeks; here but twenty-six, counting Hallowell for two, where we preach every Sabbath. Our circuit takes in the whole peninsula, and is entirely surrounded by water, save the two miles on the Carrying Place. It is a very pleasant circuit, and my first round has been a joyous ovation. We have four churches, several school-houses, and a large number of private houses, where we officiate. But the best of all is, God is with us.

I kept on in the even tenor of my way until the 28th of December, when I was taken down with a severe attack of

intermittent fever, which made me a prisoner for several days. I was fortunate in falling into good hands. Mother Rykemeyer, a good old saint, nursed me with tender care, until I was able to ride to Hallowell. May the Lord reward this kind family for more than a cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple. How far my rigorous fasting contributed to bring on this weakness, I cannot say. My custom was to eat nothing from Thursday evening until Friday evening; but my physician, and other friends, advised me to abridge this practice, especially on those days when I had long rides or heavy service. I found that fasting strengthened my power of self-denial, increased my sympathy for the poor who wanted bread, and made me more thankful for the comforts of life; while it also increased my veneration for God and my relish for divine things. Fasting, at times, is also good for the body. Christ fasted, but did not require it of his disciples to the same extent. Yet he says: "The bridegroom will be taken away from you, and then *shall ye fast in those days.*" I was happy during my illness, feeling that I was ripening for paradise—"Where everlasting spring abides and never withering flowers."

I resumed my work again, after a little, until spring, when the ague attacked me in a distressing manner. Every other day I shook and shivered, finding it impossible to keep warm, and then was soon so scorched with fever, that it was equally impossible to keep cool. This is a mean, drivelling disease, which almost forces a man to despise himself. In April Mr. Case allowed Mr. Allison to take my circuit for the remainder of the year, and I studied, as I was able, with a classical tutor, who had taught a Grammar School in the west, and who was of great service to me.

The name of our village is changed to Picton, in honour of Lady Maitland, the wife of our Governor, Sir Peregrine

Maitland.* We have now three or four hundred inhabitants, with two ministers, one church, two doctors, two lawyers, three stores, etc.; and we asked for and received this short, historic name for our village.

June 15.—A SUCCESSFUL CAMP-MEETING COMMENCED to-day in Adolphustown, and I had strength to walk down to it. Mr. Case kindly offered me alternate rides upon his horse, but I could not brook the idea of seeing my Presiding Elder on foot, while I occupied his saddle. I chose rather to be independent; but I nearly fainted by the way. We had a new element at this meeting which added much to the interest of the occasion. A large fleet of Indians was seen coming towards us on the Bay. When they landed, each Indian took a bark canoe upon his head, while the women took their kettles and children and marched towards the camp. We looked on with admiration, but our pleasure was much increased when they laid down their burdens and reverently kneeled upon the sod to implore the divine blessing. This was so unlike the conduct which these people had manifested, as we had seen them on our streets and in our forests in their former state, that we instinctively cried, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Before the meeting closed, every Indian on the ground was hopefully converted. Twenty-one of them and ten children were baptized on Monday. Peter Jacobs, an interesting

* Ebenezer Washburn, Esq., the father of the Hon. Simeon Washburn, was one of the earliest settlers in Hallowell, and he informed me that when he forwarded the request for a change of name to the Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, whose wife was of the family of Sir Thomas Picton, who fell on the field of Waterloo, he remarked that "we have a great respect for the ladies, and have, therefore, selected this beautiful name in honour of Lady Maitland." He also says that the first arrangements for building our church was made in 1818; but the house was not completed until 1820.

youth whom we had sent to school at Belleville, was brought in here. He had been mourning and weeping all the week, but on Monday morning we saw his countenance was greatly changed from sadness and gloom to cheerfulness and joy. One said to him, "Well, Peter, how do you feel now?" With a pleasant smile he looked up and answered, "O! I feel happy as I can jump up." Before, when we asked him concerning his feelings, he replied, "O! my heart sick, very sick." Now he is well. This meeting was one of much joy and Christian triumph. Nearly 100 souls professed a change of heart, and went home new creatures in Christ Jesus. While in this vicinity, I visited and spoke in our old sanctuary. I felt a desire to see the first church built in Canada, where Losee and Dunham, Woolsey and Coleman, Anson and Wooster, Sawyer, Keeler, and Jewell had preached before I was born. The very thought of standing where these holy apostolic men had stood, to point sinners to the Lamb of God, was inspiring. The house is 30 by 36, with a gallery; is painted blue on the inside, and is rather a blue-looking affair altogether. But it is a memorable spot, and I was greatly blessed while speaking in it. The place is hallowed by many pleasing recollections of primitive times and gospel triumphs. I almost fancied I could witness the scene of the first quarterly meeting, after the arrival of Wooster, acted over again. The divine power on that occasion came down on the brethren in their Saturday evening prayer-meeting, and many were thrown as dead men upon the floor. At this crisis, in came Dr. Dunham, who, on looking around him, was amazed, and never having witnessed such a pentecostal scene before, began to cry, "Wild fire! confusion! please be quiet!" But the holy and seraphic Wooster, with his head bowed to his knees, was praying in low accents, breathed out to God, "Lord, bless Brother Dunham, Lord, bless Brother Dunham;" and his

prayer was heard ; for soon the Doctor fell to the floor himself, drunk with pentecostal wine, and he found, to his joy, that the fire was burning to the consumption of his own sins. (See Dr. Bangs' History.) I love to linger here and meditate upon these days of primitive simplicity : battles bravely fought and victories gloriously won. Noble men of God, who commenced the blessed work in those days of peril and sacrifice, how I love and revere their memory !

SABBATH SCHOOLS.—We have done something towards introducing Sunday-schools on our circuit, but these schools are few and far between. I endeavoured to supply this lack at our country appointments, by leaving catechisms with the children of those families I visit, and then catechising the children at their own homes, as time and opportunity offered. I was delighted to see the alacrity with which the dear children prepared for and relished my visits, and the readiness with which many of them answered the questions. The dear lambs, I love to feed them. Some of them have gained much scriptural knowledge of gospel doctrines by answering these questions ; besides which, they feel an additional interest in the preachers and their work. The parents, also, have been greatly benefitted by thus helping their children. This is one way of doing good which has a pleasing reflex influence upon my own mind and heart. Our little children may one day become the husbands and the wives of Canada, and happy will they then be if they are prepared to take high and useful positions in our Zion. In many of the congregations I have preached on the subject of Sunday-schools, and the charms of youthful piety.

But the path of a clergyman is strown with contrarieties. I have just witnessed an exhibition of female depravity and unmitigated hypocrisy which shocked me much. We had very few beggars in Hallowell. Work was plenty and provisions cheap, hence any one who is frugal, industrious,

and healthy might obtain a comfortable living ; it is, therefore, not only a duty, but a delight, when Providence does throw a poor person upon our hands, to contribute to his relief. This day, while in the store of James Dougall, Esq., a miserable-looking creature entered, asking alms. I put my hand in my pocket and took what change I had there, and then asked several persons present to supplement it, and I handed the poor creature about three dollars, advising her to make good use of it. During the twilight of that evening I was walking up street, when I saw a woman lying in the corner of the fence, apparently dead, with an empty jug by her side ! But what was my mortification to find that the disgusting object before me was the woman I had assisted, now lying upon the ground in a state of helpless intoxication ! She was the first woman I had ever seen drunk, and the sight was more than sickening. I turned away with disgust, saying, is this the fruit of my charity ? I gave my money with the purest motive, but it has been prostituted to the vilest purpose. It is bad enough for men to get drunk, but for a woman so far to forget her womanly nature as to lie drunk upon the street, is worse than pitiable, it is absolutely outrageous. But the thought that she was drunk with the use of my money will make me more cautious in future.

MY COLLEAGUE.—I found in Brother Metcalf all that I had anticipated—a faithful friend, an interesting companion, an excellent and finished preacher, and an admirable colleague. To my mind he was the model preacher of the Connexion. Deep in Christian experience, pastoral in his habits, neat, but not fine, in his dress, commanding in personal appearance, and gentlemanly in his intercourse with society ; he was well calculated to do good and to gain esteem. But if, to those elements of influence, we add a sound and discriminating judgment, a logical mind well

stored with thoughts and facts, a remarkably clear and methodical way of arranging his subjects, and of presenting truth to his congregations; always backed up with Scriptural proofs, and delivered not in pompous strains of oratory, but in forcible language of simple eloquence, we will then have a tolerably correct idea of Metcalf's distinguishing characteristics. His voice was not very loud, but it was melodious, and he could give utterance to every word and syllable in a manner very agreeable. It was a luxury to hear him, and we often rode miles to hear each other on week-day evenings. His sermons cost him much time and thought; but, when delivered, there was a completeness of style, illustration, and arrangement, connected with earnest devotion and practical godliness, which made them not only acceptable and useful, but highly popular. Never did colleagues work together with more harmony and mutual affection. He was one of nature's noblemen, and a mutual and warm friendship was formed which was never, for a single moment, interrupted in after life. We had a happy year together, but still, we often took opposite views in debate.

On one occasion, when asked to dine with our Presiding Elder, and other friends, at Mr. Rannie's, the conversation at table turned upon different points of doctrine, when suddenly Bro. M. exclaimed: "Why, Bro. Green, I heard you preach anti-Methodistic doctrine at our Quarterly Meeting at South Bay! You advanced views directly opposed to Dr. Clarke, when you asserted that Christ is the eternal Son of God." O, indeed, said I, nothing was farther from my intention than to preach heresy; but are you quite sure that Dr. Clarke, with all his learning, is the end of controversy on this subject? I happen to own the notes of another commentator whose doctrines we usually consider orthodox, at least, who takes a different view from the Dr. on this

subject—that is, John Wesley himself—and you will hardly accuse him of preaching anti-Methodistical doctrines. Besides which, if I am in error, I am in good company, for Wesley, Benson, Coke, and Watson, are on my side. I must, therefore, watch your preaching a little more narrowly to see if you are not the heretic instead of Bro. Green. It was not an easy matter to cope with Mr. Metcalf, and Mr. Case laughed heartily, saying, “I think we shall have to pronounce Mr. Green orthodox, at least as long as he has Wesley and Benson on his side, for Bishop George says Benson’s Commentary is the best in use, at least for ordinary readers.”

ERROR ABLY REBUKED.—The Rev. John Strachan, D.D., of York, the soul and front of the Family Compact, seeing the growth of our Church, and the influence which the Conference was likely to give her, began to cast about in his mind’s eye how he could enervate her strength, and advance the interests of his own cause. An opportunity seemed to occur on the demise of Bishop Mountain. He therefore preached and published what he called a funeral sermon, which reflected severely against us. This sermon was ably reviewed in the columns of the *Colonial Advocate*, in a communication over the signature of “A Methodist Preacher.” Mr. Metcalf and I took the paper into a field where we sat down on the grass to read. As we read we admired, and as we admired we rejoiced; then thanked God and speculated as to the author, little suspecting that it was a young man who had been received on trial with me at the late Conference. We read again, and then devoutly thanked God for having put it into the heart of some one to defend the Church, publicly, against such mischievous statements, and give the world the benefit of the facts in the case. The reviewer proved to be Mr. Egerton Ryerson, then on Yonge

Street Circuit. This was the commencement of the war for religious liberty.

THE CONFERENCE of 1826 met in Hamilton Church, back of Cobourg. I had lost much time from my studies by preaching funeral sermons, visiting the sick, and preaching in the principal places in our work, and preferred remaining with my books to leaving them for Conference, where I had no duties to perform. Mr. Merrill, my teacher, was a good classical scholar, and helped me much; but I knew that when Conference ended my dispensation ceased, and accordingly I hastened to arrange for my departure. Bro. Metcalf and I desired to labour together again. But when the appointments were made, he went to Augusta, more than a hundred miles to the east, and I to Ancaster, more than a hundred miles to the west. That is the way this powerful wheel of itinerancy whirls men around, hither and thither, all over the country.

ANCASTER CIRCUIT.—September, the 10th. Having exchanged my beautiful but stumbling horse for a good roadster, I shipped my trunk for York, mounted my Nancy, and started for my new field of labour. At Cobourg I was fortunate enough to fall in with Bro. Black, who was appointed to a circuit next to mine, and we rode on together. He is good company, very gentlemanly, original, and full of wit. He amused me much. At the foot of a long hill, I, as my custom was, dismounted in order to rest both myself and horse. But Bro. Black looked wistfully up the hill, and then leaned down on his horse's neck, saying, "Come, Bob, you must carry me up this hill, I got you for that very purpose." On the 14th of September we parted about fourteen miles west of York, where he turned up north, and I hastened over the Credit, where my circuit commenced, and rested at the house of Mr. Teater. On Sunday I preached in Munn's school-house, east of the Sixteen-mile

Creek, and at Palermo. On Monday, the 18th, at Mr. Joseph Bowes', six miles north of Palermo. Bro. B. is a merchant, living and trading in a small house, in which I preached. He is an intelligent man, has a good wife, and a warm heart. On Tuesday at the widow Harrison's in the morning, and at the house of Mr. James Coates, in the evening. When I reached this latter place I found but one house in a small clearing, and wondered where my congregation was coming from. Darkness came on and I walked out to meditate. Soon I saw lights glimmering in the woods, and then, as if the plan had been laid in concert to make the imposing scene more enchanting, I saw beautiful hickory bark torches blazing in every direction, literally lighting up the forest with their cheering rays. As the woods grew brighter, my heart grew lighter, and I thought such people deserved a good sermon. I told them of the crucifixion and of the triumphs of the cross. This is an excellent family, well-read, and intelligent. Our class was lively. The eldest daughter is now the wife of Dr. Wilmott, of Toronto. On Wednesday I left the lowlands of Nelson and preached at a Mr. Cuntzman's, on the top of the mountain, a small congregation and a small log-house. Went down to Mr. Butt's, on the road to Guelph, to preach in the evening; no appointment had been given out, and I rode to Dundas Street, and found a comfortable home with Mr. Moses McCoy and his family. I had first visited this family, on the 14th of the month, to get a list of appointments, and had been introduced to a young lady who impressed me not a little with her graceful bearing and personal charms; but I missed her bright and sunny face now, and could scarcely tell why her absence seemed to make such a void in the household. But my circuit work called me to duty, and I hastened away to see.

MY COLLEAGUE AND HIS RESIDENCE.—I ascended the

mountain on Dundas Street, on the top of which, in a miserable old log-house, I found the Rev. Joseph Gatchel, my colleague. His wife, an intelligent, good-looking woman, was the sister of the Rev. Dr. Bangs, and I felt mortified to find her in such a miserable hut. I strongly urged Mr. G. to leave this old shed at once, and get a house more in keeping with his position; but his habits were formed, and a good house was not easily obtained. Indeed, I had preached all the week in log-houses. We have a charming prospect, and commanding view from this hill, and I could easily imagine why Mr. Galt, of the Canada Company, had selected a site for a residence, and made a garden here, thinking of making it his permanent abode. From this eminence the eye stretches away over hill and vale and lake, and down the street to the Credit, over two townships, but the street,* which was designed to be perfectly straight, has an unpleasant bend, caused, it is supposed, by some mineral substance near the lake which attracted the surveyor's needle. Canada is a magnificent country, both for the rich and the poor, and only needs to be cleared up and improved under the direction of intelligent and industrious farmers, mechanics, and others, to make it exceedingly attractive. But it is generally very level near its vast lakes; hence, such a beautiful landscape view as this is very rare and very attractive. In no part of my travels have I found a spot which commands a view of such a large tract of rich and beautiful farming lands as that which is now spread out in panoramic charms before me. September 24th. At Palermo, 1 Thess. 2: 22. Here we have a small church without gallery, but well filled. The class is lively. Bro. Hagar is

* Dundas Street is the main road through this part of the country. It reaches from Toronto far off west. It was named after the Right Honorable Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, Secretary of War, &c., who died in 1811.

the leader, and he "stirs them up as an eagle stirreth up her nest."

At Hannahsville, at 4 o'clock, 1 Cor. 2: 2. This is a small village on Dundas Street, with one church, a school-house, two stores, Post Office, hotel, &c. Its inhabitants, I learn, have given it this name in honour of Mrs. Hopkins, a principal lady in the place. Here I met the Rev. David Culp, a local minister, living on the mountain to the west. They have a good Sabbath-school, managed by C. Hopkins, Esq., which is doing much good; and I have promised to preach them a sermon some of these days. On Monday at Mr. Shaver's, near the Grand River swamp, in Ancaster. A small affair. Tuesday at Glandford school-house. A goodly company in the congregation, and a lively class. Wednesday at Mr. Taylor's house in Barton, a small assembly, but a comfortable stopping-place.

On Wednesday, the 27th of September, I was twenty-five years old; a period in my earthly pilgrimage at which I may well pause and reflect. More than one-third of the period allotted to mortals has already passed away, and a brief retrospection suggests many improvements for the future:—dangers to be avoided, moments to be improved, and victories to be achieved. The future appears bright and hopeful. Still, I must not close my eyes to the fact that it will, probably, bring an increase of care and responsibility. I am forcibly reminded by this date, that when I was a lad of some fifteen summers, one of my brothers displeased his father by choosing a partner for life when but nineteen years old; and on that occasion my venerable father said, "He desired none of his sons to marry until twenty-five years of age, and then, all things being equal, the sooner the better." I then settled in my mind that I would take no steps in that direction until I reached that age; and I have strictly adhered to that opinion. But,

now, if my father were here, I think he would say, "The sooner the better." But I must not be hasty nor rash in a matter of so much importance to me and to the Church of God. Many have dashed their brightest hopes on this rock. They have married in haste, to regret it at leisure. Some of our own ministers have grieved and mortified our people, and marred their own influence and happiness for life, by following a childish fancy instead of consulting their judgments as well as their impulses. If "love is blind," I must be careful to consult my best judgment before it draws the pellicle over my eyes. Let me see. She should be of a good and respectable family, or she would add nothing to my influence. Intelligent, or she could not aid me in my great work. Good-looking, or she would not arouse my fancy. Affectionate, or she would not respond to my love. She must also be neat and cleanly in her person and attire, or she would excite my disgust instead of my admiration. Lady-like in her bearing, or she could not command an influence over, and be an example to the best members of the Church. Sympathetic, or she would not look after the poor and afflicted members of the Lord's household. But, above all, she must be pious, or she would not cheer me on in my work, and aid me in saving souls. There are other qualities which I might desire, but let me see all these blended in one charming, lovely woman, and then I shall let my heart have full play in that direction.

September 28th, I preached in Mud Street, above Stoney Creek; prospects here not very flattering. On Sunday, October 1st, in Hamilton, on singleness of purpose: "For I was determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Hamilton is a beautiful little town, and under the impetus which the canal just cut through the beach has given it, is growing finely. Our Church is the only one in the place, and for convenience,

capacity, and comfort, is second to none except the one in Picton. I have a good home with Bro. David Springer, but his excellent father, Richard Springer, Esq., is the patriarch of the place, and the leader of the class in which all the members in town meet. He was the first person known to have been converted in this vicinity. He gave me the story of his conversion, which exhibits something of the spirit of the times. Learning that there was to be preaching at Stoney Creek, six miles to the east of him, he walked down to get sight of a minister, a privilege which he had never enjoyed in his own township. After preaching, the minister conversed with him concerning his soul's salvation, and strongly advised him to commence family worship, which he promised to do. After tea, that evening, he told his wife that he was going to commence prayer in their family. At this she was amazed, and laughed him to scorn; but when he assured her that he must do it, for he had promised the minister to commence that night, she rallied him most profusely. Still he took down his old German Bible, rubbed the dust from its cover, and reverently read a portion of that sacred book, and then kneeled before the Lord. But, oh! the agony of soul which overwhelmed him. He had never prayed in his life, nor could he think of a single word to say. He remembered, however, that the preacher had said something about the fire which God sent down upon Elijah's altar, and he cried out, "O Got, send down fire and burn dis world up!" His wife was frightened and ran outdoors to see if the prayer would be answered. But, then and there, God did apply a live coal to his lips, and his "iniquity was taken away, and his sin purged." This was probably the first family prayer ever offered in Barton, and it produced immediate and lasting fruit.

October 2nd.—At Dundas. A growing village nestling between the hills at the head of the Burlington Bay. It

contains, at least, as many people as Hamilton ; but we have only a small interest here. I lodged and preached in the house of Squire Hare, whose wife is one of the excellent of the earth. Tuesday at Mr. Pearson's, near the parsonage. On Saturday at John Green's, in West Flamboro'. Walter Symons is the leader, and I spent the night with him. Sunday morning at Bowman's church, Ancaster. An old church here without galleries ; but we had about four hundred people present. This church and society—the oldest in these parts—has given name to the circuit. It is the battle-ground of many a struggle where grand victories have been achieved over sin and error. The country around is charming. It is said to be the best wheat-growing township in the province, and is well cultivated. The inhabitants are mostly Germans and Hollanders, for whom Methodism has done much. My host, good old Peter Bowman, and George Smith, the admirable leader, have been, and still are, extensively useful. They were among the first converts in these parts. In the afternoon I preached at Cumming's chapel, on the mountain, in East Flamboro'. A good class, with Joseph Hopkins for the leader. Tuesday at Davis's school-house on the Plains. Wednesday at Bro. Isaac VanNorman's house, on the Middle Road, Nelson. Bro. Van is a pious, faithful, and useful leader. Thursday at Mahlon Bray's, Lake Shore. Friday at Hare's. Saturday at Bradley's. Sunday at Greenis' red school-house in Toronto ; and at Munn's, Dundas Street, in the afternoon.

During this round I received the *Christian Advocate*, which made its first appearance on the 9th of September. It is published by the Book Concern in New York, and is the first religious paper published by the Connexion. I read portions of it in my congregations, and obtained quite a number of subscribers, advancing the pay for those who were not prepared to do it themselves—the most of whom

paid me during the year. It is an excellent paper and much needed.

I have now preached in most of the appointments on this large and excellent circuit. It contains twenty-seven appointments for each of us every four weeks, and we are arranging to take up three more, when we shall have more than one for every day in the year. We labour in eight townships—Toronto, Trafalgar, Nelson, East Flamboro', West Flamboro', Barton, Ancaster, and Saltfleet—and we are preparing to enter Nassagaweya in the north and Binbroke in the south. We take all the country, from the River Credit to the Grand River swamp, and have 396 Church members under our pastoral care. We have six churches, including a small one near Mr. Bray's, on the lake shore. Besides these six Wesleyan churches, the Kirk owns one in Hannahsville, and the Episcopalians one in Barton. Our friend, Job Loder, Esq., has also built a free church in the village of Ancaster, where we may all preach if we choose. The Rev. Mr. King, of the Kirk, is rather shy of us, and one of his elders calls us heretics, because we are Wesleyans. They swallow the *five points of Calvinism* without difficulty :—1. Total depravity ; 2. Eternal election ; 3. Partial redemption ; 4.. Effectual call ; 5. Unconditional final perseverance. As an offset to these we give our people the *five points of Methodism*, as follow :—1. All men are sinners ; 2. All men are redeemed ; 3. All men are called ; 4. To those who obey this call it is effectual ; 5. He that endureth unto the end, and he only, shall be saved. There is scarcely a pulpit outside of our own Church where the five points of Calvinism are not boldly preached ; but we are not afraid to place our five points alongside of them, for ours are becoming more popular every day. The father of my excellent host in Nelson, Moses McCay, Esq., was a Calvinistic minister, who, after his superannuation, came to

live with his son Moses. One day his son said to him, "Father, if you wish to amuse yourself, you will find Fletcher's Checks in my library, which may interest you." "No, Moses," said he, "I have read Toplady, and he is unanswerable; I need not, therefore, inquire any further on that subject." "Very well," said Moses, "just as you please." Still, the venerable minister could not resist the temptation to look into Fletcher. He read his first volume, and was so much pleased with the logical, scriptural, and gentle way of reasoning, that his mind was interested before he was aware of it, and he shut himself up and read the Checks through. After he had finished, he said to his son, "Well, Mosey, I have read Fletcher." "Indeed," said Mosey, "and how do you like him?" "Like him! Why, who that loves good reasoning can help liking him? So clear, so scriptural, so conclusive. I must confess that he has completely answered Toplady." Still, we were assailed vigorously for preaching our five points, for every one was not as ingenuous as Mr. McCay; but we returned gun for gun, not being afraid to leave the issue to an intelligent and Bible-reading community. I scarcely know a house on the circuit where our ministers would not be kindly received and hospitably entertained. Thanks to the Shepherd of Israel, who watches over our itinerancy; and many thanks to our noble fathers, who cultivated this field under him. Venerable men of God! they have laboured, and we enter into their labours; they have planted the tree of life on the banks of these murmuring streams, and we pluck ripe fruit from its propitious boughs. Oh, how I love those godly men! Everywhere they have left "footprints on the sands of time" to guide us in our anxious toils; bright and sunny spots in the desert to cheer us on, and flowery gardens of spiritual perfume, "whose fragrance smells to heaven." The spirit of self-denial which influenced these pioneers, and the

strong attachment to them which the people manifested, may be inferred from the following narrative given me by our good brother Gage, of Stoney Creek. Says he: "When the first preacher came to visit this place, he tied his horse to the fence and preached like an angel, but no one invited him in to receive any refreshment, hence both he and his horse had to return to the fifty unfed. I said to my wife, This is really too bad. 'So it is,' said she; 'but there is no shanty here fit to take such a man to lodge in, and what could we do? I feel as bad as you possibly can.' 'Well,' says Father Gage, 'this will not do. We will invite him home with us next time, and if he condescends to come, we will give him our bed to sleep in.' The proposition was agreed to; the preacher was invited, and he said:—'I thank you kindly; I will be happy to go with you.' When tea was over and prayers offered, we said to the minister:—'This is your bed; you can retire when you please.' 'But where will you sleep if I take your bed?' 'Oh, we have arranged to sleep on the floor, sir.' 'By no means,' said Mr. Jewell; 'Wesley slept on the floor in Cornwall, after having dined on blackberries; and one greater than Wesley 'had not where to lay his head.' Come, then, let me have part of your bed on the floor, and you enjoy the remainder in your own place.' We were obliged to yield; but O! I enjoyed his prayers and admired his spirit so much that I would willingly have sat up all night to give the man of God rest. He took our humble fare and was thankful; and we loved him for his humility. I had chopped a small patch round the house for a garden, but I burned it, cleared it up, and sowed it with oats *especially for the minister's horse*, and I harvested three times the quantity on that little piece which I have ever been able to raise from the same quantity of land since!" These good people are now in heaven, but from that happy evening their house was

always open to God's servants, and their visits were anticipated with pleasure. I scarcely need to add that Mr. Gage died wealthy. Others, who blamed him for his liberality in entertaining ministers, contracted bad habits and were miserable; but everything this family did prospered. Solomon was inspired when he said, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." There were many who said to Mr. Gage, "You are too free with the good things you have earned. These preachers and their horses will eat you out of house and home!" Such croakers were content to eat their morsel alone, and remain in blissful ignorance, while the prayers, the conversation, and the counsels of the ministers would have led them to industry, sobriety, and thrift. The case of Mr. Gage is not an isolated one. I have known similar results in hundreds of cases through the country, where persons commenced poor, but, by the advantages arising from the gospel, and the visits of gospel ministers, have risen pre-eminently above their stingy, worldly, and scoffing neighbours. In travelling through the country more recently, I scarcely find a family who took the gospel into their log cabins, and entertained God's ministers, which has not risen to comparative affluence, if not to wealthy and honourable positions in the community; while there are hundreds who, in other respects, commenced with equal or superior advantages, but preferred their cups and carousals to the gospel and its ministers, that lived in poverty and died in rags. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

New Year's eve, Mr. Gatchel and I held a profitable watch-night service in Hannahsville; and I spent a happy New Year with the family of Mr. Hopkins. They have kindly invited me to make their very comfortable house my

home while on their circuit ; and Mrs. H. has given me a room which I am to call my own, and go to it whenever I please. Such a home, with such a family, is delightful. Surely "the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places ; yea, I have a goodly heritage." I then visited the Credit, and preached my first sermon to, and took my first tea with, the Indians. I found it slow work to preach through an interpreter ; but Mr. Ryerson thought I would make a good missionary, as I made my subject so plain and easy to be understood. The buildings in the village present a comfortable aspect. They were built by the Government out of Indian funds ; but strange to say, when first these people asked to have these houses erected, they were told by Dr. Strachan, who accompanied the agent, that they could do nothing for them unless they joined his Church, in which case the salaries of the two Jones' would be increased, and houses be built to their liking. Peter answered that he could not pledge the tribes in this matter ; but at the request of the Government he agreed to meet the Chiefs in Council on the subject. The chiefs were called, and when they heard what Dr. S. had said they sighed deeply and remarked, "Then all our labour with the Governor has been in vain." But John Sunday, with an air of disdain, replied, "We have made out to live, from year to year, even when we were sinners, and shall not the Great Spirit whom we now serve take care of us and preserve us from all harm ?" This wise speech settled the matter. Each Chief gave his assent, and the controversy was ended. The agents being thus baffled by the piety and wisdom of Sunday, finally agreed to build the houses if the Indians would agree not to attend camp-meetings ! Some of them gave a partial assent, and the village was built ; but such was the bigotry of these men that they obstinately refused to build a chapel for these pious Indians to worship God in, even with the

Indians' own funds ! But, at that time, salmon were abundant in the river Credit, and these the Indians caught and sold, and built the house of God "in troublous times." Before their conversion, these Indians were made drunken by unprincipled white men ; and there is an amusing story told of one who bought a deer with whisky, and was told he might find the animal in the crotch of a tree at the bend of the road near the village. The next time he saw the savage he said, "Where is my deer ?" "Is he gone?" asked the Indian. "Gone ! he was never there !" "Well, whisky gone too," said the savage ; "but did you find the bend in the road?" "Yes." "And the forked tree, too?" "Yes." "And the deer?" "No, you scamp, no deer there !" "Well," said the savage, "there be two truths to one lie : pretty good for an Indian."

The political horizon is dark and squally. A storm appears to be gathering, and the low muttering thunder indicates its approach. In Lower Canada it is Celts against Teutons, and the struggle is for existence : In Upper Canada it is a struggle between the two branches of the Legislature, where there is nearly a dead-lock—the Council refusing to pass the Bills sent up by the Assembly. Our Marriage Bill passes by sweeping majorities in the latter, but is contemptuously rejected by the former ! Such bigotry is intolerable. Such tyranny is unbearable ; and we are resolved to urge the dismissal of clergymen from the Councils of State. The churches oppressed can never be emancipated while priests bear rule. The recent attack upon us from the pulpit, the efforts to destroy our Indian Missions, and the recent attempt to put the hand of spoliation upon our academic lands to endow a sectarian college, clearly indicate the necessity of such a course. It is the old game once so ruinously played in the American colonies which is now attempted here. History is full of the baneful

results of the struggle for Church establishments there ; and with these grim beacons in other lands, looking down upon us from former generations, that man must be strangely deluded who can attempt the same folly here. Bro. Egerton has fired the first gun in this warfare, and we must rally around him until equal rights are enjoyed by all. Liberty and religious equality are worth contending for, and I am ready for the conflict.

June the 21st.—Attended an excellent camp-meeting at the Thirty Mile Creek. Mr. Yeomans had prepared the ground immediately on the top of the hill, and in preaching the first sermon he selected a text in accordance with our position, from the forty-second chapter of Isaiah :—" Let the inhabitants of the rock sing ; let them shout from the top of the mountains." And they did shout lustily before the meeting closed. A large number were hopefully converted. I preached both on Saturday and Sunday. Bro. Wm. Ryerson was in his happiest mood.

July the 2nd.—Preached, by special request, A CONTROVERSIAL SERMON AGAINST ARIANISM, at Stoney Creek. The day appointed was fine, and multitudes came from a distance and filled the church. The Arians in the vicinity had sent word to their preachers to be present, and defend their doctrine ; and three of them from a distance were present. I was sitting in the chancel as they came in, smiling with apparent delight, as though they thought—we have caught you now, my boy, and will soon be able to give a good account of you. I took my text from Heb. 1 : 8,—“ But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever.” Having stated the sense in which Christ was called God, I proved that *every attribute and every title* which was ascribed to the eternal God in Scripture, was also ascribed to Jesus Christ, hence, he must be *the eternal God*. Jehovah himself, could not impart an infinite or eternal attribute to

a finite being. He who is immutable now must always have been immutable. I then answered some objections, quoted some of the strongest texts used by our opponents, and explained their meaning and application. Showed the importance of an Almighty Saviour, and closed a discourse of an hour and a-half by quoting a few pertinent passages by way of application. I then remarked that I had no wish to preach controversial sermons. That I had done so, on this occasion, by special request, and under a strong sense of duty; and as I was aware that there were those present who preached a different doctrine, it was but reasonable that they should have an opportunity to disprove any of my arguments if they could; and I would sit down to give them an opportunity to do so. Perfect stillness reigned in the assembly. Every eye was fixed on the seat, near me, which contained the three preachers of error; but no one arose. The heroes who had come from Lewiston, Whitby, and London to defend their doctrines, looked wistfully at each other, and finally fixed their eyes upon the floor in silence. I then arose and said:—"Now, as no one has the courage to oppose my doctrine to my face, I trust you will not do it behind my back." The triumph was complete. Congratulations came in from many quarters, and our society had rest from that hour.

I made my first visit this summer to Niagara Falls. Mr. Hopkins was going to Montreal to purchase his winter supply of dry goods, and Queenston was the nearest point where he could take a steamboat. I was invited to accompany him, Mrs. Hopkins, and daughter, taking the Falls in our way. After seeing Mr. H. on the boat, we ascended the heights, and walked up a spiral staircase to the top of Sir Isaac Brock's monument. The sight from this elevation was sublime and commanding. We could see the steamer bearing away Mr. H., on the beautiful waters of the Niagara,

towards the expansive lake which sparkled in the distance. On our right was the State of New York, like a lovely panorama, stretching far away as the eye could reach. On our left lay Canada, with her hills and vales and spacious waters, mingling with her primeval forests in charming contrast; while under our feet lay all that was mortal of His Excellency Sir Isaac, who fell, fighting bravely, during a fearful battle, on the 13th September, 1812. From these dizzy heights we descended, and hastened away to the great Cataract, whose perpetual roar we had heard while on the monument. The Canadian Falls were in shape like a horse-shoe; or, rather, like a new moon before she has filled her horn. The shape has very much changed since that time; they have become more indented in the centre, where the rock is greatly worn away. The Table Rock, on which we then stood with apparent safety, has also disappeared, and is lost in the abysmal gulf below. We descended the staircase, but did not venture under the dark sheet of water which dashed over the precipice into the foaming billows. The American Falls are a small affair compared with ours, and yet there is an indescribable beauty in their dashing sprightliness—their sparkling, careering plunge, on which we gazed with admiration. Goldsmith, in his history, says there was a time when the Indians used to ride over these Falls in their canoes; if so, it must have been far back in the ages before the flood; for if, as many suppose, these Falls were once at Queenston, still, from the nature of the banks, they must, even then, have been fearfully grand. We spent the night at Aunt Hagar's, a godly old lady, ripe for the heavenly inheritance; and the next day left Miss Rachel at her boarding-school in Grimsby, and took tea with our Presiding Elder, Mr. Madden, who lived between that and the Fifty; but were obliged to hasten homewards in order to get over the canal bridge before dark.

After this pleasant tour, I hastened to Hamilton to prepare for the approaching Conference. Here I was quite taken by surprise on learning from Mr. Aikman that the gentlemen of the town, not connected with our Church, headed by Colonel Beasley, had consulted together and made up the full amount of my support for a year, leaving our members to pay their quarterage to the circuit, on condition that the Conference would station me in the town, and confine my labours to that place. I felt thankful to these friends for their good opinion and very liberal offer, but was persuaded that such an arrangement could not be carried out. My colleague and I have laboured in great harmony together, and with some success, having added 106 new members to the Church.





CHAPTER V.

EXAMINATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP—ORDINATION.

WE met in Hamilton, for Conference, on the 30th of August. Bishop Hedding in the chair. Dr. Bangs was also present. Five of us were to be examined for membership in the Conference, and we learned that the Committee were preparing to give us a thorough grinding. They divided their work thus: W. C. was to examine on Theology; F. M. on Grammar; J. R. on History; W. R. on Logic; and J. S. on Geography, &c., &c. The Committee took their seats in the chancel, and we were standing in serious thoughtfulness before them. The examiners put on such a sage countenance as made me a little nervous. Bro. Richardson looked solemn, and Bro. Ryerson determined; but Bro. Black soon changed the stern appearance of all, and, by his wit and shrewdness, removed the sombre cloud, and made us all feel quite at ease. For instance, W. R., after smoothing down his long hair with an extra touch, said, with sage-like solemnity: "Bro. Black, please tell us what is logic?" "The art of reasoning, sir," said Mr. B. "Yes, but reasoning how?" "O, with the tongue or pen, just as you please," answered Mr. B. This unexpected answer so upset Mr. R. that his head was tossed

with immoderate laughter, and his streaming locks thrown backwards and forwards in rich confusion. By some means or other it had just leaked out that the Cabinet had agreed to make John Ryerson the Presiding Elder of our District, in the place of Mr. Madden, and Mr. Black was anxious to let the secret out before the Committee. Soon the wished for opportunity arrived. Mr. John Ryerson, with unusual gravity, asked, "Who was Polycarp?" "Polycarp, Polycarp, your reverence?" answered Mr. B., "I think I have heard that he was *Presiding Elder of Smyrna*." The poor examiner was unable to suppress his risibility, while the entire company were thrown into convulsive laughter. All restraint was then gone; my nervousness had vanished under Mr. B.'s wit, and I was quite relieved. Mr. B.'s answer, though not given in the precise words anticipated, was nevertheless strictly correct. Mosheim's history was one of our text books, and whoever will read his account of the *chor-episcopi*, or country bishops of primitive times, and compare their position, powers, and authority with those of our Presiding Elders, cannot fail to observe a striking analogy. I have been amused at the untiring efforts which the Ritualists of our day are putting forth to exhibit Wesley as a believer in that unscriptural notion of an apostolical succession. If they would read that great apostle with attention, they would soon find that whatever errors Mr. Wesley may have imbibed in his youth, in his riper years he discarded this figment of Popery in the strongest language possible. As late as A.D. 1784, he writes: "I firmly believe that I am a scriptural bishop as much as any man in England, or in Europe; for the uninterrupted succession I know to be a fable, which no man ever did or can prove." And he might have added that if it could be proven, link by link, it would be good for nothing until its abettors could also prove that all bishops have been good men, or that one

sinner has power, by laying his hand upon the head of another sinner, to impart to him "*the tongue of fire—power from on high*"—and make him an ambassador of heaven. The evangelists, Timothy and Titus, were directed to "ordain Elders, or Bishops, in every place." And Mr. Wesley says, most distinctly, that "*Bishops and Presbyters are the same order, and, consequently, have the same right to ordain.*" Brother Black was right, therefore. Polycarp was the Presiding Elder of Smyrna, as John Ryerson was soon to be of Niagara. The terms, Bishop and Elder, are used interchangeably in Holy Writ.

Mr. Chamberlain, finding that Mr. B. was let off so easily by his colleagues, concluded to try his hand upon him in doctrine, and he asked, "What would you say, Bro. B., to a man who would tell you that Jesus was called God, in Scripture, only by way of comparison, as Moses was made a God unto Pharaoh?" "What would I say? Why, I would say, Sir, you are very much mistaken." The result of the whole inquiry was, we were all received into full connexion, and took our seats in the Conference. I devoted Friday to fasting and prayer, in view of the solemn ordination vows I was to make on the Lord's day.

September the 3rd was a great and memorable day for our circuit. At an early hour many carriages from different parts, crowded with men and women, were seen rushing into Hamilton. The good Bishop exceeded his former self that morning. His text was, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." His divisions were,—

- I. Without the death of Christ no soul could be saved.
- II. By the death of Christ all souls might be saved, and
- III. Through the death of Christ many souls will be saved.

The Bishop is a remarkable man. Commanding in

stature, clear in enunciation, distinct in utterance, forcible in language, and powerful in appeals. Both ministers and people were carried away with his apostolical preaching. Not a word but what the most simple could understand, and yet every sentence riveted the attention of his hearers.

O what a day was that to me ! I trembled, and wept, prayed and plighted my vows as I knelt to receive the imposition of hands. When I took the Bible from the hand of the Bishop I resolved to make it the rule of my faith, and the guide of my life, as well as the badge of my ministerial authority. My responsibilities are great, but I have a great God to help me, and "I know whom I have believed." I have renounced, and again I do renounce the study of the world with its affections and lusts. I do not, I need not, expect wealth, for I have taken the wrong course to obtain it ; but I will endeavour to take care of what God has given me, and if he should increase it, will strive to make a good use of his gifts. But God forbid that I should ever think of leaving the ministry to gain wealth. I have had flattering offers, but, through grace, have been able to resist them all, and trust to be of the same mind even until death. The world passeth away, and all its pomp, its possessions, and its power, appear as nothing compared with "the true riches." Efforts have also been made, both by ministers and laymen, to allure me away to what is called the State Church ; but all in vain. I am fixed upon the rock, and perfectly satisfied with my Church relations and ministerial authority. And as for orders, I can imagine none more Scriptural, more apostolic, or more in accordance with primitive usages, than are those of our own Church. I am more than disgusted with the vaunted boast of apostolic succession ! We have the highest authority for saying that "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his ;" and who that judges the tree by its fruit, can for a

moment suppose that such men as Hildebrand, Gregory, and Laud, had the Spirit of Christ. If not they could not be apostolic links. And if one link in this fabled chain be broken, the whole is useless. Mr. Wesley's grandfather, who was a lay preacher, when called before Bishop Ironsides, made a distinction between the "*vocatio ad opus*—a call to the work, and *vocatio ad munus*—a call to the office." For three years I have been acting on the former, and now, being ordained Deacon, I am called to the latter. The two are now joined, and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

O great and merciful God, Ruler of the world, help me daily to plead with thee for wisdom and grace suitable to the high office to which thou hast called me. Strengthen, O Lord, my mental and physical powers and faculties, that the weighty interests of the Church may not suffer through weakness of body or confusion of mind. Deign, I beseech thee, to hold back thy servant from rushing into danger, and graciously obviate or correct the ill effects of any errors, mistakes, or omissions which, from ignorance, partial knowledge, infirmity of judgment, or unfaithfulness in acts, might, in any wise, injure that cause which I desire to build up. Let me have unforbidden access to thy gracious throne; and, if it please thee, O Lord, give me influence with the people that I may do them good; and, to this end, let me always enjoy communion with thee, and have that peculiar unction which will enable me to win souls to Christ. Condescend to bless my adopted country. Give us rulers after thy mind; make the people prosperous, contented, and happy. Give us ministers after thine own heart, and make the Church prosperous. And O, most merciful God, leave me not to myself for one moment, nor ever forget me, seeing all I ask is through the blessed name of my one mediator and redeemer. Amen.

The past year has been an eventful and happy one. We have witnessed the conversion of many souls, received all our salary, and closed up the year in peace. My studies, as a candidate for the ministry, are over, but for the great work of the ministry, and for the battles of life, they have just commenced, and I hope to prosecute them with industry and success.

ELDER RYAN'S CASE CULMINATED at this Conference, and resulted in his leaving the Connexion. He had always governed and felt restive under control. He was in Mr. Madden's district, and they soon got at variance. He was a great man, and he knew it, but his ambition, rashness, and conceit, proved his ruin. He had defended himself in Conference with marked ability, and had been acquitted. I had made my first speech in Conference in his defence; but he disappointed and mortified me when he arose and renounced the authority of the Conference. He then, in the most solemn manner, declared that "he would neither make a party nor head a party," if he did, he hoped his tongue might cleave to the roof of his mouth; but the poor man did not know himself, for he soon did, or appeared to do, both. He seemed to presume too much upon his influence with a people who had always run at his nod, forgetting that his influence with them arose from his connection with the Church; when he left the Church, the people very properly left him. I had an inkling of his rash purpose before he left the house. When he started down through the aisle I left my seat, caught him in my arms, and, with tearful eyes, besought him to be calm, reconsider his decision and resume his seat. For some time I held him fast, and wept over his rashness, while business was suspended and all eyes were fixed upon us. He finally tore away from me, intimating that he could fall back upon the rebellious resolutions of Elizabethtown! This was just

what I dreaded ; and coming so soon after his strong language against making a party, quite overwhelmed me with astonishment. Indeed, it froze my heart as if chilled by an iceberg. I dropped him in disgust ; for, much as I loved him, I loved the Church more.

A Conference Sabbath-school Society was organized here, of which I was appointed Secretary, an office for which I had no relish ; but, it being the first to which I had been appointed, I deemed it unwise to refuse the proffered honour, especially as I felt a deep interest in this work, and had written in its favour for the columns of the *Christian Advocate*. During the time we were at Conference a revival of religion commenced on the Middle Road, Nelson ; and its promoters came to Hamilton and pressed me to go at once to their assistance, stating as an inducement, that during the delivery of my farewell sermon several young people had been favourably impressed, and were anxiously seeking the Lord. I was, in a measure, prepared for this pleasing intelligence ; for, at the time alluded to, I had preached from these most suggestive and alarming words, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." My colleague and I had anxiously laboured for a revival, and I could scarcely think of leaving so many young people "without hope and without God in the world ;" hence, I wept over them with a holy sympathy. A singular occurrence had also taken place in Nelson which was well calculated to produce serious reflections. A young woman, Miss Crandall, had died very unexpectedly, and on her death-bed had particularly requested that I would preach her funeral sermon ! I was surprised at this request, for she was a Presbyterian, and I was not aware that she had ever seen me, or heard me preach. But I received a note from Col. Chisholm, her relative, stating the fact, and urging my compliance. The services were appointed for

the Kirk, and the minister, with his people, was present. This was the first time a Wesleyan had stood in that pulpit, and multitudes were assembled to hear, among whom was a young man from the Middle Road. The text selected was: "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." The young man was seriously impressed, and on reaching home, he said very gravely to his parents, "If I should die before Mr. Green leaves this circuit, please get him to preach my funeral sermon!" At this time he was in good health, and many wondered at the request. But in a few weeks he was a corpse, and I preached his funeral sermon in accordance with his request. Such events were well calculated to produce serious reflections amongst my fellow-youth, and lead to happy results. Father Cline was then living, and, evening after evening, this venerable, heavenly-minded man laboured with us for the salvation of men; and he was well rewarded in the conversion of his son Jacob. Before I left, I had the pleasure to see Mr. Lucas—the father of one of our ministers, Rev. D. V. Lucas—and many others, yield to be saved by grace. Father Cline and Father Bouslaugh, of Grimsby, were local preachers of Dutch parentage, who spoke our language but imperfectly. Still, they were just the men for the times. Like Warner, of St. Davids; Springer, of Hamilton; Bowman, of Ancaster; Griffin, of Smithville, and Gage, of Stoney Creek, they were among the first converts in these parts of the Province. God has given us a few such pioneers in different neighbourhoods, who, like the Dulmages, Johnsons Hicks, Brouses, Caseys, Detlors, Dougalls, Armstrongs, and others, have stood by us in every storm, like unflinching heroes in battle. We could always depend upon them in every conflict, for they were true to the Church as the needle to the pole. Crucified with Christ,

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they were the salt of the earth. Followers of their Redeemer, they were lights in the world ; and they let their light shine before men. Wicked persons feared them ; but good men loved them for their purity, admired them for their consistency, and rejoiced to sit at their feet and learn. Eternity alone will reveal the full amount of benefit which these holy men, and others of their stamp and type of character, have conferred upon the Church of God.

THE ADVANTAGES OF PASTORAL VISITING can scarcely be over-estimated ; and especially in those places where there is a spirit of awakening. The people feel honoured by a call from their minister. The worship which we introduce into the families, even of those who never pray themselves, leads the people to think and talk on the subject, excites a deep interest in the minds of children, and sets an example never to be forgotten. We seem to carry the pulpit into the family circle, showing each individual that the gospel call is for him. A little conversation and familiarity with the children attach them to us. They feel that we attach some importance to them, and they begin to think of us as friends, and desire to hear us preach. Their little eyes sparkle with delight as we enter the pulpit, and they carry away pleasing thoughts and instructive sentences to their homes. All these things are elements of power and influence which can scarcely be over-estimated. But to our own members, and especially to such as are inquiring the way to Zion, this work is exceedingly desirable. Here we solve their doubts, mitigate their sorrows, explain their cases of conscience, and answer their many questions concerning the great salvation as we can do nowhere else. David might never have been taken out of the "horrible pit" had not Nathan said to his face, "Thou art the man !" We have done something in this way, and especially during this

revival, but our large circuit gives us little time for this fruitful work.

A constant pain in my left side, when on my saddle, induced me to drink freely of a chalybeate spring on Joseph Hopkins' farm. Every morning, for ten days, at early dawn, I received a shower bath from a high window, which young Swazey poured upon me; after which I wrapped myself in a warm blanket and jumped into bed, when the perspiration flowed freely, and I was soon sweetly composed to sleep. In this way my side-ache was completely cured, and I went to my work with pleasure. I deeply regret, but am not surprised, to find that Mr. Ryan has commenced his divisive work in our society at the Rock Church. I fear I unwittingly, and without design, injured the feelings of my old friend this morning (Oct. 22). I had gone to the pulpit with my hymns selected, not thinking that Mr. R. was in the place. I knew that he had made a division in the class, and had enticed away some half dozen of our members, including good old Father Cummings and his pious wife. But when I was reading my first hymn, I saw the old gentleman in the centre of the church blushing greatly. I had read,

"Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh," &c.

The poor old gentleman had evidently (and, perhaps, very properly) applied the words to himself, as did some of the people. Had I known that Mr. R. was there before I gave out that hymn, I certainly would not have read it. It was so obviously suited to his case, who was "seizing every straggling soul as his own lawful prey." But it was too late to choose another after I commenced reading, and the congregation sang that heartily. I was forcibly reminded

of an expression which I once heard Mr. R. make :—
“Talk,” said he, “of destroying the Methodist Church !
You might just as soon think of shooting down the sun with
a pop-gun.” And now, as he had raised the pop-gun against
the Church himself, perhaps he deserved the arrow which
this hymn gave him.

It will be seen that the name of this sanctuary is changed.
We used to call it, in our circuit plans, Cummings’ Chapel,
but after he left the Church, that name was inappropriate.
At our late quarterly meeting in Ancaster, as I rose to
announce preaching in this house, the absurdity of calling
it after a man who had no interest in it, caused me to
hesitate, until, remembering that it stood on a rock, I
announced the appointment for the Rock Chapel. The
people smiled, but caught the thought at once. No one
demurred ; but Mr. Culp said that as I had given the house
a new name, I ought to give it a new coat also : which it
much needs.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—There is snow on the ground, and good
Sister Gage, of Stony Creek, has given me a cutter.
She thinks it will be easier riding in a sleigh than on
a saddle, and I quite agree with her. From the time I first
took a circuit until now, I have kept to my saddle, winter
and summer, and for the best of reasons : I never travelled
a circuit, around which I could ride in any wheel carriage.
And to buy a cutter for three or four weeks’ use, and
then have to leave it, with the necessary equipage, and
the next winter find myself two or three hundred miles
away from it, was scarcely advisable. No minister enjoyed
the luxury of a buggy when I commenced travelling. But
Bro. Madden has one now, and I may have a sleigh. This
gift will enable me to supply the people with religious books
which are much needed. There is no book store on the
circuit, except in Dundas, where Mr. Leslie keeps a few

school books. Hence the people very much depend on us for their books. The agents in New York send them on sale to the Presiding Elder, and we get them from him and supply our people as best we can.

THE FIRST TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, of which I had ever heard, was formed in New England this year. I was stopping with Sampson Howell, Esq., near the Rock Church. He said to me, "A milk and water society is organized in the States, and I am going to join it. We allow wine, beer, &c., but drink no spirits of any kind." Well, said I, you will certainly be on safe ground. Still, I thought it strange, if not foolish, for everybody drank spirits in those days. But a little reflection induced me to make further inquiry, and it was not long before I joined the Society myself.

NEW YEAR, 1828.—These milestones in the journey of life remind us of the rapidity with which our years are passing away. But there is rest for the weary, and we shall gain the haven by-and-bye.

"While in this body pent, absent from thee we roam,
But nightly pitch our moving tent one day's march nearer home."

A BRIEF RETROSPECT OF THE PAST presents many things which every good man must deplore. The factious movements of those who seek to divide the Church is lamentable; but we must not "meddle with those who are given to change." "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," says Jacob to Reuben. And the same is true in our day. Men of ordinary talents and consistent lives may be strong and useful in the Church; but when removed from that shield of glory and defence, they soon exhibit weakness, confusion, and decay. A loss of piety and stability is sure to beget a peevish and quarrelsome disposition. But a fearful responsibility rests upon those who throw confusion into the Church and divide chief friends.

OUR POLITICAL SKY is far from being clear. The odious Alien Bill, which originated in the Upper House, and was five times ignored in the Lower Branch, was finally sent to the King, but, happily for Canada, His Majesty had the good sense to disallow it. McKenzie, whose press and types were destroyed in 1826 by official rowdies, has obtained damages amounting to £625, which will furnish him and his paper with the sinews of war, and he is lashing the Family Compact in fine style. We are pushing for a Marriage Bill and other rights, while the Clergy Reserves are likely to give much trouble. But a new grievance has arisen which throws the whole country into commotion and rage. A member of our Government has been to England, and, by giving a false religious chart of this country, has succeeded in obtaining a charter for a Sectarian College, with an endowment out of our school lands! In many places this chart is pronounced an outrage upon truth and propriety; and we are furnishing data for a parliamentary investigation. There is an old heathen adage which says, "Whom the gods would destroy they make mad." If this is true, destruction must be near at hand for our oppressors. Folly, if not madness, has blinded their eyes or they would have some regard to the wishes of the people—some respect for truth and justice. Sir Peregrine, our Governor, is ruined by irresponsible advisers. The House passed a vote of direct censure upon him last year; and they have flatly contradicted him this year. His popularity has vanished before the light of truth, as darkness retires before the morning sun. I disapprove of Christian ministers mingling in political squabbles of party strife; but when others are allowed to domineer over us at pleasure; to grasp one-seventh of the Province for their exclusive support; to divert our school lands to sectarian purposes; to withhold from us the privilege of marrying our own people; to drive

our Indian converts from us by shameful cruelty ; to slander us from the pulpit, and misrepresent us before the British Government, then it is time for every lover of his country and of freedom to arise in his moral strength and contend against error, oppression, and bigotry until truth prevails.

A singular occurrence took place at Bowman's Church, on the 7th of October last, which I may mention here, as it illustrates something of the spirit of the age. A large portion of the society there are from Germany and Holland. They make very reliable Christians when converted ; and they seem to think that our ministers are sent directly from the feast of Pentecost, and can do anything they choose. A pious and intelligent Dutchman, by the name of Miller, was invited over to the village of Ancaster to hear a learned divine who was anxious to collect a congregation there. He went, and after the service a merchant in the village came to him, saying, " Was not that a grand discourse ? Did you ever hear such a sermon in your life ? " " Well," says Mr. Miller, " it was very good, but nothing compared with some sermons I hear in our church ; besides which, it may not be this man's sermon at all. He read every word of it, and I have read many sermons quite as good as that ; still, they were not my sermons. If you will come over to our church you will hear sermons preached, and they come bubbling up fresh from the heart. God gives the words, and the minister utters them." " That is impossible," said his friend. " No man can preach unless he writes his sermon, and, then, either reads it or commits it to memory. Do you imagine that you have a preacher who could take the text of this morning and preach a sermon on it without first writing it ? " " Why, yes ! plenty of them ; and if you will come over next Sunday morning and bring your text written out, I will pledge myself that the minister shall know nothing about it until he is going into the church, and then I will give him

the text and I think he will preach on it! Sure enough, as I reached the gate that Sunday morning, I met Mr. Miller with this text written in a beautiful hand, and he requested me, as a very special favour, to preach on it that morning: Proverbs 14: 27. "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death." I informed my good brother that I was not in the habit of preaching on any text without prayerful study; but I would think of it. He said a gentleman had come from the village on purpose to hear me on that text, and he would explain the rest after service. I asked God to direct me in the matter, and while I was going to the pulpit the passage opened up to me beautifully, and I read my text from the paper given me; stated the request, and preached a sermon, strictly following the plan first suggested to my mind. I had liberty: God helped me very greatly. The people wept, saints rejoiced, and the stranger confessed that a good sermon might be preached without reading it.

On the 28th of May, after a hard winter's work, I preached in West Flamboro', while feeling very ill. Went home with Mr. John Green, and for two weeks was confined by my old enemy, the intermittent fever. But I fell into good hands, and every attention was given me which I could have desired. Oh, how precious are kind friends when we cannot take care of ourselves! May the Shepherd of Israel reward that good family for their brotherly care of a homeless wanderer. Dr. Harmonious Smith attended me like a brother, but refused any pay. He said I had worked too hard and must be more careful in future. Many thanks for his care and advice. My heart is full of gratitude to my heavenly Father for raising me up so many kind friends in every part of this circuit. My own mother, if living, could scarcely be more attentive. Many prayers are offered

for my health and happiness. I feel the influence of those prayers in my own poor heart. Glory be to God.

THE CONVERSION OF AN INTELLIGENT UNIVERSALIST.—Mr. Knight, of Hamilton, gave me much consolation. He often attended our preaching, but still argued in favour of his "liberal views." In his sickness, however, he sent for me, and as I found him weak and consumptive, I said to him:—"My dear friend, I regret to find you here; is there any way in which I can contribute to your happiness?" "I am very happy to see you, sir," said he; "comfort is what I want, but it is just what my kind of religion does not give me now. You know the views I have always contended for, but alas! they give me no assurance now. They may do well enough to live by, but mine is not the religion to die by. Can you afford me any comfort?" Yes, said I, my dear friend, God is merciful, and—"Merciful!" said he, "that is just the rock on which my hopes are dashed. I have depended upon his mercy without reference to his justice. I have trusted to his mercy to save me, without obedience, without piety, without holiness, and without that faith which justifies and gives peace with God. Oh, my folly! my misspent life! You have often told us of a worm that never dies; and now I feel the gnawings of that worm in my own bosom. Oh, tell me, is there any hope for me?" Most assuredly there is, said I. This conviction, and these strong yearnings after peace, can only come from God. The Holy Spirit is now working on your heart that repentance which is unto life, and no sinner who is truly penitent, and cries to God for mercy, will perish. I then quoted several passages to encourage him; read, prayed, and wept with him, and left him more calm and hopeful.

A NEW CHURCH is being built in Nelson, and I have taken up small subscriptions all over the circuit to help to pay for it. We pressed hard to get a site at the corners

opposite to the school-house, but failed. Brother McCay has given us an acre on his lot, which will do very well. The house is to hold about 500, and costs only \$900. A church here is much needed. People often come three or four miles to service, and the school-house is too small to accommodate them.

AUGUST THE 29TH WE COMMENCED A CAMP-MEETING at Waterdown, on Dundas Street, which was not particularly fruitful. On the first day, as the people were entering the gate, they saw a fierce-looking rattlesnake claiming the right to enter also! but, looking upon him as an intruder, they slew him on the spot. We told the people to be brave and courageous; that it might be a token of greater victory over the old subtle serpent himself, who had the audacity to enter even the Garden of Eden, and whose *virus* had brought sin and death into our world. This deadly foe has no right on this choice ground, therefore, give him no quarter, but chase him out of, and away from, this holy place by every means in your power.

This is the third camp-meeting I have attended this summer. At the one in Dumfries I had the long-wished for pleasure of seeing Father Neil, who, as a local preacher, commenced the good work on the Niagara frontier in 1790. He took Christian Warner into his society and made him the Leader of his little flock, before the regular ministers visited that place. Having seen Dunham, the first ordained Wesleyan minister who came to Canada, I was anxious to see this mighty hero also, who had so nobly commenced the battle for truth and holiness in the Niagara country. He is a venerable-looking old gentleman, whose whitened locks and commanding form presented a fine appearance in the pulpit. He must have completed his threescore years and ten, but he preached with much energy on the feast of *fat things* prepared for all nations. These grand old pioneers,

whose praise is in all the churches, are swiftly passing away from us to their great reward in heaven. Dunham is gone, and Neil must soon follow him. But they lived to see thousands gathered into the fold of Christ.

WE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE in returning to Hannahs-ville from our camp-ground. William Eastman, with a young span of horses, was driving us down the mountain, when his nigh horse shied off, and crowded the other over the timber which held the embankment. I jumped out and caught Miss Rachel, just in time to fly to her mother, who had sprung out on the other side. She was struck by the hind wheel just as I caught her hand and prevented her from falling over the fearful brink. The carriage, horses, and driver, were arrested by the fence below ; but, strange to say, no one was much injured, and we all reached home safely.

MY COLLEAGUE, the Rev. Thos. Madden, is now just in the prime of life. About 46 years old, five feet ten inches high, and well made, with light complexion and ruddy face ; he presents a commanding appearance in the pulpit. He is a good business man, but no revivalist ; sermons good, but not great ; more expository than hortatory. He is not brilliant in conversation, but friendly in spirit. We have spent a very comfortable year together, have received our salaries in full, and many gifts besides ; and we are able to present a small increase of members, notwithstanding the lamentable division made in some of our classes.

The Conference was to assemble in Erneststown, and I resolved to visit my father on the way. Our camp-meeting closed on the 2nd September, and I hastened to Lockport, where I took passage on a canal packet. This was a new way of travelling to me, but a great improvement on the old, wearisome method of staging. The cabin was small, and we preferred the deck in the day-time, but the frequent

bridges overhead greatly detracted from our pleasure. We had to be constantly watching and bowing, or we were sure to be knocked down. There was no way of compromising the matter with these obstinate things. Bow you must, or you were sure to be bowed. A hard way, this, to learn lessons of humility, especially to the stiff-necked ; but it was effectual. One high-minded lady was rather unyielding at first ; but as her topknots and feathers became somewhat deranged, she yielded to stern necessity, and laughed, too, with the rest of us. The first man I met, as I entered the village of Brighton, was my brother Clark. My joy on seeing him, however, was soon turned into sadness, when he said to me :—" Our sister Lydia is dead ! " This was a sad blow to my bright anticipations, just in sight of my father's house ; but who can stay the ravages of death ? She had been instrumental in leading me to Christ, and I felt satisfied as to her future joys ; but still, my disappointment was very great. O, cruel death ! but still more cruel sin, which has brought death into our world, when will your ravages be over ? " Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." She cannot come to me, but I must go to her.

My father accompanied me to Middleburgh, where I preached several times to the companions of my youth and to those who had known me in my childhood. I was happy to meet my dear leaders once more, and the many friends who hung upon my lips with joyous countenances ; but there was one face missing which I could see no more in the Church militant. Her newly-raised grave, in sight of the Church, made me weep. There she lies, peaceful and quiet, by the side of her dear mother and eldest sister. She was the first convert in the great revival here in 1819, and now she is the first ripe sheaf gathered to the garner in heaven.

" Sister, thou wert mild and lovely,
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 'tis God who hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal."

I visited these graves often, with a mournful pleasure. When mighty men in Zion fall, the Church is found weeping amidst the graves of her memorable dead ; but this is the place for my tears. God alone can write the epitaph of the pious and pure who have fallen in humble life ; but bright angels will watch their sacred dust until the winds shall repeat the echoes of the last trump in the tombs of these sleepers, and awaken them to that immortality for which they sighed amidst the conflicts of earth. We shall meet in fairer climes than these. For the present, then, mother, sisters, *farewell*.

On my return I attended a quarterly meeting near Richfield, and preached for Brother Dan. Barnes, the Presiding Elder, on Sunday morning. I had little expectation of seeing in that strange place any one I had seen before ; but in our delightful love-feast, one brother arose and thanked God for the privilege of seeing Brother Green once more. " At the Grimsby camp-meeting last year," said he, " I was induced to seek the Lord by a sermon he preached ; and on leaving the ground he took me by the hand, saying '*Remember your closet.*' And now I have the satisfaction to assure him that I do remember my closet, and meet my Saviour there three times a day." Before I left my father, I had the pleasure to accomplish one object of my visit, viz.: to obtain his consent to my contemplated marriage. On my way to Kingston I had an unpleasant upset in a stage-coach. It had been raining, but the moon began to glimmer through the clouds as we were going up the Trenton Hills, where our driver fell asleep! The horses, left to their instincts, resolved to take a drink, and soon we were upset

in a ravine just wide and deep enough to take in our carriage completely. The stupid driver found himself on the opposite bank when he awoke; but we were engulfed in the ditch. We had three on each seat, one of whom was a very loquacious old maid, and she screamed out fearfully, "I am killed, I am dead, I really am dead; what shall I do!" The poor creature! Though I had two men on top of me and my arm in the water, I was sure that I was not dead; and I tried to convince her that she was still alive, but all in vain: nor could I much wonder at the poor creature's fright, for we were as near death as I wished to be. The stage door was so tightly fastened that we could not open it; and those who were lying on top of us seemed to be confused and stupid. After a little the driver managed to shove open a small window, through which, one after another, we emerged from our dismal position. We got the poor old crone out also, who, dead as she was, managed to walk across the road to a cottage. Our driver, never more than half awake, gave up in despair. He declared that we could not get that stage out, and he offered to go ten miles for another. But my time was precious, and I told them if they would help me we would be off again in half an hour. By the aid of the horses hitched to the wheels, and rails to pry with, we placed our carriage on the road, mended the broken tongue with the halters, and were soon on our journey. My colleague had secured me a good home with himself at his brother's.

THE CONFERENCE of 1828 met in Ernesttown. This Conference was most important in every respect. The General Conference had set us free from its jurisdiction, and allowed Bishop Hedding to assist us in organizing an independent Connexion in Upper Canada. This step, to us, appeared most desirable; and with much prayer and thoughtfulness we set to work to prepare our discipline.

We unanimously resolved to accept the terms of separation, and to form a Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada. At this juncture the good Bishop arose and said, "My official duties with you are now ended." But we unanimously requested him to preside over us during the Conference, which he kindly consented to do. I was then appointed to preach that evening, and selected for my text, Eccl. 12 : 1. Thus it is evident that I preached the first sermon ever delivered in the M. E. Church in Canada. The text which I had selected, therefore, was not inappropriate, for our youthful body, viz. : "Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth." I was also appointed one of the Conference stewards.

OUR STATISTICS were as follows : Church members, 9,678, of whom 915 were Indians ; 57 ministers and preachers, 7 of whom were superannuated ; 3 districts ; 31 circuits and missions, 10 of which were among the natives ; 12 Indian schools, in which were 300 scholars. The General Conference permitted us to purchase their books on the same terms as their own ministers ; agreed to give us our dividends from the concern, and authorized the Missionary Board to give us \$700 per annum for our Mission work.

The Rev. Benjamin Green Paddoc, a Presiding Elder of the Genesee Conference, was present, and urged me, very strongly, to go with him, offering me my choice of circuits on his district. But my mind was fully made up to make Canada my home for life. Providence had led me here, and I wished to follow that pillar of fire. I loved the Canadian Church, and desired to assist her in our struggle for equal rights. I was attached to my ministerial brethren here, and wished to aid them in cultivating this inviting field. I knew there were some who claimed me as their spiritual father, and our attachments were mutual. I also saw many features in our Government which I admired, though I had

little confidence in the integrity or impartiality of those who administered it in York. Still, there were many things to encourage us: We had a new Governor; and a new Parliament had just been elected very much to our liking. Upper Canada was a lovely country, rich in soil, healthy in atmosphere, and offering many facilities for trade and commerce. All we needed then was Liberal Executive and Legislative Councils, and a responsible Government; to make us contented, prosperous, and happy. In our new discipline we have, unasked, made concessions to the laity which cannot fail to give them much satisfaction. They will, hereafter, have co-ordinate powers with the ministers in legislating on financial matters; for no new rule can become law without their concurrence.

On Thursday, the 8th of October, the business of the Conference terminated. Mr. Case was appointed General Superintendent, *pro tempore*, and special Superintendent of all our missions and mission schools. And then, having received our appointments, we hastened off to our new fields of labour with high hopes and glad hearts.

“So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.”

In returning to York, I took my first ride on a steamboat, and it was anything but pleasant. Our vessel, called the *Niagara*, was an old schooner into which an engine had been placed. The lake was rough, and I was fearfully sick, constantly wishing that I was on my saddle again. I lay down on the stern of the boat, paid my tribute to the angry dashing waves, and longed for release from their power. When I went up the motion was not so death-like; but when I went down again, there was a fearful antagonism

between the outward and inward man. My flesh, bones, and muscles went down with the boat, but all within seemed to rebel against this downward motion, and determined to go upwards. I soon found that a man, divided against himself, could no more stand than a divided house could. When I reached York, and tried to walk, the street seemed to be rolling up like waves before me, and I lifted my feet high, in order to keep above them. On Sunday I preached my first sermon in Little York, and a miserable time I had of it.

MY NEW CIRCUIT WAS CALLED FORT GEORGE.—A very unsuitable name, as the old fort of that name, at the mouth of the Niagara River, was long since abandoned. On my way down to it, I lodged a night with Bro. J. Ryerson, at the Fifty-mile Creek. He called me up about one o'clock, saying that his father-in-law was dead, and I hastened to go with him to the house of mourning. Mr. Lewis had gone to bed apparently well, but his wife, hearing him breathing hard, spoke to him and received no answer. She hastened to light a candle, but before she could see her dear husband he was dead, and his spirit gone to that God who gave it. Being pressed to remain and preach his funeral sermon, I consented, for he was worthy of every attention. He was an early settler in the country, and a great blessing to the Church. He had occupied a seat in Parliament, and was an old Magistrate, loved and respected by all who knew him. Bro. Egerton Ryerson assisted me in the services. (It is, I believe, an unusual thing for one man to bury parties in the same family line, five generations apart; but this I was called to do, when, on the 4th of July, 1873, I buried a child of Mr. T. W. Law, of Toronto, a great great grand-child of Father Lewis. This child was descended through Hugh Wilson, Esq., and the Rev. John Law, from this parent stock.)

OURS IS A NEW CIRCUIT, made up, principally, of the town of Niagara and villages on the banks of this beautiful river. I commenced my work in this circuit on the 24th of October, in the village of Stamford. This is a small, but lovely little village about two miles east of the Falls. It is surrounded on all sides by a charming fruit-growing country ; but we have no church edifice in it, and but few members. Mrs. Birch and Mrs. MacMicking were our best supporters. Our service was on Thursday evening. We arranged to preach the first Sunday in Queenston, Pine Grove, and Niagara ; and the second, in St. Davids, Cross Roads, and Niagara. Queenston is a small, unprogressive village at the head of navigation on the river. We preach in the school-house ; have a small class, and find a comfortable home with Mr. John Gurnsey and his interesting family. At the Grove we have no class, but preach in a school-house, and then pass on to Niagara. This is the oldest town in the Province. A French Governor, by the name of De Denonville, arrived here in June, 1686, after fighting a fearful battle with the Seneca Indians. He left one hundred soldiers in a log fort, who were all slain by the Senecas. On the 24th of July, 1759, Sir Wm. Johnson took the place, and the French were driven out of the country. In 1791, Upper Canada was proclaimed a Province, and in 1792 Governor Simcoe selected this town for his Capital ; and here he met his first Parliament of sixteen members. It was then called Newark. We have a small Church here, where we preach every Sunday evening, a good class, and a fine home with Mrs. Powell. At St. Davids we preach in a school-house, for our old Church at Warner's farm is some distance from the village. It was the first Church built in this part of the country, and is now getting old, and only used for funerals. It has been the birthplace of many precious souls. The Rev. Dr. Bangs was converted here. Christian Warner

and many of our early worthies are buried here. The house is decaying now, but it has a grand record in the annals of the past. It was the first grand rallying place for the hosts of Israel in these parts. Would that it were in the village that we might renew the war on this memorable battleground. The village is about three miles from the river. We have the shell of an old sanctuary here commenced by the English missionaries before 1820, at which time they withdrew to Lower Canada.

THE CROSS ROADS APPOINTMENT is about four miles west of Niagara, where we have an excellent class, led by good old Father Lawrence.

November 9th.—Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, and Lyon's Creek. The old red Church in the lane is the head of the circuit. It is central for quarterly meetings, and we have a strong society here. In this old sanctuary the Conference met in 1820. It stands more than two miles from the Falls, not far from the spot where the memorable battle was fought in July, 1814, the marks of which are still seen in different directions. I thank God that we come here now, marshalled under the banners of the Prince of Peace; and "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual to the pulling down of strongholds." O that the slain of the Lord may be many. Chippewa is a small village at the mouth of the river of that name, where it empties into the Niagara a little above the fearful cataract, whose perpetual roar reminds us of him whose "voice is as the sound of many waters." We have no church here, but Joseph Moore, Esq., manages to find us a place for worship and a home in which to rest our weary bodies. Our cause is very feeble, but with Sabbath preaching, we hope for better times. At Lyon's Creek, about six miles back from the river, we have an old church poorly kept, but a large congregation and a good class. We lodged with Capt. Buchner.

On Monday, preached at Cook's Mills, a little farther up the Creek. A small village is started here, which will grow to some importance, I imagine. Tuesday, at Mr. Waite's, on the Black Creek. Wednesday, at Mr. Young's, where the people are mostly Germans. Thursday, at Limestone Ridge, but found no class. On Sunday, the 16th, at Macafee's Church and at Baxter's school-house. Monday, rode down to the Lane, and on Tuesday and Wednesday preached in the Beach Woods and on the Upper Chippewa. Saturday and Sabbath, 22nd and 23rd, held our first quarterly meeting at Lundy's Lane. A fearful snow storm, which commenced on Saturday and continued until Monday morning, made travelling almost impossible; but after service I had to ride fourteen miles to Niagara, facing the storm, and my horse wallowing in snow two feet deep. Our congregation was thin.

This is a very small and delightful circuit, with only seventeen appointments at present, and the country abounds with fruit and every good thing. The Rev. S. Belton is my colleague, and we have been kindly received thus far. It is the first circuit to which I have been appointed, around which I could ride on wheels; and being willing to lay aside my saddle-bags for a little, I purchased a covered carriage, which my friends thought indicated matrimony; and they were right. I was married on the 27th November to Miss Rachel, second daughter of Caleb Hopkins, Esq., M.P.P., of Nelson.

The morning after our marriage I handed my dear wife a letter containing the marriage fee, which the Rev. R. Leeming had refused to accept, assuring me that he "would much rather be considered *a brother than a hireling*." From this letter, too long to be inserted here, I take the following extracts:—"You have given your hand to a man who is not his own. He is the herald of God and the servant of

His Church. By their will he must be governed; obsequious to their voice he will go or stay; hence, we know not the precise spot where the scenes of our life are to be acted. There is a sense in which we may say with Wesley, 'The world is our parish'; and, guided by our Great Head, we will go to any part of it. I have often remarked that I must not preach one sermon the less because of my union with you; nor can you desire it, for you have now a co-ordinate interest in my success. We will mutually help each other to bear the cross, and not make crosses for each other to bear. From this glad hour you will consider me—next to our God—*your best friend*. One heart prompts us, one interest moves us, and one grand aim must inspire our hopes and govern our acts. Confide in me, my dear wife; open your mind freely to me at all times, for I desire to share your sorrows with you and participate in your joys. Thus, with mutual interests, mutual confidence, and mutual love, we will gently glide down the stream of life together, endeavouring to kindle some fires on its banks which may continue to burn when the hands which kindled them shall be no more seen."

We moved to a new house which I had rented, about half a mile west of Stamford village, with barn, pasture fields, and garden. Here I once more felt that I had a home—a comfortable and attractive home; where I could rest and be happy amidst smiles and sunshine.

As I have stated elsewhere, I desire in these pages to give a brief outline of the former struggles of our Church for religious freedom. If, in doing so, I have been led to give certain individuals, who were principal factors in opposing equal rights, more prominence than their friends might desire, they must not blame me, but the parties themselves who, so unwisely, placed themselves in such an unenviable position. The Methodist Church seems to have been the

principal object of the crushing influence of the Family Compact—not because we were more sincere and determined in our opposition to an Established Church in Canada than our brethren of other communions, but because we were more numerous and more powerful than they. The Baptists have always contended for religious liberty since 1639, when Roger Williams founded their first Church in Rhode Island. Judge Story says that in their Code of Laws in this State “we read, for the first time since Christianity ascended the throne of the Cæsars, the declaration that conscience should be free and men should not be punished for worshipping God in the way they are persuaded he requires.” And, however oppressive the Congregationalists were in New England when they had the power, yet in later years they have shown a praiseworthy spirit of liberality. But these Churches were weak and little known in Canada; and the Scotch Presbyterians favoured Church establishments. The following facts speak for themselves. Dr. Strachan was a member of both our Legislative and Executive Councils. He went to England to obtain a charter for a sectarian college to be heavily endowed from public lands. To accomplish this, he prepared what he called an “Ecclesiastical Chart” of this Province, and on the 16th of May, 1827, sent it to Lord Goderich, the Colonial Secretary. He obtained his chart, but Sir Wilmot Horton, under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, wishing to bring this mischievous Chart to the light, managed to get it published. When it reached this country it was found to be so strangely inaccurate and one-sided that it occasioned a general outburst of disgust from one end of the Province to the other. He gave credit for one decent Methodist preacher, two Presbyterians, and three or four Congregationalists. The others were mostly aliens, capable of “rendering a large portion of the country hostile to our institutions, both civil and

religious." And the only way to prevent this awful catastrophe was by increasing the number of what he was pleased to call the "Established Clergy!" Liberal-minded men of all Churches in York prepared a memorial and sent it through the country for signatures, asking the Parliament to institute a public investigation. We lost no time in getting it signed, and in answering the fourteen questions contained in a circular sent us at the same time. The House appointed a large Committee, and examined no less than fifty-two gentlemen, embracing all shades of politics and religion, who, with remarkable unanimity, pronounced the Chart strangely at variance with truth, or opposed to obvious facts. The Committee made a full report to Parliament, condemning the Chart in the strongest terms. This report was adopted by a majority of 22 to 8, and published by the House. Copies were sent to the King and to the members of his Government. We have only room for a few brief extracts from this famous report:—
"The insinuations in the letter against the Methodist Clergymen the Committee have noticed with peculiar regret.
* * * Their ministry and instructions, far from having, as is represented in the letter, a tendency hostile to our institutions, have been conducive—in a degree which cannot be easily estimated—to the reformation of their hearers from licentiousness and to the diffusion of correct morals—the foundation of all sound loyalty and social order. There is reason to believe that, as a body, they have not failed to inculcate, by precept and example, as a Christian duty, an attachment to the Sovereign, and a cheerful and conscientious obedience to the laws of the country.
* * * No one doubts that the Methodists are as loyal as any other of His Majesty's subjects. And the very fact that, while their clergymen are dependant for their support upon the voluntary contributions of their

people, the number of their members—in the opinion of almost all the witnesses—has increased so as to be now greater than that of the members of any other denomination in the Province, *is a complete refutation* of any suspicion that their influence and instructions have such a tendency.”

In addition to this able report, the House sent an address to King George, in which they say:—“ We have seen with equal surprise and regret a letter and Chart, dated 16th May, 1827, and addressed by the Hon. and Venerable Dr. Strachan, Archdeacon of York, a member of Your Majesty’s Legislative and Executive Councils of this Province, to the Right Hon. R. J. Wilmot Horton, as they are inaccurate in some important respects, and are calculated to lead Your Majesty’s Government into serious errors. Of Your Majesty’s subjects in this Province, *only a small part* are members of the Church of England; and there is not any peculiar tendency to that Church among the people, and nothing could cause more alarm and grief in their minds than the apprehension that there was a design on the part of Your Majesty’s Government to establish, as a part of the State, one or more Churches or denominations of Christians in this Province. We are convinced that the tendency of their influence and instruction is not hostile to our institutions, but, on the contrary, is eminently favourable to religion and morality; and their labours are calculated to make their people better men and better subjects, and have already produced in this Province the happiest effects.”

The House then goes on to pray that the charter for King’s College may be cancelled. The monies arising from the sale of the clergy lands appropriated for general education and internal improvement. (For a full report see Journals of the House.) Dr. Strachan could hardly have adopted a better course to build up our cause and strengthen our influence in the country. It gave just the opportunity

which we anxiously desired to expose misrepresentations and extend the knowledge of the truth.

"He made a pit and digged it deep another there to take,
But he has fallen into the pit which he himself did make."

We have already obtained authority to hold five acres of land for a church, a parsonage, or a burying-ground; and the right to solemnize matrimony is near at hand. This charter has denuded our chief opposers of much of their power to harm us, and greatly increased our strength to gain the victory.

On the 9th of January the Parliament met again, and the Commons appeared to be disgusted with the Government of the Family Compact, and anxious to correct abuses. In their answer to Sir John Colborne's speech in opening the Parliament, they use strong language, saying, "We earnestly pray Your Excellency against the injurious policy hitherto pursued by the Provincial Administration." And again, "We, at present, see Your Excellency unhappily surrounded by the same advisers as have so deeply wounded the feelings and injured the best interests of the country. Yet in the interval of any necessary change, we entertain an anxious belief that under the auspices of Your Excellency the administration of justice will arise above suspicion." Pretty hard knocks these for clergymen to bear; and which, in my judgment, no clergymen should bear, but hasten to get out of their position before they are pushed out. The country is fully aroused to a sense of the privations and hardships which the Methodist Church has suffered at the hands of those whose bigotry is only equalled by their selfishness. Honest minds can find no apology for such erroneous statements except on the ground of culpable ignorance. Even the members of the Legislative Council, who have so long ignored our rights, have taken the alarm; the

recent disclosures have made them ashamed of their leaders, and now they, too, have voted to give us the right to solemnize matrimony. The Governor will probably be advised to withhold his assent for a little, but the morning dawneth. Some members, even of the Family Compact, begin to talk as though they had found out, at last, that there are other beings in the world besides themselves, and other interests to be cared for besides their own.

February 12th.—For two weeks I have been confined again with a severe attack of remittant fever. I was taken very suddenly ill at Mrs. Oliphant's, but she nursed me kindly until Dr. Leferty removed me to Mrs. Lundy's, where I had a larger house and more attention. These are kind families, and all did their utmost to comfort me; but my dear wife was my best friend, and, though absent from our own house, yet her loving heart and constant care afforded me much comfort. Surely "it is not good for man to be alone."

Our summer quarterly meeting was a complete triumph. Bro. Ryerson came to us in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. On Sunday the crowd was so great that we had to leave the old church and take to the open air; and the vast assembly were swayed under the eloquence of our Presiding Elder like leaves before the zephyrs. His subject was—"We shall be like him," and he quite outstripped us all. As he spread his wings he soared; as he soared he plucked flowers, and towering higher and higher, threw them out with a profuse hand, freshly perfumed as from the Garden of Paradise. Bro. Belton—as our custom was in those days—was to exhort; but, turning to me, he said, "Can you exhort? he is too high for me. If you can go up and find him, and bring him down within sight of ordinary mortals, I may then deliver my message." My heart was well warmed up for an exhortation, and I

endeavoured to speak as the Spirit gave me utterance. Thank God for such a day. This is a pleasant circuit, and we have had a pleasant year together. It is the cream-pot of Canada—good roads, good fruit, and kind friends. We are largely deficient in our support, but this is not surprising, as we only had 130 members to begin with. We have taken about fifty on trial, and hope to do better next year. Three-fourths of my expenses have come from my private resources.

MY COLLEAGUE is a kind-hearted Irishman ; prepossessing in his personal appearance, with a high forehead, blue eyes, light complexion, and stately frame—about five feet ten in height : he makes a good appearance in the pulpit. His sermons are not proverbial for depth of thought, nor for thrilling eloquence, yet he is a respectable preacher, and much esteemed by our own people.

On Wednesday, the 26th of August, OUR CONFERENCE COMMENCED in the old Church, Ancaster. This was the first Conference ever held in Canada without a Bishop in the chair. At the suggestion of Bishop Hedding we had invited the Rev. Mr. Stratton to become our Bishop ; but he did not see his way clear to leave his own country, and I was quite as well pleased. Mr. Case has done well in the chair. He knows us and our work better than a stranger could, and we know him. Of course we, who are eligible for Elders' orders, will have to wait a little for this honour, but that is not an irreparable loss. Much important business was done. For a long time we had felt the need of a *Press* at our command, not only to explain our doctrines and polity, but more especially to fight the battles in which we were engaged for equal rights and for religious equality. We had so long been kept in the cold shades of what can scarcely be called religious toleration, that we had fully made up our minds to let our strength be known while,

calmly, but firmly and persistently, we demanded equal rights with any other and all other Churches. A committee was appointed to deliberate upon the subject. I had been favoured with a long conversation concerning the probable expense of press, type, paper, &c., with Francis Hall, Esq., Editor of a New York paper, and we saw that by advancing liberally from our own pockets, and asking some of our leading laymen to aid us in this matter, we could accomplish our object. The next question was, Who shall edit the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN? I was in favour of Mr. George Ryerson, but his brother John preferred Egerton, and he elected his candidate by a majority of one. I was satisfied, only I desired to find something for George Ryerson to do and keep Bro. Egerton in our circuit work. The financial business of the Conference devolved on me. The book agents sent us \$800 as our share of the earnings of the Book Room. Mr. Case, our Missionary Treasurer, being in the chair, requested me to manage his funds, in addition to the Superannuation Fund; but I found myself five dollars out of pocket when all was settled up. Hereafter I must be more careful. A camp-meeting was held during the Conference in which we all took part, especially on the Lord's day. One brother whom we received at this Conference, preached on the ground one evening, and amused our people much by his singular pronunciation. He claimed to be a Yorkshireman, but page he called "poige," name, "noime," and faith, "foith," &c. He also amused us much in conversation. "They say," said he, "that I say pige, I don't say pige, I say poige." But he was a sound preacher, and he gave a good sermon. The year has been one of ingathering. Mr. Ryan does not appear to have extinguished us entirely, for we have a net increase of 553, of whom 137 are Indians. My home during the Conference was with the family of Mr. Rymal.

The Reverend the General Superintendent had arranged for a series of missionary meetings through our district, where the children from the Credit school were to exhibit their advancement in elementary education ; and he desired me, in his absence, to accompany them, and make appeals to the congregations on behalf of our missions. This work, to me, was rather new, having made my first missionary speech last year in Ancaster ; but I found it very pleasant after I fairly got imbued with the missionary spirit. The people were greatly delighted with the sweet music of these red children ; and we were all highly gratified with the readiness and accuracy of their answers to questions in geography and grammar. My sympathies were greatly enlisted on behalf of these long-neglected tribes, and if Government officials do not succeed in their disgraceful efforts to prejudice their minds and wrest them from our care, we hope, by divine grace, to bring all the tribes to the Lord.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1830.

“ Rise my soul, thy harp prepare,
Grateful, hail the new-born year,
Loudly strike the hallowed string,
And the God of seasons sing.
Every short-lived moment brings
Love and mercy on its wings,
While more deeply loaded hours
Shed their gifts in larger showers.”

Last night we had a glorious *vigil* at Lundy's Lane. There was a general breaking down among the ungodly. Many from our own vicinity were present ; and one family of young people (the Snivelies), headed by their stepfather, Mr. Bowman, came forward and kneeled for prayer. Soon after this memorable evening, I baptized fourteen members of this household in one day. The most of these have since

died happy in the Lord. But Mrs. Williams, of Thorold, and Mrs. R. Collier and her sister, Miss M. Snively, of St. Catharines, are still living and working for God.

THE FIRST NUMBER OF OUR CONFERENCE PAPER made its appearance last November. It is in quarto form, and does credit to the able Editor and his assistant, Bro. Metcalf. Last winter the conflict between the two Houses of Parliament was fearful. The Upper House threw out forty-one Bills passed by the Lower branch. Among these was one for the sale of the Clergy Reserves, and another to repeal the Act for a Chaplain's salary. Different ministers having been asked to lead the House in prayer. Our Kirk friends have asked for a share of the Reserves, but the famous chart, revealing the *animus* by which others are influenced, is beginning to open their eyes to the dangers which threaten us. Whatever may be the alleged advantages of an Established Church in the old world, circumstances are so different here that we can do better without one than with it. Liberty and equal rights are written upon our banner, and they must be kept floating in the breeze until the prize is gained.

May the 9th.—This day I preached in Niagara, where a bold and lion-like effort had been made to drive us from our church and congregation. Last Sabbath evening when my colleague went to the church he was surprised to see our old friend, Mr. Ryan, in the pulpit; but before he recovered from his surprise, he was still more astounded to see Mr. R. stand up, without saying a word to him, and preach at his appointment, to his congregation, and in his presence! And then, with his characteristic modesty, give out another appointment for this evening, and at my hour! I blamed Mr. B. for his pusillanimity in allowing our church and congregation to be thus wrested from us by one who came to divide and scatter. "Well," said Mr. B., "you

will have an opportunity to exhibit your courage next time, for he has given out for next Sunday evening as well." Indeed! said I; well, if his piety were equal to his impudence, he might do wonders; but you will find that I shall preach to my congregation, at all events. When I arrived at the church I was glad to find the people standing outside, waiting for me. Mr. Rolston, the teacher of the Grammar School, came to me, saying, that if I desired it he would open the school-house for me, and the people would follow thither. I thanked him for his Christian offer, saying, I shall not fight for the pulpit, but I intend to keep my appointment. I stepped in and sat down at the foot of the pulpit stairs. There were six persons in the pews, and one in the pulpit. Looking at the clock I saw I was three or four minutes before my time. But just one minute before the hour appointed I stepped nimbly up to the pulpit and began to read my hymn. The people flocked in as soon as they saw me in my appointed place, and I preached to a very large assembly. When I had finished, my intruding friend asked the liberty of speaking, but I said, No! You have come here to divide the body of Christ, my Divine Master, and I will bear no part of your sin, even by consenting to hear you. I then dismissed. He arose to speak, but the people rushed out in haste. This ended Mr. R.'s career in that house.

Two of our dear brethren have recently been called to wade through deep waters of affliction. On the 20th of April the Rev. Ezra Healy surrendered his dear wife back to that God who gave her; and on the 3rd of May my dear Bro. Metcalf was called to endure a similar bereavement. Mrs. M. was one of the most lovely women I ever had the pleasure to become acquainted with. Pious, affectionate, and pretty, with a heart to work for God, she made many

friends, and commanded general respect. She was buried in Potter's Field.*

We held a union camp-meeting near Allensburg, where much good was done, though "the floods lifted up their voice" against us. Some "lewd fellows of the baser sort" attempted to disturb our worship, but they were soon put out of the camp, as all spiritual lepers should be. One fellow rode his horse through the front gate on to the ground, and when ordered out he swore he would not go. Our plucky little Presiding Elder then left the stand and, taking hold of the bridle, led his horse towards the gate, when the rider, irritated at the laugh of his own friends, drew his fist and gave the Elder such a blow as nearly brought him to the ground. But in less than a minute some of our sturdy boys pulled the rowdy from the horse and lugged him out, amidst the jeers and ridicule of the outside rabble. He was glad to get his horse again, when he rode off in great haste. We had frequently to teach such characters lessons of propriety in those days.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1830.—This Conference assembled in the Rear Street Church, Kingston, on the 17th of August, W. Case in the chair. Our old friend, Bishop Hedding, who had been earnestly requested to be present and ordain our ministers, was with us, and invited to assist us by his counsels; as was also the Rev. Mr. Turner, of the British Conference. They both took seats with us. I preached for the Presbyterians on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon was ordained Elder in the Missionary Church in the east end of the town. In the evening we all met in Mr. Turner's chapel, where we communed together at the Lord's table. Bishop Hedding led us in these services, beautifully remarking that it was a "pleasant

* In 1875 her remains were removed to the Necropolis in Toronto and buried near my tomb.

sight to see the three legitimate bodies of the great Wesleyan family communing together at the same table. It is the first time," continued he, "that I have enjoyed this pleasure, and it may be the last; but the Methodist people are one in every part of the world, for 'mountains rise and oceans roll to sever us in vain.'" These three bodies were also united in ordaining the candidates on this occasion. Much important business was transacted at the Conference. A committee of seven devised and reported a plan for establishing the Upper Canada Academy; and our report was adopted by the Conference. This was a bold and venturesome, as well as a most patriotic, undertaking. We had no funds with which to provide such an institution, and but little collegiate knowledge and experience to guide us; but the country required it, the Church demanded it, and the Conference ordained it, therefore it was accomplished. The *Christian Guardian* succeeded to admiration. The friends of Zion rejoice, while our opposers look on with amazement, wondering where all this enterprise will end. The Editor was re-elected without opposition. A Legislative Conference, composed of all ordained Elders, was elected to meet in Belleville immediately on our adjournment.

I had fully expected to go to the Niagara Circuit, as the friends in St. Catharines had expressed a wish to have us there; but Father Brown, the Presiding Elder of the Rideau district, insisted that I must go to Brockville, where the people had built a large stone church, the first of its kind, and the best in the Province. This was a sad disappointment to me. We had hoped and expected to be among my wife's friends on the adjoining circuit, and I could see no good reason for sending us nearly three hundred miles away; besides, which, I had never been below Kingston and knew nothing of the country and people in that part of our work. I remonstrated with my Presiding

Elder, with Mr. Case, and with Mr. Brown, but all in vain. My presence, it was said, was indispensable in Brockville, and there I must go! In a moment of childish weakness, I actually shed tears. For the first time in my life I felt the weight of our ponderous iron wheel of itinerancy to be painfully grievous and oppressive. I had never once asked for an appointment, and yet I had always been sent to just the place I desired; and now, when my mind was fixed on a circuit where the people were desiring and expecting me, why this bitter disappointment? But alas! how little do we know what is good for us? My circuit proved the best I ever travelled, and I had cause to wonder at my grief and short-sightedness. I saw the hand of my new Presiding Elder (Bro. Metcalf) in the arrangement, but I soon had cause to see, even more clearly, the hand of God in the whole matter; and I resolved never to grieve again at any appointment I might receive—and I never have.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT is progressing finely, and the Conference has gone in for its full share of the work and of the glory connected with it. Drunkenness and tippling are crying evils in the land, and that man is a benefactor of our race who can and will contribute, in any degree, to stay this torrent of evil, and dry up this river of poison and death. Much has already been accomplished by sermons, addresses, and the formation of societies; but still there are thousands who are not ashamed to brawl in our streets and stagger in the presence of the sun!

OUR SABBATH-SCHOOLS are coming up finely. Still, the vast extent of our circuits, the inexperience of many of our ministers, and the lethargy of our people, embarrass us not a little; while the difficulty of obtaining suitable books to interest and instruct the children presents obstacles not easily overcome. But the morning star is above the horizon, and darkness begins to retire before the rising sun. Out of

thirty-one circuits, only twelve have reported ; in which we have 77 schools and 1,900 scholars. Others have done something, but we find it difficult to get regular reports. The past has been a grand harvest year to the Church. We have added 1,117 members to our societies ; 32 of these are on our small circuit, which nearly doubles our numbers in two years. This is the largest increase ever reported in one year.

KING GEORGE IV. died on the 26th of June. He commenced his reign on the 30th of January, 1820 ; but he had acted as Prince Regent for nine years previous to that date. His brother, the Duke of Clarence, was proclaimed the same day as William IV. May his reign be prosperous and happy !

Our Legislative Conference, in Belleville, sat in the old wooden chapel, thirty feet by fifty, erected in 1819, but our friends are building, and have nearly finished a good brick church there, the first of the kind in the Province ; and what is a little remarkable, they have built a tower and are to have a bell. The tower presents a fine appearance. Hitherto our people have not been able to build large churches, nor to erect towers for bells ; but when they can do it without cramping their energies too much in other benevolent enterprises, they do well to add this desirable appendage. "The sound of the church-going bell" may not only call to duty, but produce prompt attendance. Still, we have many good members who oppose it. Perhaps they fear that the tinkling of a bell, or, rather, the pride and vanity it may introduce, will drive the Holy Spirit from the hearts and sanctuaries of his people. Such prejudices must be respected, and their possessors treated tenderly, until they rise above these notions, by observing the humility and piety of those who desire these improvements.

In our General Conference we revised our Discipline and

finished our work on Saturday morning, when Messrs. John and Egerton Ryerson, Joseph Messmore, and myself hired a team to take us up to Cramahe, where I preached on Sunday morning; after which Joseph Keeler, Esq., drove us to Cobourg, where J. R. preached in the evening. In this way, by a little energy, we did more good than we could have done by remaining in Belleville.

His Excellency has dissolved Parliament because of the demise of the King, and we shall soon have lively times at the polls, with all the blighting effects of political strife. News from Europe shows that the world is moving and tyranny is doomed. In France the Bourbons, restored to power after the fall of Napoleon in 1815, have again been hurled from their throne with contempt and hissing. Charles the X., flushed with his victories in Algiers, took it into his head to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, even before he had called them together, because they were known to be opposed to his policy! He then instituted new rules for elections, and restrained the liberty of the press! The editors—all except one—then met, and unanimously resolved to disregard the Royal Decree. On the 26th of July the banks ceased to discount notes, the manufacturers dismissed their men, while many of the Guards declared for liberty. The schools and the mob rallied around them and drove the soldiers from the city. The Deputies met, placed Lafayette at the head of the army and the Duke of Orleans at the head of the Government. The Duke was afterwards elected King of France, and poor Charley had to flee. The day for tyrants seems to be passing away. May it never return!



CHAPTER VI.

BROCKVILLE CIRCUIT—FIRST MOVE.

OUR first move commenced on Monday, the 13th of September. The previous week had been employed in packing up, for in those days we had no furnished parsonages, but each minister had the privilege of furnishing his own house in accordance with his own taste, and of paying the bills, too, from his own purse. Boxes and barrels were obtained for books, crockery, bedding, &c., while bureau and bedsteads were only partially protected. Our cow we could not box up very easily, and we let her out on shares to a Mr. Stimson, to double in three years. Whether she doubled in three years or in twenty-three I cannot say, for I have never seen the cow nor her increase from that time to the present! On Sunday I preached twice to friends from different parts of the circuit, who kindly came to say farewell to us. Their acts of kindness were engraven upon our hearts, and we left them with regret. The Gurnseys, Powells, Shaws, Corwins, MacMikings, Burches, Benders, Snivelies, Oliphants, Greens, Lundys, Moores, McAfees, Baxters, Killmans, Garners, and many others live in our recollections and excite our admiration and gratitude. May the Great Shepherd send them pastors after his own heart who shall do far more for them than

we have been able to do. We had but five miles to go on waggons before we reached the steamer at Queenston, where we embarked with horse, carriage, and furniture. The lake was rough, and Mrs. Green and I suffered much from sea sickness. Our babe, four months old, proved the best sailor of the three. We came in sight of Brockville a little before midnight, where we received a great fright. A large scow, with several men in it, was crossing the river immediately before us, but the men, thinking that they could reach the wharf before we reached them, had managed, by hard rowing, to get immediately before us. They screamed loudly; our engine reversed wheels, and the captain cried, "Port! port!" &c. We merely grazed the craft, but missed the poor men, who were much frightened; but, instead of being thankful, they scolded us fearfully. We drove our own horse to the hotel, and slept comfortably for three or four hours, when we were called up by Mr. L. Houghton, who came to conduct us to his own house—a part of which had been rented for our home. Our new friends called in to bid us welcome and help us settle. We soon found that friends in the east were just as kind as those in the west, and we were at home.

BROCKVILLE is a lovely town of 1,130 inhabitants, situated on the St. Lawrence, a little below the Thousand Islands. Our stone church stands on a most eligible site, on the Court House Square.

Sunday, the 19th September.—I commenced my pulpit work here by preaching on Paul's resolution, which I adopted as my own, viz.:—"For I was determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." I had good liberty both morning and evening, which I looked upon as a token for good—"a pledge of joys to come." The circuit has been re-arranged so as to allow preaching twice a day in town. We reduce our member-

ship to about 400 by this division. There are four Churches in town—the Wesleyan and Presbyterian in the centre, with an Episcopalian in the east, and a Roman Catholic in the west. The buildings of the town are mostly of beautiful blue stone, brought from a quarry two miles to the east of it. These, laid in courses of from four to six inches in thickness, present a beautiful appearance. There is no town in Canada that I have seen which, for its size, presents so many fine, substantial buildings. I am not without hopes that I shall be able to do this people some good. On Wednesday, preached in the tin-capped school-house, about five miles out, but found no class. Sunday, the 26th, twice in Brockville. On Thursday, the 30th, at the Quaker school-house. Friday, 1st October, at Wiltsey's school-house. Sunday, the 3rd, at Bates' school-house in the morning, where we met a good class, and at Keeler's school-house (now Greenbush) in the evening—crowded congregations and good classes. Brother John Keeler, who leads the class at his place, is the son of one of our early ministers, and he is an excellent leader of a large and lively class. Monday, went back in the woods to Mr. Berrie's—a small congregation. In the evening at Brother Dickson's.

Sunday, the 10th of October, Brockville, morning and evening. 12th, at Shipman's school-house—a small class here. 13th, at Kanetuck—a larger class. 14th, at June-town or Quabin—no class yet formed. 15th, at Lansdown—a good class-meeting. 16th, at Hutchinson's—no class here. Sunday, the 17th, at Elizabethtown and Mallory-town—good congregations and excellent class-meetings in both of these places. The former is vested with much historic interest. The first Conference held in Canada met here in 1817, when a great revival commenced, which spread all through this part of the country. In this house

such heroes of early times as Dunham, Cote, Wooster, Bangs, and Luckey preached with much effect ; and Bishop George, with his burning zeal and towering eloquence, so moved the people as to induce scores to seek for pardon. We have nineteen appointments each, every four weeks ; quite enough, seeing we preach twice every Lord's day in Brockville. Indeed, we need more time for study, for prayer-meetings, and for pastoral visiting. The numerous calls for extra sermons, temperance lectures, and Sunday-school addresses, make me wish for Fletcher's piety, Wesley's learning, and Whitefield's eloquence, that I might devote more time to this great work, and respond to every call. We have an interesting field. The harvest is great and quite ready for the sickle ; but alas ! the labourers are few and our sickles dull. O for more of that communion and power with God which gave Calvin Wooster such influence with the people ! I am ashamed of my own leanness and inefficiency when I hear of his zeal and usefulness ; the people are never tired of telling about his achievements. God seemed to give him all he asked. On one occasion, when unconverted parents presented their child for baptism, he looked upon them with that yearning tenderness which always beamed in his countenance, and asked whether, on offering their little one to God, they would not first give their own hearts to him who had given them that lovely child. His exhortation broke their hearts, and they answered in sighs and tears. He then called upon all present to join him in prayer for these parents. Jesus heard and saved them. They could then consecrate their babe to God in faith, as well as in baptism. May our blessed Saviour give me and my colleague more of the spirit which characterized that holy and useful man.

The country is progressing, and the Church must not lag behind. Six years ago we had no canals ; now we have

four. The Rideau, a military work, connecting Lake Ontario with the Ottawa River. The Welland, connecting Lake Erie with Lake Ontario. The Burlington, connecting Ontario with Burlington Bay ; and the Des Jardin, opening the marsh from the bay up to Dundas. The war still goes on in York. The Lower House has unanimously asked the Governor to dismiss his unpopular council, which he, with amazing blindness, refuses to do. Last year there was one dissident in the House to a similar motion—this year not one.

OUR FOUR DAYS' MEETINGS have proved a success on our circuit, especially in Brockville. We have had a good deal of earnestness and some enthusiasm. One Thursday afternoon when Bro. Healy was preaching, the house seemed to be filled with the divine glory. The people began to weep all through the assembly. My colleague, Bro. Williams, turned round and reverently knelt by his chair, with eyes uplifted towards heaven. The pent-up fires in the hearts of the people now burst forth in joyous emotions ; and the minister sat down and wiped his tears until this outburst of feeling had somewhat subsided. He then arose, with a benignant smile, and said, " Now, children, as you have given vent to the fire of love which burns in your hearts, perhaps you will allow me to finish my sermon. He did finish—but the bursting flame was not extinguished—sinners had been deeply impressed, and they flocked to the altar inquiring, " What must we do to be saved ? " I managed to keep calm during this unusual outburst, not knowing to what extravagance it might lead. But I felt, and others felt, that it was the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes. This divine quickening did good in many ways. This Church, which was dedicated on the seventh of last March, (1830,) had excited some prejudice among a portion of our country friends, who feared that the old school-house

and log-cabin flame would not burn in so fine a sanctuary ; and more especially as the builders had accepted, from Captain Gray, several fine Grecian columns, which supported a pediment in front. But they frankly acknowledged, then, that their prejudice was unfounded, and they went home declaring that God was in us of a truth.

A SERMON ON BAPTISM IN YOUNG.—In this township lived a Baptist preacher by the name of Black, who, three years ago, preached a sermon on baptism, and challenged Mr. Metcalf to answer it ; and he did answer it effectually, and heard no more from Mr. B. for more than two years. But on the 10th of July, he came out with another sermon on this subject, and challenged the world to answer it ! Mr. Adams, a local preacher from Mallorytown, was present, who told the people that Mr. Metcalf was absent now, and he himself was not prepared to debate such a subject ; but he would take the liberty of assuring the assembly that the Superintendent would answer for Mr. Metcalf, at his next appointment, on the 27th of July. I had no knowledge of what was going on, until the appointment was made and extensively circulated. I very much dislike preaching controversial sermons ; but when compelled to do so, as in this case, I gird on my sword and come up to the war as best I can. The country around, for many miles, was intensely excited. The antecedents had invested the subject with much importance. No house in the neighbourhood would hold a tithe of the people desirous of being present ; hence seats and a stand, in camp-meeting style, were provided in a grove where all could be accommodated. When my colleague and I reached the stand there were multitudes on the ground. Soon we saw a gentleman approaching with an armful of books, who, we were told, was Mr. Black. We cordially invited him to the stand, but he refused the proffered honour. I read for my text Matt. 28 : 19. "Go

ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." I dwelt upon the nature, the mode, and the subjects of this holy sacrament. For an hour and three-quarters the people listened with kind attention. I then again invited Mr. B. to come upon the stand and deal with the arguments and proofs we had adduced. I particularly requested that he would meet our arguments in our presence, and not wait until I was far away, as he had done in the case of Bro. Metcalf. After a long pause he arose by his seat, and said, "We have heard to-day that the baptism of John was not a Christian baptism. I will prove that it was, from Luke 16: 16. "The law and the prophets were until John; since that time the kingdom of God is preached and every man presseth into it." He never attempted to answer one of my arguments, nor even explain the solitary text which he had quoted! Bro. Williams stood up and explained his text for him. We then dismissed and went home. I never heard that Mr. B. answered my sermon as he professed to answer that of my friend Metcalf.

Without attempting to argue the question fully, I may ask, did not Mr. B. err in claiming John's as a Christian baptism? His friends say truly, that "the Christian Church was born on the day of Pentecost"; but John was dead long before that day, and can that be called a Christian sacrament which was administered before the Christian Church was organized, or the Christian dispensation had commenced? John baptized "unto repentance"; Mr. B. after pardon. One as a theistical Jew; the other in the name of the Holy Trinity. John baptized "all the people that heard him" (Luke 7: 29); Mr. B. only those who believe. John, addressing a "generation of vipers," said, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance." Would Mr. Black baptize such vipers? See Matt. 3: 5-11.

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But mark the numbers : "Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him." These regions, according to Josephus, must have contained three or four millions, and though some of the Pharisees and lawyers rejected baptism, yet Luke tells us that "all the people that heard him" were baptized. John's ministry, it is said, only lasted about one year ; but to dip one-tenth of these he must have stood in the water day and night, winter and summer, for seven or eight years, which was quite impossible. It is true that God baptized nearly three million unto Moses—men, women and children—in a few hours ; but they were baptized by sprinkling, not by dipping, for they went through the sea dryshod. If "baptism is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," should we not receive the sign in the same way as we do the blessing signified ? God says, "I will pour out my Spirit upon you." And, again, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you." We can scarcely go astray when we follow the example of God himself.

My colleague is a zealous and useful minister of the Church. We have laboured in harmony, and with some success, having taken sixty members on trial. But still we return less than last year, because of the re-arrangement of the circuit. It is not likely that we shall labour together next year, as the Brockville friends are anxious that my services should be confined exclusively to the town. If I had my choice, I would prefer a colleague and a few appointments in the country. It is refreshing to get the country breezes, and pleasant to have a fellow-labourer to cheer one when despondent, strengthen him when weary, counsel him when in trouble, and stand by him in the battle-field. But our brethren are resolved on it, and they have already provided for my full support ! We have but one station in all our work, that of York. It is very plucky

in Brockville to take this stand, for while we have but 1,130 inhabitants here, Niagara has 1,148, Kingston 3,635, and York 2,860. The population of the whole Province is 211,187, of whom the Methodists constitute nearly one-fourth.

On the 7th of August we concluded the toils of the year by celebrating our last quarterly meeting. Our Presiding Elder, the Rev. Franklin Metcalf, was in good spirits, and we had a time of refreshing. We took passage for York in the splendid steamer *Great Britain*, and, at the request of the passengers, and of Capt. Whitney, I made my first effort at preaching on shipboard. It was a novel position for me; but the blessed Saviour set us the example when He preached on the sea of Galilee; and when we follow his example we may claim his aid and expect his blessing. In addition to the clergy we had a large number of worldlings on board, and I thought it an opportune moment to remind them of the true riches. I therefore took Christ's words for my text—"I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed." Rev. 3: 18. Those poor creatures who delve from morn to midnight for the wealth which may take wings and fly away, but neglect the true riches, are much to be pitied.

THE CONFERENCE of 1831 met in our little wooden church, corner of King and Jordan Street, York; Rev. W. Case in the chair. Five candidates were received on trial, and the same number, into full connexion. One member was dismissed for too free a use of that unruly member which, if not bridled, "sets on fire the course of nature." The ambition of the little party which went out from us seems not to be greatly encouraged by the events around us. Well-directed ambition, or aspiration, is a powerful element in successful effort. God has planted it in our

nature for valuable purposes. Without it man would be little better than a brute. But when it aims at self-aggrandisement rather than church extension and peaceful effort, it becomes a deadly upas, a poisonous viper, spreading its *virus* to the destruction of order, quiet, and success. It struggles hard for headship; or, in the language of an Indian Chief, "to be great Captain I." It seeks notoriety by love or hate, peace or war, honour or infamy; any way so it may govern and be heard! But true Christian aspiration rallies around the cross and seeks to build up the Church and save souls. Nothing is more hateful in a pure, progressive, soul-saving Church, than schism. It is true there are professing Christians who are "heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away," says Paul. But never "turn aside" from a pure, heavenly-minded Church "unto vain jangling." God has graciously blessed us in our fields of toil with an increase of 1,250 members, and the Church is prospering. The house in which we met was found much too small, and our good brethren are preparing to build one on the Court House Square, more in accordance with the demands of the town. The singing in our public worship was most delightful and heavenly. Good congregational singing gives power to the pulpit and comfort to the people. Brockville and Kingston gained their point, and were made stations.

Our new King, William the IV.—God bless him—among his first official acts called for our Marriage Bill, and gave it his royal sanction; and we have resolved to devote any marriage fees which we may receive this year towards the building of our Academy. After the Conference adjourned I hastened to Nelson, took my wife, child, and our sister Phoebe, and started for Brockville, where, having to preach

twice each Lord's day to the same congregation, I applied myself closely to my studies and to my pastoral work.

THE FIRST TEMPERANCE SOCIETY in Brockville was formed this year. The Rev. Mr. Smart (Presbyterian) and I, anxious to do something to stay the tide of intemperance which was rolling through the land, called on the leading gentlemen of the town to aid us in forming a Temperance Society. On the evening appointed, we were delighted to see the Court House well filled, and a good sprinkling of lawyers, doctors, merchants, &c., present. We moved Paul Galsford, Esq., into the chair, and got several professional gentlemen to move and second the adoption of the different articles of the constitution. When this was done we asked for signatures to the pledge. All seemed to think that we must begin with the chairman; but he had brandy, gin, rum, whisky, &c., painted all over his window shutters, and other conspicuous places; hence he said, at once, "O! I can't sign it, for I sell liquors of all kinds." "Never mind that," said we; "the sooner you stop that trade the better." Feeling himself in a tight place he said, "If I were rid of what I have on hand, I would join." We all agreed that he might sign with the understanding that he should sell off his present stock. He saw he was cornered, and, with good grace, took his pen and signed, amidst the cheers and clapping of the whole house. Lawyers, doctors, and merchants followed, and our efforts proved a grand success. Mr. Smart and I took turns in preaching temperance sermons at suitable times, and much good was done. Norton Buell, Esq., a barrister of the town, and his brothers, helped us greatly in this good work. The pledge in those days did not exclude wine nor beer.

THE CAR OF POLITICAL REFORM moves slowly. * The sky is dark, and the storm fierce. Our Marriage Bill has come at last, yet not until "the little oligarchy" at York had

done its best to crush us ; but the King himself came to our help. Never was judicial blindness more complete than it is now in our capital.

Had the votaries of a State Church come forward with frankness and emancipated us years ago, instead of misrepresenting us at home and abroad, they might have secured many friends beyond the narrow limits of their little compact ; but, in fact, every privilege we have gained has been wrung from them by persistent effort. Their time to conciliate and gain friends is now passed, and the time for us to unite in depriving them of the power to oppress us in perpetuity has fully come. The one-sided and shameful representations made to the Home Government have aroused the British lion, and when he roars little York must heed his voice. We are now joining our liberal-minded friends in circulating petitions to the King, asking for many reforms, among which we ask for *responsible government, the control of our public revenue, the secularization of the Clergy Reserves, the abrogation of exclusive Church privileges, and the exclusion of Judges and Clergymen from the Executive and Legislative Councils, &c.* These are questions in which we cannot but feel a deep interest. If there is any Church which requires special provisions and exclusive rights, in order to its existence in this new country, the sooner it dies out the better. An earnest, useful Church will live in the affections of the people. In devoting some attention to our religious politics we have to encounter many things which we would fain avoid. We would steer clear of party politics, if possible, but there are some men who think we must go with them in all their erratic courses because they vote us what we are clearly entitled to have. Last September W. L. McKenzie, M.P.P., a clever writer, but a versatile and impetuous partizan, took the liberty to appoint a political meeting in our church ! I demurred to

the profanation, and to his impudent presumption. When I found that my trustees were in favour of admitting him I took the key and remained at home. Multitudes gathered before the church, where the impetuous little man stormed fearfully at my tyranny. The trustees finally informed me that if I did not give up the key they would break in the door. I then yielded to the least evil of the two, and gave them the key under a strong protest against the profanation, believing that political meetings should never be held in a Church. I learned afterwards that my course saved the house; for if I had willingly opened the door, the opposing rowdies had fully resolved on breaking the windows.

Wednesday, the 16th of May, having been appointed for a national fast day in view of the approaching cholera, I preached from Isaiah 3 : 5, 7. "So the people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a fast," &c. This was a fast in good earnest to avert threatened judgments. The king laid aside his royal robes, put on sackcloth, and said, "Let neither man nor herd nor flock taste anything; let them not feed nor drink water, but cry mightily to God. Who can tell if God will turn away from his fierce anger that we perish not." If our entire nation would thus piously humble themselves in fasting, I have no doubt but the approaching plague would be turned back, and our country spared the ravages of this fearful disease.

We have a glorious work going on in Brockville. Many are giving their hearts to the Lord, and the Saviour is with us in power. But the long-dreaded cholera is now amongst us. I have visited many on their death-beds to afford them the comforts of our holy religion; but it is painful to witness the rapidity with which this strange disease accomplishes its work of death. We have a house built on a small island near the wharf where many patients are sent, whom I visit from time to time, but the good Lord

preserves me. This fearful malady has long been doing its work in India. Last year, for the first time, it crossed the Atlantic, but did not reach Canada until this summer ; and now, all our towns on the frontier, along the line of immigration, are suffering under its deadly influence. Our Conference year closes pleasantly. We have made about fifty additions to our membership in town, and I go to Conference with a cheerful heart.

A SINGULAR INTERVIEW WITH A PRIEST.—On my way to Conference, Captain Whitney, of the *Great Britain*, and his physician, lately out from Ireland, came to me requesting that I would hold a religious controversy with a priest who was on board. I said I had a great aversion to religious disputations, and especially on steamboats ; but if the priest desired a friendly conversation, I could have no objection. The Dr. went away delighted, and soon returned with a chubby little Frenchman, whom he introduced to me as the Rev. Mr. —. “ I understand you wish to talk with me, sir,” said the priest. Not at all, sir, said I ; but I told these gentlemen that if you desired it I would not object. “ Very well,” said he ; “ I am ready, and I will give you your choice of four languages, the French, the English, the Spanish, or the Latin.” You are very kind, sir, said I. Of those you have mentioned I should prefer the English. “ Take the English,” said he. Agreed. And now, as your reverence has been kind enough to offer me the choice of language, I will be most happy to give you the choice of subjects. Be kind enough to select your topic. “ All right, sir, we will take the Christian religion, if you please.” Exactly the subject I prefer, said I. But pray, what is implied in being a Christian ? “ Why, of course, he must be baptized and obey the Church.” But are you sure that will make him a Christian ? said I. “ Certainly, I am,” said he. “ If not, what will ?” Indeed, sir, you surprise

me much. I thought you were a great admirer of St. Peter, and if he were here he would tell you plainly that you were wrong. "Me wrong! Me wrong!" said he. "No! no! Peter would never say I was wrong." Well, then, said I, he would tell you one thing, and Simon Magus another; for if you read the 8th of Acts you will find that he told Simon that he had "no part nor lot in the matter" of Christianity, because his heart was "not right in the sight of God," though he had just been baptized, and that, too, by an Apostle. If it be true that baptism made Simon a Christian, Peter was much mistaken, or greatly to blame for telling him that he was "in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity," when, all the while, he was a good Christian. Now, which am I to believe, you or Peter? "Believe! believe!" said he; "I perceive you know nothing at all about it!" He then walked away abruptly, and I saw him no more until we reached the wharf in Kingston, when he was the first man to jump off and run away. Soon he returned with five other priests, one of whom was the Vicar-General McDonald, afterwards a Bishop. I must confess that when I saw the Vicar-General on board, and also bound for York, I was sorry, felt timid, and wished myself away. He was the editor of a Roman Catholic newspaper, and had been carrying on an able controversy with our editor on the subject of the real presence in the Eucharist. I had read this able debate with interest, and dreaded a controversy with him. At tea, however, the Captain and the mischievous doctor managed to get us into a disputation which lasted until midnight—the saloon being filled with passengers all the time. I found the Vicar quite another man from the little Frenchman. He acted like a gentleman of good breeding and good learning, and I hesitated to break a lance with him. But I was led into the conflict and had to get out the best way I could. We soon

found ourselves engaged on the dogmas of popery. He denied that his Church was chargeable with the martyrdom of Protestants, but defended the invocation of saints, the intercession of Mary, and supplication to angels. When I contended that the latter was expressly forbidden in God's word, he could not see it. I then quoted Rev. 22 : 8, 9, where the angel himself forbade John to fall down and worship him. At this my French friend took fire, and said, "There is no such scripture. He is only doing that to confound the Vicar-General." I then quoted the precise words of the text, and said if there ever was a time when mortal man could be justified in worshipping an angel, it was then, when this angel had shown John so much of heaven's glory ; but he said, "See thou do it not, for I and thy fellow-servant ; worship God." The Vicar-General looked thoughtful, and the priest insisted that there was no such passage. I said, if any one present can favour me with a Testament I will read it to the gentleman, but none being offered me I arose, saying, if your reverence will excuse me for a moment, I will go up to the ladies' cabin and get Mrs. Green's Bible and read the passage to the company. "Oh, come back," says the Vicar, "come back, there is such a passage ; he don't know." Well, Captain, said I, it is now midnight, and I will ask to be excused until these priests settle this controversy between them.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1832 met in Hallowell, on the 8th of August, W. Case in the chair. We were very thankful to find that our net increase, during the year, amounted to 3,652, being nearly equal to one-third of the members reported last year, and more than three times the number ever received in one year before. The excitement created by the cholera had induced many careless ones to think of their latter end, and pray for pardon. But this accession will impose increased responsibilities upon us, and we will

have to exercise constant watch-care over the young converts until they are established in principle and practice.

THE CORNER STONE of the Upper Canada Academy was laid on the 7th of June, 1832, by Dr. Gilchrist, of Colborne; and the Treasurer, E. Perry, Esq., came to the Conference feeling very much discouraged for want of funds. The Conference authorized me to ask each minister for \$5, or more, not so much to raise a fund, as to give the Treasurer confidence that we were in earnest, and resolved to push the enterprise to the extent of our influence. The most of the members contributed cheerfully. I then went outside among those to be received on trial, and saw a young candidate of stately proportions and well-dressed, who gave me a \$5 bill, and wrote his name—Samuel Rose. The Treasurer went home pleased, reported our doings to Mr. Crane, the builder, and the work was carried on with increased vigour.

THE PROPOSED UNION WITH THE BRITISH CONFERENCE invested this Conference with unusual importance. The Rev. Robert Alder, from the Missionary Committee in London, was present by the invitation of our Missionary Committee in York. The Conference was somewhat divided in sentiment on the subject. There can be little doubt but if our English brethren would abide by the compact entered into in 1820, and leave Upper Canada to us, in accordance with that agreement, it would be the best thing for this Province. But since our separation from our American brethren they have felt themselves at liberty to ignore that arrangement; and strenuous efforts have been made by the abettors of a State Church to divide us, and thus weaken our efforts to prevent a Church establishment here. To those of us who were aware of these wily exertions, our union appeared doubly important. But apart from these considerations, it would appear so unseemly and injurious for two bodies of Methodists, both acknowledged to be

legitimate, to erect opposing altars in the same villages, that no effort, short of a sacrifice of principle, should be spared to prevent it. Messrs. Case, Metcalf, and Whitehead were opposed to the change; and I deeply regretted to have to differ from these excellent men with whom I usually acted. But several of our leading local preachers and other laymen, such as John Reynolds, of Belleville; P. Roblin, of Napanee; C. Biggar, of the Carrying Place; E. Perry, of Cobourg, and Mr. Sills, of Bath, were present, and advised us to form the proposed union. We needed additional funds for our Missions, and more ministers for our work. Mr. Alder's proposals, on the whole, appeared reasonable; therefore my judgment decided for union. Mr. Alder told us plainly, that he was sent out to extend their work in Upper Canada, and he would prefer doing it through us, than in opposition to us. A large committee was appointed, the principles of union agreed upon, and our report was adopted both by the Annual and the General Conferences; and the Rev. E. Ryerson was appointed to negotiate with the British Conference.

My appointment for the next year began to be talked about. After the union was agreed to, Mr. Alder, anxious to conciliate both parties in Kingston, had obtained my consent to take that station, provided all parties were agreed. But at this period, I was informed that the Advisory Committee had nominated me to take charge of the Augusta District. I immediately repaired to the President's room to inquire about it, and if true, advise against it. Mr. Case, in reply to my inquiries, said, "The Committee have advised it." I suggested that I was too young and too inexperienced for such a charge: that I would have four Ex-Presiding Elders on that district, (Messrs. Madden, Smith, Brown, and Ryerson), and they might feel slighted and make my path unpleasant. At this moment David

Wright, one of the Advisory Committee, entered the room and said : " Is this man rebelling against his appointment ? Don't let him off ; the Committee are unanimous." Mr. Case remarked that there seemed to be a general wish, and I would have to incur the responsibility. Wm. Smith was then sent to Kingston, and Wm. Ryerson to Brockville.

My home during the Conference was with the family of Dr. Austin, where I was kindly treated. The Conference closed on Saturday, and we hastened to our work. My district was a very large one ; taking in all the Province east of Kingston, with three circuits in Lower Canada. How I should succeed I knew not. I was happy in my work as a pastor ; and now, as I shall have the privilege of attending a love-feast nearly every Sunday in the year, I ought to be happy, also, in my district work. But there is another question underlying this which gives me some concern : Shall I be useful ? On my knees I resolve, 1. That I will endeavour to live near the fountain-head, that I may grow in grace, in wisdom, and in usefulness. 2. That I will be impartial but firm in my official acts, so that no brother shall have cause to complain that I have not done him justice in administering discipline, presiding in church courts, or in deciding points of law. 3. As far as may be consistent with health and official duty, I will strive to be useful as I pass through the circuits by preaching and working for God and for souls.

The work to which I am appointed is new to me, and it appears vast and overpowering. Who is sufficient for these things ? O Lord God, the God of our fathers, give to thy young servant wisdom to guide him in councils, the tongue of fire to inspire him in the pulpit, and a burning zeal to labour for perishing sinners, that he may leave bright and sunny spots wherever he goes. I leave my circuit work with some regret. The past has been a happy year. I com-

menaced with forty-five members, and left with seventy-five. I have been well supported, have enjoyed uninterrupted health, and worked joyfully for Zion's prosperity. I have spent more time in my library than I was able to do for several years past ; but I fear my moments for study will be greatly abridged by long rides on a large district. Still, my Divine Master and his Apostles went about doing good, and no minister should shrink from the onerous work of following their example when duty calls. I feel more for my dear companion, who will necessarily be left alone at times, than for myself. She may weep when I rejoice ; may sigh for company when I am surrounded by friends ; may languish in sorrow and be oppressed with pain when I am far away and cannot share her troubles with her. But this appointment comes unsought, unexpected, and undeserved. The voice of the Church I have generally taken as indicating the voice of God ; and I confide with unshaken faith in his providential care and unerring direction. If I succeed in this responsible office, God shall have all the praise.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE AUGUSTA DISTRICT.

HAVING deemed it wise to discontinue housekeeping, in order to free Mrs. Green from care, and secure company and protection for her in my absence, we took lodgings with Mr. Wm. Pennock, at Stone's Corners, where she will feel at home. I commenced my quarterly visitation of the circuits on the 8th of September, at Bytown. This is a small village, beautifully situated between two rivers, near where the Rideau empties its dark waters, over rocky heights, into the Ottawa, creating the Rideau Falls. It was named after Colonel By, who was sent to superintend the military canal which commences here and extends to Kingston. It is well situated for defence, and capable of being made a "stronghold" in time of war. Our circuit lies on both sides of the Ottawa; and our quarterly meeting was held in Lower Canada, about seven miles above the bridge in a church built on the farm of Mr. Grimes, with whom I stopped. Mr. G. F. Taylor, the Recording Steward, appears to be the leading mind in the church here, as Messrs. Burrows, Rochester, and Coombs are in Bytown. Messrs. Adams and Warner have a large field to cultivate, and some fastidious souls to manage; but they are working hard for the peace and prosperity of the Church. In the evening I

preached in the town, where our friends have a small stone church and a good-sized congregation.

My next appointment was at Shellington's, on the Richmond Circuit. We have no church on this circuit except a log-house, where we held our services. The village which gives name to the circuit is immured in a dense forest, and consists mostly of log cabins. It takes its name from the Duke of Richmond, who died here from the bite of a tame fox. We have no class in it, but Mr. Williams is labouring hard to extend our influence in that direction. He has a large circuit in a newly-settled part of the country. From this I went to the Mississippi Circuit, which derives its name from a small river running through it to the Ottawa. I was comfortably entertained by Mr. Bellows, a merchant in Carlton Place, who is blessed with a good, pious wife. We have a small chapel here which will hold about two hundred people. We managed to pack away a few more than that on this occasion. Bro. Brock has a large circuit, and is much esteemed.

PERTH, September 29th and 30th.—A small town, where our influence is but limited. Our friends are preparing to erect a church, which is much needed. Mr. John Jackson, with whom I found a home, is our principal dependence in the town. We have a pious, good man for a leader, but his domestic circumstances are very trying. After four weeks' absence I was delighted to turn my face towards home again. The cholera, I am happy to find, is leaving our shores, but it has made fearful ravages in its march. In Quebec, with a population of 27,562 souls—not including strangers—there were 1,421 deaths in three weeks, and in Montreal, thirty-one in four days. On the fourth of last July the new missionary chapel in George Street, York, was opened. But the Rev. Mr. Newton, who was on his way to take charge of it, died of cholera in Montreal. One

of our brethren in Kingston sent his wife to the country to avoid the ravages of this mysterious plague; but soon after he took it in the town, and she in the country, and they both died nearly at the same time. How surprised they must have been to meet so soon again, and that, too, in the spirit-land! Our ministers have been faithful in visiting the sick under their care; but, through divine goodness, have been graciously preserved from this fell destroyer. We have to be minute men in more senses than one. May we all be ready for the summons when it comes.

AUGUSTA QUARTERLY MEETING, October 6th and 7th.—The old Augusta Church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Great power attends the services. Our love-feast was a heaven upon earth. Souls were crying for mercy, and our blessed Redeemer was receiving sinners. Bro. Healy has had much work on his hands, and we have arranged to give him a colleague. MATILDA CIRCUIT, 13th and 14th.—This meeting was held in Moulinette, where, having no church, we took the field; but the Lord of hosts was with us, and our joy was great. Bro. Waldron's warm-hearted appeals suit this German population admirably. I had a pleasant ride down on the delightful banks of the St. Lawrence. I scarcely imagined that we had such a fine country in this part of the Province. The farms are well tilled and abound with orchards and fruit. The houses present an air of comfort. The roads are good, and the river charming. This magnificent river, which drains our large lakes, commences at Kingston and reaches to the ocean. After it passes down through that picturesque and lonely group called the Thousand Islands, it rolls down in peerless majesty at the rate of about four miles an hour, until it gets below Prescott, where the first rapids begin. Below Matilda the second rapids are seen; but it reserves its greatest fury for the Long Sault, where, from Dickinson's Landing to near Corn-

wall, it dashes, foams, and rages as though old Neptune were resolved to break through the earth in his anger and fury. Little did I think, while gazing upon this wild waste of waters, that I would live to ride, as I have done, down all these rapids, and others equally frightful below them, on a steamboat! The Matilda Circuit includes all the country between Prescott and Cornwall.

RIDEAU CIRCUIT, October 20th and 21st.—This circuit extends a long distance up and down the river from which it derives its name. Bro. A. Hurlburt is here, and ought to have a colleague. The county is rich, and the people are mostly with us. We have a good Church in Wolford, which will hold about six hundred. The Rev. Wm. Brown, who is both a minister and a magistrate, is the ruling spirit here, at whose hospitable residence the ministers find a comfortable home. Methodism has taken a firm hold of the people, and if we had ministerial strength enough, we might greatly extend its usefulness.

ELIZABETHTOWN, November 3rd and 4th.—A good time with choice friends. Last year I assisted Mr. Williams in a four-days' meeting here, which lasted eleven days; but the result was glorious—an increase of eighty souls. Messrs. Madden and Wood will have to work hard and pray much if they expect to succeed as did Bro. Williams.

PRESMOTT, November 10th and 11th.—This is a small town opposite Ogdensburg, where we have a small Church and a small congregation. For a long time this was the foot of steamboat navigation; but now the steamers begin to run down to Dickinson's Landing, at the head of the Long Sault; yet, the most of the goods, sold in this Province, are still towed up this river in Durham boats. A slow and tedious method this; but the canals, soon to be built along this river, will make things much more pleasant.

BROCKVILLE, November 17th and 18th.—Glad to get back again to this people, where I spent two comfortable years. Bro. Ryerson, with his florid eloquence, has improved the congregation. He is by far the most powerful pulpit and platform orator in this country. I never yet met his superior as an off-hand speaker.

I have now visited all the circuits on this large district except two, and find that I have to travel about 1,000 miles every quarter, besides extra work, of which there is no lack. The ministers have received me kindly, and the people joyfully. Our love-feasts and sacramental services have been seasons of much divine life and holy triumph. In some of them my soul has been greatly comforted, and my faith strengthened, while God's children have told of their hopes, joys, and triumphs. The communion of saints is sweet, and especially so around God's table and in his feasts of love.

Tidings of the lamentable death of that distinguished commentator and profoundly learned divine, Dr. Adam Clarke, reached me while absent from home. For more than fifty years he was accustomed to offer Christ to listening multitudes on the Lord's day; and on that holy day, August 26th, while hundreds were assembled in one place to hear him preach, he was in another place, struggling with the cholera. After seventeen and a-half hours he was not, for God took him—took him to that perpetual Sabbath where the people need no interpreter of God's word, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them to living fountains of water where

“Constant floods of knowledge roll,
And pour, and pour upon the soul.”

This is the heaviest blow to Methodism since the death of its great founder, John Wesley himself.

After preaching at Maitland, Ogdensburg, Reid's, and other places, and delivering temperance addresses, I commenced my second tour round the district on the 2nd of December. At Carlton Place I assisted Bro. Brock in reconciling a man and his wife who desired to serve God, but had been separated from each other for years. They mutually confessed, and promised to do better. We joined their hands, pronounced them man and wife, and they left us with joyful countenance to enjoy their second honeymoon. It is said that the difference between a honeycomb and a honeymoon is this : The former has many cells in one, and the other is one great sell. We cautioned the happy pair against anything in their conduct which might produce the latter. Having attended our quarterly meetings in Bytown, Richmond, and Perth, I hastened home to be with my dear family on New Year's day, having spent Christmas day far away in the bush. I always like to spend Christmas with my family, if possible. My Christmas, this time, was not what I could have desired, but the pleasure of wishing my wife and little boy a happy New Year this morning has been better than a stalled ox with strangers. Mrs. Green's health is but indifferent, and none but God knows the anguish I feel when compelled to leave for my long tours. I have to harden my heart against the sympathies of my genial and social nature, and pray for strength to conceal the emotions within my soul when I bid them good-bye. I could bear this heavy cross myself, or any other, to bring souls to God ; but it is on their account, chiefly, that my heart aches. No worldly consideration could induce me to make these sacrifices. I am only allowed £75 per annum and travelling expenses, for my entire support ; a pittance which I could realize in a few months or weeks in worldly pursuits. But I have enough of worldly goods. They cannot make me happy. My business is to save souls,

and I must sacrifice ease, and home, and comfort, to accomplish this.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHTENING UP A LITTLE.—At the Conference of 1831 we sent, through His Excellency, a strong memorial to the King, protesting against a sectarian college, from which nine-tenths of the country are excluded by reason of odious tests ; and also praying that the Clergy Reserves might be devoted to purposes of general education. For this act of presumption we received a bitter rebuke from His Excellency ! But as he was weak enough to listen to interested advisers, instead of admiring our patriotism and impartiality, he has received such an outburst of condemnation from the newspapers of this and other countries as will probably make him wish he had treated us with more consideration. Canadian agents in England have been doing good service ; but what pleases us most is the fact that our House of Assembly, last session, passed strenuous resolutions on the same subject, and then went in a body to Sir John and asked His Excellency to send their memorial to the foot of the throne. They found him much subdued in feelings. He had probably learned that our memorial was doing its work with the Home Government ; for he intimated that, before their request reached the throne, the changes which they asked for would, most likely, have been effected. The Canadian agent had been six months in England giving information concerning our affairs, and the Governor may have learned that his conduct towards us was as unacceptable to British statesmen as it was unpopular with the Canadian public.

But while these events were occurring in York I was enduring one of the most tedious and exhausting rides of my life. During our quarterly meeting in the Augusta Church, on the 5th, a January thaw set in, which not only carried away the snow, but took all the frost out of the

ground. My appointment for the 12th of January was on the old Ottawa Circuit, 150 miles off. On Tuesday night the weather changed to piercing cold, with the mercury below zero. On Wednesday morning I was obliged to leave my cutter and robes at home, and mount my horse for a long journey. I managed to crawl along about twenty-five miles the first day, over hubs and frozen mud, all the more dangerous because partially concealed by a sprinkle of snow. At times my poor horse would stop and look round towards me as if to say, Is there no way of avoiding these miserable conical projections? if not I can go no further. I guided him on to the banks and by the side of fences at times, until we reached a good resting-place at the house of that kind-hearted brother, Michael Brouse, Esq., of Matilda. The next morning the cords of my horse's legs were so sore, and the legs themselves so swollen, that he could scarcely get out of the stable. My friends insisted that I should abandon the journey; but there were two reasons which prevented it. First, it would be compromising myself. I had resolved when I entered the ministry that I would never disappoint a congregation on account of bad roads or stormy weather. Secondly, it was my first appointment in those regions, and I feared that my absence would produce confusion and discontent; hence I could not brook the idea of a failure. "Well," said Mr. Brouse, "if you persist I must put you on to my old Bob. He is a hardy French beast; but your horse can go no further." I mounted "old Bob," in whose limbs there was not the slightest elasticity: his motion was rough, giving me a heavy jolt at every step. I reached Mr. Bailey's, at Moulinette, a little after dark, tired, hungry, sore, and chilled with intense cold. Here I was tenderly cared for, but not greatly comforted on learning from good Sister Bailey that my next day's ride would be fifty miles through

the Glengarry woods to Vankleeck's Hill ; that Mr. Case and others who had preceded me had assured her that there was no place in these woods where one could lodge comfortably for a night without getting more than he had bargained for ; and therefore I would have to start at three o'clock in the morning in order to reach Mr. Johnson's, where I would find a good home. I slept a few hours, when I was called up. This kind family—may the Lord bless and reward them!—had my breakfast ready, my horse fed, and my luncheon prepared, and about 3 o'clock I mounted "old Bob" and put off through the woods in the dark, on a strange road, and facing a cold north wind. It seemed to me the longest fifty miles I had ever travelled. When I reached the foot of Vankleeck's Hill I felt as though I could not sit on my horse to ride up, while at the same time my back was so wrenched by three days' jolting over these rough roads that I dared not dismount for fear I could not get up again. I therefore leaned down upon "Bob's" neck, and he carried me up. About 9 o'clock I reached Mr. W. Johnson's. He was watching for me, and kindly helped me into his house ; for my weary limbs, stiffened with the cold, would scarcely support me. I received an injury in my back during these memorable rides that has never left me, and the effect of which I shall carry to my tomb. I was then thirty miles from my appointment ; but snow was falling, and the next morning Bro. Johnson, leaving my horse to rest, took me in his family sleigh to Lachute, where Bros. Black and Carroll were anxiously waiting for me. Our school-house was filled, and the divine presence made us happy. Indeed, I almost forgot my lame back as I witnessed the joy, evinced both by ministers and people, when I reached the assembly where they were anxiously waiting to receive me. This is a large circuit of twenty appointments, divided in the centre by the Ottawa River. But the people are

blessed with two faithful and pious men, who are working with success. My return home was as amusing as my journey down had been disagreeable. Mr. Case, of Hawkesbury, had an old *traineau*, which he fitted up with rough boards for box and a bundle of pea straw for my seat. He then dressed Bob in a superannuated French harness, and tied a rope to his bridle for reins. In this primitive style I rode home comfortably. When I passed through the town of Prescott the boys were out of school, and, seeing me coming up in this rig, they shouted lustily, "See the old Frenchman," and then the snowballs began to fly about my ears in fearful profusion. I drew down my cap low so they should not know me, for that would have spoiled their fun at once. I could not but laugh heartily at the sport.

MATILDA, January 19th and 20th.—The old sanctuary on the point has given place to a spacious stone church, erected on the main road. I never had such a reception in any place as these Dutchmen gave me on Saturday. The members of the Church are mostly of German and Dutch origin, and very lively and demonstrative. My text was, "Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your hearts, all ye that hope in the Lord." While dwelling upon the Christian's hope, the Lord did strengthen our hearts very greatly; sobs, and cries, and tears in every part of the house were followed by hearty Amens, and then by a general shout which completely drowned my voice; and I had to desist until the gale was over. I like earnestness, but a little less noise would have pleased me better. Brother Waldron preaches for them in six townships and has sixteen classes under his care.

After attending the quarterly meetings of the Rideau, Elizabethtown, Prescott, Brockville, and Mississippi Circuits, I went, on the 28th of February, to the Bonchire Mission. This mission lies mostly in Lower Canada, about

forty or fifty miles above Bytown. From Carlton Place my journey was mostly through woods, with here and there a clearing to refresh the eye of the weary traveller. I crossed the Chats Lake, which is four or five miles wide, and found Brother Huntington at the house of Mr. McDowell, in Clarendon, where I also found a home. Our meeting was in the school-house, for we have no church here. The visits of Presiding Elders have been few and far between, but highly valued. I cannot but sympathize with a young minister buried up in such a dense forest, but it is the glory of the Church now, as it was in the Saviour's time, that "the poor have the gospel preached to them." Our ministers do not wait for good roads, fruitful fields, and downy couches before they can go to these settlements; but are willing to share the most humble fare with the new settler. If any persons need the gospel, those who go into the woods to cut down the trees, and live in log shanties, need it; and they deserve it too, and know how to prize it. I admire the zeal and courage of those ministers who go into the forests and endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Faithful men of God—of whom the world is not worthy; they are doing a great work for future generations, as well as for the present, and God is with them.

On the 21st of June we held a profitable camp-meeting on the Mississippi Circuit; and on the 26th held our Local Preachers' Conference in Kitley. A large number were present, and we examined candidates, and licensed several to preach; of whom J. G. Manly was one. Having no church there we took the field on the Lord's day. I received a special request to preach a doctrinal sermon before the Conference; and the Rev. W. Chamberlain, with whom I lodged, demanded that I should preach at least two hours, especially as they wished me to touch upon cardinal points

of our doctrine. For this effort I received the cordial thanks of the preachers.

Our camp-meeting commenced in Matilda on the 4th of July, and proved a stirring and soul-saving time. I commenced by preaching on this earnest prayer, "Lord, revive thy work;" in which the brethren all seemed to join. We worked for a revival, and the saved of the Lord were many. Our Sunday services were solemn and impressive. A large number were brought to God, and added to the Church. Brother Healy and Brother Warner did us good service. We have closed up our year's work on this heavy district without much trouble, and I feel devoutly thankful to my Divine Master for uninterrupted health and personal enjoyment; and to my brethren for having borne with my shortcomings and youthful inadvertencies. I entered upon the duties of the year with many misgivings, have passed through them with much anxiety, and now close them up with gratitude and praise. The Conference meets late this year, to give our representative time to return from England; and I embrace the opportunity thus afforded to visit our friends in the West. I preached in Middleburgh Ohio, in Painsville, and in Buffalo. I also had the happiness to see my mother's sister, Elizabeth Johnson, in Clarence, whom I had never seen before. My cousin, Johnson, is a member of the State Legislature, which meets in Albany. On my way home I had the pleasure of meeting, at Hamilton, with the venerable George Marsden, who came from England to preside at our approaching Conference; and with the Rev. Joseph Stinson, who was to take charge of our Missions. As there were three sermons to be preached, I was pressed to take one of them. As Mr. Marsden got out of the carriage at the church door, he amused the youngsters greatly by his antique dress: he wore a round-breasted coat, short breeches, and black silk stockings, with silver-knee and

shoe buckles. He is rather under-size, venerable in appearance, plain, but evangelical in preaching, and deeply pious. He is an ex-President of the British Conference; and having come down to us from Wesley, his experience must be great. I have quite fallen in love with this holy, apostolic man. He will do us good. He is more like Solon than Demosthenes; like Lord Chesterfield than Sir Isaac Newton; but he is more like Mr. Case than either. He has the plainness of Bishop Hedding in style, but does not equal him either in depth of thought or grasp of intellect. For pulpit power and oratory, he has several superiors in our Conference; but there is a vein of goodness, disinterested benevolence, and holy zeal visible in all his acts which makes him a welcome and useful guest amongst us. The house in which we are to assemble on Newgate Street (now Adelaide) is, I should think, the best church in York; certainly the best Wesleyan church in the entire Province. It is built of brick, was commenced last year, and dedicated on the 16th of April of this year. The little wooden chapel on George Street, erected by the Missionary party, will now be closed, and all will meet in this beautiful and capacious church.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1833 began business on the 2nd October, with the venerable Mr. Case in the chair. Mr. Ryerson made his report; and the English amendments to our plan, agreed upon in Hallowell, were duly considered, and finally passed. There was but one dissentient, viz., the Rev. Thos. Whitehead. When the nays were called for, this old veteran stood up, as straight as an Indian, and smoothing himself down in front with both hands, said, "I am an up and down man." He discharged what he looked upon as his duty; and then entered cordially into the measure, and endeavoured to make it work smoothly and prosperously. At this stage of the proceedings Mr. Case, who

had been our President for five years, arose and, with much grace, resigned the chair to Mr. Marsden, the appointee of the English Conference. My hopes were then brightened into a strong consolation, believing that we had succeeded in arresting schism, and preventing a most unseemly and destructive conflict between the oldest and youngest regular bodies of the Methodist Church. We had made no sacrifice of principle, for both parties were legitimate, and both were labouring for the same object,—the salvation of souls. In changing our name we changed no principle, but agreed that our President shall exercise the same powers as our Bishops did. We used to call our President, Bishop ; we shall now call our Bishop, President ; but he will exercise all the functions of a scriptural bishop in presiding, ordaining, stationing, and supervising. Personally, I have no objection to the term bishop, but think it preferable to that of President for our chief minister. The former is a scriptural, and purely an ecclesiastical, title ; but president may be applied to the chairman of a political meeting, a bank, a temperance society, or to the ruler of a nation. Still, as our brethren in England do not use the term bishop to designate their chief officer, lest it might, in the minds of some, be associated with prelacy, and all the pride and pomp and worldliness which have sometimes been exhibited in connection with that title, we can have no serious objection to accept their usage in this matter. We have the thing if not the name ; the substance, and need not contend for the shadow.

A Book-room, on a small scale, was to be commenced, in charge of the editor. This was, financially, an unwise move. The American General Conference had agreed, in 1832, to divide to us our share of the Book-room capital, which share amounted to about \$27,000. But they sent that agreement round to the Annual Conferences for their concurrence.

Every Conference, before which it was laid by the Bishops, voted yea, until the *Advocate* called their attention to our proposed union with the British Conference; after that significant hint, they all voted nay. Hence we should have continued our relation to their Book-room, and received our annual dividend, amounting to about \$1,000, until we could have met their General Conference again and obtained even-handed justice in this matter. But more of this by-and-bye. Our next year will be a short one of only eight months: for, as it was deemed advisable to antedate the session of the English Conference, we have arranged for ours to meet in June; hence our quarterly meetings must necessarily commence at the earliest possible date.

As this union must form an epoch in our Church history, it may be interesting to look at statistics for a little. We had in our Canadian work—not including those under the care of English Missionaries—78 ministers and preachers on circuits, 16,039 members, 913 of whom were Indians, 5 districts, and 50 circuits and missions. In the census of 1832, the total inhabitants of the Province, not including Indians, amounted to 266,600. If we allow four members of our families and congregations to every member of the Church, not including Indians, it shows that more than one-fourth of the Province were connected with us. Our ministers throughout the world are 4,000; and our members upwards of 1,000,000.

The past year will be memorable in the history of our Church for the removal, to the land of rest, of three of the strongest men of the present age, viz., Dr. Adam Clarke, Richard Watson, and Samuel Drew, M.A. The former is well-known by his critical and extensive commentary on the Scriptures, and his voluminous works, embracing twelve volumes, duodecimo; Mr. Watson, by his invaluable Theological Institutes, Exposition, Sermons, Biblical Dictionary,

and biographical writings; and Mr. Drew, by his works on the Resurrection, on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul on the Being, Attributes, and Providence of God, and his editorship of the *Imperial Magazine*; in which he was engaged when he died. These were all princes in Israel; and that Church must be a strong one which could lose three such men, in one year, without being shaken. Dr. C. was 70 years old; Mr. W. 51, and Mr. D. 68, when the Lord said to them,—It is enough; come up higher.

I have just been reading Bishop McIlvaine's account of Thomas Payne and Voltaire. How different their lives and their deaths from the three divines just referred to! Payne, says the Bishop, was thrice married; but his wives died by his cruelty. Being dismissed from the excise in England for fraud, and degraded in France, he went to America, where he was dismissed from another office in disgrace. He and his old wench were sometimes seen lying drunk on the floor together! He ended a miserable life in 1809. Voltaire had none but his servant with him at his death. When his old infidel *confreres* refused to let a priest see him, she heard him trying to read prayers to that God whom he had blasphemed. He fell from his bed convulsed with agony, and lay on the floor, crying, "Will not this God whom I have denied save me too? Cannot I find mercy extended to me?" Oh! If this is the end of infidelity, who would not be a Christian?

JANUARY 12TH, DEDICATED OUR CHURCH IN KEMPTVILLE.—The people thought it a new thing here, and seemed pleased with the attention their new sanctuary had received. In February, Mrs. Green's health was so impaired that we arranged for her to spend some time at the Massena Springs, where she received much benefit. I preached for the people there, and delivered a temperance lecture; then hastened back to my work in the district, thankful for healing waters.

I laid the Conference resolutions concerning local preachers before our quarterly meeting, and all the circuits approved of them. But there appears to be some dissatisfaction in the west. I see, by the *Hamilton Free Press*, that on the 12th of March fourteen local preachers met in Trafalgar, and gravely resolved to take the pastorate of the church out of our hands and manage affairs themselves ! They have called a Conference at Cummer's chapel, for the 25th June next, to elect a Bishop ! And why ? Why, forsooth ! because we have had the audacity to unite with our fathers and brethren in England, whose wise counsels and valuable assistance we need in carrying on our great missionary work amongst the Indians and destitute new settlers of Canada. I am glad that not one of the brethren from my district was with them. They must be aware that the canons of the Church, which they profess to love, gives local preachers no authority to hold a Conference or make laws ; how much less, then, to elect and ordain a Bishop ? So far as I have been able to ascertain the cause of this strange movement, it is three-fold : First, a desire to govern and exercise power. Secondly, a fear that our English brethren are opposed to their liberal views politically ; and that we may be influenced by them to abandon those principles of civil and religious liberty which we have always held, and for which we are still contending. These jealousies were strengthened by our editor's impressions of parties in England, and fanned into a flame by two or three political papers in Canada. Thirdly, a fear that local preachers may not be eligible for ordination as heretofore. On the last-mentioned subject, they had good grounds for fear. Our brethren in England do not ordain local preachers. They strongly object to allow men to pledge themselves, in the most solemn manner, "to lay aside the study of the world and of the flesh,"—as they must do if they take our

ordination vows upon them,—when, at the same time, they have no intention to do so ; but fully expect to live and die secular men ! As an individual, under the circumstances, I was ready, considering our former practice, to go a step further, and say that all who were licentiates at the time of the union would be eligible for ordination. Indeed, I would have gone all reasonable lengths to prevent schism in the body. Nothing, in our own bodies, is more enervating than to have even the weakest member displaced. If the smallest bone in the foot be out of joint, we go limping about until it is replaced. And so in the Church ; if the weakest member suffers, all the members suffer. If some fail to know their own place and keep it, others may be thrown into confusion and led astray also.

A CITY IN UPPER CANADA AT LAST.—‘Among the Bills passed by the Parliament, which was prorogued on the sixth of March, was one to incorporate York as a city, under the name of Toronto. York was founded by Governor Simcoe in 1794, and made the capital of Upper Canada in 1897. In 1813 it was burned down by an American army. In 1817 it contained but 1,200 inhabitants, and in 1826, only 1,677, though it had been our capital for nineteen years. I first saw it in 1825, when it was a small village, but it is now growing finely. It lies in 43° 39’ 25” of north latitude and 79° 2½’ east from Greenwich. Another Bill was passed in Parliament to enable the Church to use the property which the late Dr. Stoyels left us for missions and other Church purposes, but this most righteous Bill was reserved for the King’s pleasure ! The Dr. was one of the three converts brought in at the dedication of our first church here in 1818 ; and, having no children, he left his property to us for Church purposes. Another Bill, to apply the proceeds of the Clergy Reserves to educational purposes, passed the Lower House, but went no farther.

May the 4th.—This day I had the pleasure of dedicating our church in Perth. Text: Psalms 27: 4. From this place I rode to Bytown, and preached all the week for my good brother, Carroll. A blessed work commenced in Hull, and we followed it up, evening after evening, until many were brought to God. Samuel Grimes, a very bashful and taciturn young man, who took care of our horses with delight, but could never be induced to talk with us on religious subjects, left a boon companion, near the door of the church, and came forward for prayer. Before the services closed he was a changed man. He then surprised us all by standing up and declaring what God had done for him; then, looking wistfully down towards his friend, he called him by name, saying, "Come here —; come and kneel just where I found the blessing, and you will be saved too!" I never witnessed such a wonderful change in a man in so short a time. Truly, thought I, "the righteous are as bold as a lion." The good Lord is working in many parts of our district with his great power. Last month, on returning from our Brockville quarterly meeting, I found a messenger waiting for me from Mr. Buck, of Merrickville, informing me that a good work of God was going forward in that village, and urging me to come to their help. I mounted my horse and, as the main road was almost impassable, I took a bye-way through the woods, but having twenty miles to ride, over very bad roads, I did not reach the village until long after dark. The last four miles were tedious almost beyond endurance: the frost all out of the ground, the mud knee-deep, the night dark, and the road strange and dangerous. I was nearly two hours, this cold evening, in going four miles; but when I reached Mr. Buck's, the warm hearts, pleasant faces, cordial greetings and hearty welcome, by ministers and people, rewarded me for my toil. Messrs. Shaler and Warner went to the school-

house and occupied the time until I got a cup of tea, when I went and preached to them "Jesus and the resurrection." I preached every night until obliged to start for my next circuit. A goodly number were hopefully brought to God.

On the 4th of June our district meeting commenced in Brockville. This meeting of ministers and travelling preachers was a new thing in our country ; but it proved beneficial, especially as we had the recording stewards with us on the second day, and could talk over our financial affairs together with mutual confidence and mutual benefit. We recommended three candidates for our ministry, viz., George F. Playter, J. G. Manly, and S. Brownell. We have had a respectable increase in our district of 334 members.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1834 commenced in Kingston, on June the 11th. I preached on Tuesday evening to a full house. The Rev. R. Alder was present ; and he took the chair the next morning, as Mr. Grindrod, the President, had not arrived. Strictly speaking, Mr. Alder had no right to the chair ; and, not being a member of our Conference, we had no right to appoint him ; but the President had requested him to act until his arrival, and, out of courtesy to both, we allowed him to take the chair, confirming all he did after Mr. G. arrived on Saturday. On Sunday the President preached a dry sermon, which produced no effect except that of disappointment. We had a searching inquiry into the cause of our decrease of numbers, which, notwithstanding the increase on our district, amounted to 1,109. Various causes were assigned ; but, after all, it was pretty evident that the political storm created by political papers had much to do with the defection. We passed strong resolutions against the *Guardian* meddling with political party strife, reserving the right to deal with what has been called "religious politics." We wish our members of both sides

in politics to feel perfectly free to exercise their franchise as they chose, and therefore deem it wrong for the Conference organ to meddle with party strife. But we will do our utmost to prevent a Church establishment, or allow any Church to domineer over us in this free country.

It has recently been my painful duty to bury one of our aged ministers, the Rev. Thos. Madden. I closed his eyes in death on the 22nd of May, and preached his funeral sermon in his own house, on the Sabbath following, from 2 Tim. 4: 7, 8. By the request of his wife and children I wrote the following memorial verse for his tombstone:

Thirty-seven years in wisdom's path he trod,
And thirty-one he preached the Word of God.
His lips will feed the pilgrim Church no more,
But claim his children on the other shore.

We buried him in Augusta, near the St. Lawrence, where the bodies of Paul and Barbary Heck, and Mrs. Philip Embury and her last husband, Mr. Lawrence, are quietly sleeping until the resurrection morn. Thus, one by one, are our fathers falling; but, blessed be God, they fall in a good cause, leaving a bright path behind them. I have succeeded in getting a good boarding-place for Mrs. Green and son in the house of the Rev. Samuel Heck, on the banks of the flowing St. Lawrence. We were very comfortable last year with the kind family of Mr. Jas. Holden, near the Augusta Church. There are two of the Hecks living near together here—Jacob and Samuel,—both sons of the sainted Barbara Heck who prompted Embury to preach his first sermon in New York.

We held a successful camp-meeting in Matilda in July. Bro. Carroll is in his glory among these warm-hearted people. We have succeeded in forming a large number of temperance societies in this district. All our ministers

enter into this good work heartily. It is high time that something was done to suppress the power of alcohol, whose history proves that it is increasing greatly in the world. Alcohol was accidentally discovered by a learned Arabian while searching for a universal solvent with which he could transmute metals. It remained with chemistry until the thirteenth century, when in Italy and Spain druggists began to sell spirits of wine, tinctured with herbs, as a medicine. At a later date the Genoese extracted a spirituous liquor from grain, which they sold in vials, at a great price, as *aqua vite*—water of life. But up to the end of the sixteenth century, it was used only as a medicine, and as such, sold by the apothecaries only. Subsequently, it was used by the miners in Hungary to prevent colds in damp mines. After this the Irish began to use it more freely. Henry the VIII. forbade more than one still in any one town or city; for the demon then began to exhibit its power to do mischief and spread desolation and death among its votaries. In Mary's time the distillation of grain was forbidden in England. But the Hollanders drank it as a cordial, and soon its use became general. On some signboards in England was printed, "Drunk for twopence, with straw to lie on until sober!" It would be comparatively harmless if confined to the apothecary's shop and used only as a medicine. Temperance men should aim at this and nothing short of it.

August the 5th.—Attended our quarterly meeting at Elizabethtown, and preached upon Christ our life, but was somewhat cast down by the unfavourable tidings from Toronto, where I had left Mrs. Green with her sister Patrick, under the care of Drs. Rolph and Morrison, in whose skill she had great confidence. I lodged that night with the kind family of Richard Coleman, Esq. The next morning I arose early, feeling quite unwell. After break-

fast I hastened to Brockville to receive letters by the steam-boat, but was much surprised to find that the boat had passed before I reached the wharf, and carried my letters on, twelve miles, to Prescott. After attending to some necessary business I started for Prescott, but had not driven more than two miles before I was seized with

THE ASIATIC CHOLERA.

Fortunately our dear friend, Colonel Arnold, lived a little further on, and I managed to get there, where I was received with every consideration. I scarcely dared to intimate my fears, lest the family might be frightened and leave me to my fate, helpless and alone. But no! They sent off four miles for two doctors; got me to bed, and then Mrs. Arnold and her three daughters present, Miss Margaret, Miss Charlotte, and Miss Sophia, like true Christian sisters and brave heroines, came around my bed to afford any relief in their power. The cramps seized my legs, fingers, and arms, and when they reached my heart it seemed as though life was being wrung out of me without ceremony. My fingers were stiff as sticks, and I had no use of my limbs at all. But these dear women, instead of running away from danger, brought warm water and rubbed my stiffened limbs with hot cloths, while Miss Margaret plied me with hot drops, composed of high wines, cayenne pepper, and gum myrrh. Under God, these angelic women saved my life. They vied with each other in acts of mercy, only anxious to do me good. When the cold, clammy death-sweat stood in drops upon my forehead, and my eyes began to sink in their sockets with a ghastly glare, they looked frequently for the doctor, but in vain. Miss Margaret then said something desperate must be done, and bringing a wineglassfull of hot drops, slightly diluted, she said to her mother, "Kill or cure, we must give him this," and she poured it into my mouth. It seemed to strangle

me, while in its heating influence it went to every part of my system ; and, thanks to her courage and skill, and to the blessings of heaven, it broke my cramps in an instant, and I was free. As soon as I could speak, I said, " There, you have done it ! " Poor Margaret ran into another room, and threw herself upon her bed, crying, " I have killed him ! I have killed him ! " But when she was told that she had misinterpreted my meaning, she came back, wiped her eyes, and thanked the good Lord for the relief he had afforded me. I can never forget this dear Christian family. I am indebted to their courage, their skill, and their fidelity for my life. When the doctor came, I was comparatively easy, and he gave them much praise for their wisdom and despatch, assuring us all that, if he had been there, he could have done nothing better for me than they had done. I have often thought it providential that he did not arrive until dear Margaret had given me that salutary dose.

The next morning the Rev. Wm. Patrick, of Prescott, came up with the letters, but so feeble was I that he dare not read them to me ; nor did I demand it, for, seeing his evasion, I knew the tidings, if any, were discouraging. The next day I told him that I was aware he had letters and wished him to read them to me, assuring him that I was quite prepared for the worst. The letters informed me that the doctors said, " If no change for the better occurred within twenty-four hours they would have little hopes of my dear wife's recovery." I learned afterwards that she had a remarkable vision while Dr. Rolph was preparing the dose she was to take ; and a passage of Scripture came with so much force to her mind, that she seemed to know she would recover. The words were these : " I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord." (Ps. 118: 17.) When the doctor approached her she looked up with a smile and said, " Doctor, that dose will save me, and I shall see

my dear husband again." The doctor's eyes filled with tears, and, lifting up her head, he said, "Well, my child, according to thy faith be it done unto thee." From that moment she began to recover. After two weeks I was able to ride out; and, thank God, we did meet again. But these were dark and trying hours to us both. Lying at the point of death, two hundred and fifty miles apart, and mails only three times a week, was enough to try our faith and test our patience. But God raised us up friends who were anxious to do anything in their power for our relief. Mrs. Hopkins rode all night, bringing our little boy—then four years old—to see his mother die; but before she reached Toronto the fearful crisis had passed, and my wife was mercifully spared. Severe as was the ordeal through which I passed, this visitation did me good. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." I had always entertained gloomy thoughts of death, and doubts concerning my final triumph over the grim monster. Not that I doubted my acceptance with God. I was clear in my experience of sins forgiven; but I feared that when I went down into the chilly floods of Jordan my faith might fail, and that I might be left to sink in those cold billows at last, without hope and without comfort. May the Lord pardon these fears. They were ungrateful, if not sinful. When I sank down to the very verge of death, heavily pressed with a malady the most dangerous and revolting, I was serene and happy. Not a doubt to trouble me; not a cloud to obscure the spiritual horizon. But I found that He who gives grace to live by will surely give grace to die by. Dying grace for a dying hour. The Captain of our Salvation hath abolished death, destroyed him that had the power of death, and therefore does He "deliver

those who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." I had looked to "the things which are seen," and hence my doubts. I can now look to "the things which are not seen," and my doubts are gone and my hopes of the future are bright and cheering.

August the 18th.—I was so far recovered as to be able to assist my brethren of Matilda in their missionary meeting.

September the 4th.—Went for my dear wife and child. We had both been on the borders of the spirit-land ; but now we meet in the flesh. God must have something for us to do in his Church militant, or he would not have brought us up again from the valley and shadow of death. Oh, may we live to some purpose !

On the 14th of December, at our quarterly meeting on the Mississippi Circuit, our brethren in Mansell's neighbourhood presented their new church for dedication. I took Jacob's words at Bethel, and we could all say, "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." My young friend, Mr. McFadden, was on the mountain-top. It was a proud day for him in his new sanctuary.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1835.—We have closed up another year upon our knees in solemn vigil, and our doings are recorded in the book of God's remembrance. Would that we had done more good to our fellow-creatures ; but regrets for the past are unavailing. We must quicken our steps for the future.

OUR POLITICAL HORIZON IS STILL CLOUDY.—THE GREAT STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS EQUALITY waxes warmer and warmer, while the feeling on both sides is intensified. In their memorial to the King the Episcopal clergy have cast off the Presbyterians, and demanded all the Reserves for themselves. I do not regret this ; for if we must have religious domination, one Church is better than two, and it may induce the Presbyterians to help us in the struggle.

Give to all or give to none is our doctrine. The Home Government seem to wish the Reserves divided amongst the different Churches ; and it is said, they have more than intimated to our clerical friends in the Government that their absence, both from the Executive and Legislative Councils, "is a consummation devoutly to be wished." As to dividing the Reserves among Protestant Churches, it might do, if we could agree upon the principle. If divided according to communicants or congregations, we would have the lion's share, and this would create ill-will ; for the Episcopal clergy say in their memorial that "a permanent provision for their support is valued more than life !" We ask to have them devoted to education ; and if divided, we will devote our share to that object. The cry of vested rights is all a delusion. It is true the parties who make that cry have done their best to deprive us of all religious rights and to grasp everything for themselves. But nothing appears clearer than that these Reserves were neither originally designed for, nor exclusively given to, the Church of England. The Act by which this reservation was made says it was "for the encouragement of the Protestant religion, and for the maintainence and support of a Protestant clergy within the said Province." Hence all Protestant clergymen and all Protestant people have a vested right in these Reserves. Mr. Fox stated distinctly, when the Canadian Act of 1791 was before Parliament, that by a Protestant clergy he understood was embraced "not only the clergy of the Church of England, but all descriptions of Protestants." And Lord Sandon, in his evidence before the Committee of the House in 1828, said distinctly, that "by a Protestant clergy in the Act, he understood Lord Grenville, the framer of the Act, to include all clergymen not Roman Catholics." The more I think upon this question, which is keeping our country in turmoil and strife,

the more I am convinced that our friends of the Episcopal Church are wrong in their exclusive claims and imperious demands. It is now patent to the world that we have more communicants, more congregations, and preach more sermons than they. And with trifling exceptions we have been first in every part of the Province; have carried the comforts and instructions of our religion into our Canadian forests when no other clergymen were found willing to make the sacrifice; and on what principle of justice or equity, of religion or of right, we are now to be turned off and others permitted to take our places and tyrannize over us at the public expense, is more than I can imagine. If the clergy, in their petition, speak the truth, when they tell His Majesty that "a permanent provision for their support is valued more than life;" and necessary "as a tie to bind them to the Empire," their patriotism must be greatly inferior to ours. Only give us religious liberty, an open field, and fair play; and, as clergymen, we ask no Government support, no mercenary tie to bind us to our country or to prompt us to duty.

Our opponents charge us with inconsistency as Wesleyans, saying that Wesley was a supporter of an Established Church. It is true that he did nothing to disestablish a Church which he found established. Nor have we; for we have no establishment here. Mr. Wesley did right, and so do we. He never dreamt that the Church of England was established by Divine right, even in England. Mr. Watson, in his "Life of Wesley," quotes his opinion of a National Church, from his own minutes, as follows:—

Question.—"What instance or ground is there in the New Testament for a National Church?"

Answer.—"We know none at all. We apprehend it to be a merely political institution." How forcible are right words!

The past year has been an eventful year to the slaves of the West Indies. On the first of August the law emancipating slaves in those islands came into force. Thanks to Wilberforce, Clarkson, and others, we can now say that wherever Great Britain bears rule, man is free! Should those newborn freemen use their liberty discreetly, American slavery must soon be abolished also. Bro. Jonathan would do well to take a leaf from John Bull's book.

FOUR DAYS' MEETINGS are becoming very frequent amongst us. Like Methodism itself, these meetings, in their origin, appear to have been providential. In the latter end of September, 1827, a good brother in Vermont wrote to his Presiding Elder, the Rev. J. Lord, that if he had no objection he would wish their quarterly meeting to commence on Thursday, instead of Saturday, as usual. Consent was given, and a blessed work commenced, in which many were brought to God. Others followed this good example, and now protracted meetings, in connection with our quarterly meetings, have become quite common. This, of course, gives the Presiding Elder enough to do, but I have found much comfort in thus working for Zion's prosperity.*

THE CONFERENCE OF 1835 commenced on the 10th of June in the Hamilton Church. The Rev. Wm. Lord in the chair. We have a small increase in numbers, which was scarcely expected, considering the fierce war going on against us both by politicians and seceders.

The President arrived last autumn, and has been useful in our Missionary meetings. He is about five feet nine inches in height, with size in proportion; light complexion, blue eyes, and a very bald head. His sermons and speeches are plain, but instructive. He has little imagination, but

* But we must be careful that our efforts for a constant revival, by ordinary means, are not weakened by depending too much on special efforts.

is a good business man. This Conference resolved that circuit stewards should be elected annually in November ; and that our catechism should be used in our Sabbath-schools. The number of our Church members throughout the world in 1834 was 1,019,747, and ministers, 4,026. But what are they among so many ? It is said there are now 125,000,000 Roman Catholics in the world ; 40,000,000 of the Greek Church ; 65,000,000 Protestants ; 140,000,000 Mahomedans, and pagans without number. What a dark picture ! But pure religion is gaining ground.* The aggressive movements of the Church will soon change these figures. Our assessors tell us that of the 17,898 houses in this Province, 4,050 are log-cabins. In many of these we preach, but it is difficult to respond to all the calls and meet all the demands made upon us.

We have taken up our abode with the family of Colonel Arnold, the dear family where I was so kindly treated last year during my attack of the cholera. Mrs. Green will be much at home with these young ladies, who will be good company for her when I am absent.

On the 12th of July I attended a camp-meeting at Briar Hill, in the State of New York, a little south of Brockville, where I was pressed into the service at 11 o'clock on Sunday. My mind was strangely exercised concerning my subject. On such occasions I generally select some theme of practical godliness, endeavouring, if possible, to avoid controversy or dry reasonings ; but on this occasion I was pressed to preach on the evidences of Divine Revelation. At the close, Elder Comfort led the listening penitents into a prayer-meeting before the stand. I felt sorry that I had devoted so much time to the argumentative part of the subject, and greatly feared I had taken the wrong course. But

* At the last report Protestants had increased to about 1,000,000.

seventeen years afterwards the strange impressions which had led me to adopt this course were fully explained to my entire satisfaction. In 1852 I was sent as Conference representative to the American General Conference in Boston. Having been introduced to the Conference by Dr. Bangs, I made a few remarks, promising a more lengthened statement at a future stage of their business, and then retired. I was followed to the vestibule by a fine, portly-looking member, who caught hold of my hands with much warmth, saying, "Dr. Green, I am so delighted to see you; I know you, though you do not know me." No, said I, I am not aware that I ever had the pleasure of meeting you before. "Do you remember preaching at the Brier Hill camp-meeting," he asked; "and if so, what was your text?" My text was from Deuteronomy 29: 29, "Secret things belong unto the Lord our God, and those which are revealed to us and to our children forever." "That is it," said he. "I went to that meeting a *confirmed infidel*; but your argument in favour of divine revelation convinced me of my error. I listened, then wept, then trembled, then prayed; and finally, went upon my knees and asked the prayers of God's people. I obtained pardon; joined the Church; entered the ministry, and now I am Presiding Elder of a district, and a member of this General Conference." We should never be afraid to follow up divine impressions when clearly made upon our minds. God sent me to that meeting to preach that sermon, and this infidel to hear it. It was a pebble dropped into the ocean of truth, and though small, it gave an impulse which created a circle of small waves, that have been multiplying and enlarging ever since; and it will only be known in eternity how many ripples of mercy, joy, and gladness have been set in motion by that little pebble. I felt at the time that I had not taken the

most popular course, but now I am happy to learn that I did not labour in vain.

July 18th and 19th.—Commenced my last year's work on this district at the Woolford Church, Rideau Circuit. My usual home at Father Brown's was ready for me. This old veteran has enough of this world's goods to make him and his friends comfortable; and grace enough to make him happy. We had a good camp-meeting in Augusta. On this circuit we have now three preachers. We have also created a new circuit with fragments from the Elizabethtown and Rideau Circuits, called Crosby. Brother Harmon has charge of it; he has but one leg; still he has two hands and a warm heart to work for God. He is the right man in the right place. He was a soldier at Lundy's Lane, where he fought bravely for his country; here he fights with equal courage and bravery for King Jesus. When he was disbanded from that warfare his officer gave him a certificate, to entitle him to government land, accompanied with this note: "He prayed like a saint and fought like a devil." I trust that when he shall have been discharged from this warfare it will be said that he both *prayed and fought like a saint*.

When returning from my work in the north, an event occurred by which I learned that our fears are not always well-founded. A suspicious-looking man crossed the Rideau ferry in the same scow with me. He fixed his eyes upon me with mute attention, surveying my horse, valise, and person most thoroughly. We both mounted our horses at about the same time, but he took the road behind me. In passing through the woods, I felt a little uneasy, and would quite as soon have passed through the woods alone as in such company. I calculated the probabilities of escape if he should prove a highwayman and make an attack. After riding about two miles with this fellow fol-

lowing me, I thought it best to speak to him. The roads are rather unpleasant, said I. "Yes, sir, they are indeed; quite filthy intirely, and it's myself that knows it sure. I hope you have not to go far this soft day." Not very far, said I. "I beg your pardon," said he, "but aren't ye a priest?" They call me a priest sometimes, said I. "Oh! indeed! well then I must beg your riverence's pardon. Had I known that ye were a priest, I would have humbled ye a little more; and so I would, your riverence. Can you forgive me?" Certainly, said I; we are all fellow-travellers to the unknown world, and well for us if we so conduct ourselves as to finish our course in peace. I felt much relieved when I found out the cause of his riding a few paces behind me. But when I turned into Mr. Landen's, he shot by me in haste and rode on furiously to make up for lost time. I could not but reflect upon the great opportunity which Roman priests have to lead their poor benighted followers in the right way, if they only had hearts to do so.

On the 18th of September I preached a funeral sermon for Jehoida Boyce, who joined the Church in 1791, under Losee. His house was a home for the ministers, and he brought up his family in the fear of God.

I was summoned to Toronto, by the President, for the double purpose of attending the anniversary of our Conference Missionary Society and the Board Meeting of Upper Canada Academy; to prepare for the opening of that Institution, and to provide funds to pay off the debt incurred by its erection. We resolved to send Rev. E. Ryerson to England to procure assistance, while at the same time we petition the Parliament to make us a grant of £4,100; this being the amount of our indebtedness. To this amount, at least, we think we are justly entitled. 740,275 acres of land were set apart for higher education; but a venerable divine has laid the hand of spoliation upon 225,944 acres of these lands for

King's College ; and 66,000 acres have been given to the Upper Canada College ; and why should not Upper Canada Academy have some assistance from the same quarter ? King's College has already expended three times the amount which we ask ; and the foundation-stone is not yet laid ! I may as well remark in this connection, that our memorial was kindly received by the Lower House, and the amount asked for, voted with great unanimity by the people's representatives, but, as we expected, the Upper House ignored it. We then applied to the King, who had not yet surrendered, to Canadian control, the Casual and Territorial Revenue, and His Majesty ordered the Lieutenant-Governor to pay us the amount thus voted by the people. The leaders in the two councils deserved to be snubbed in this way, to convince them that others have rights in the country as well as themselves.

I had the pleasure of spending the Sabbath with, and preaching for, my venerable friend Mr. Case in his own parish at the Credit. These Indian children look upon him with much respect, and pray for him "as the man who is next to God." Mr. Case is much grieved at the erratic course pursued by certain local preachers in their efforts to divide the Church. I reminded him of a text of Scripture which he once quoted to me when I was weeping over the desolations made by Mr. R.; and I took the liberty to suggest that he might be soothed and benefited by observing its instruction. The Scripture reads thus,—“Fret not thyself because of evil doers.” He was amused by the retort, and said, “Yes, that is right. What we cannot cure we must endure.” Our anniversary in the city, on Monday evening, was a great success. We had Mr. Lunn, from Montreal, in the chair, surrounded by Messrs. Case, Lord, W. Ryerson, Jones, Sunday, and Green, as the speakers of the evening. Mr. Case told us that the first effort to raise

missionary money in the Province was made at Lundy's Lane, where several parties gave one dollar each.

Peter Jones said the Indians believed the thunder was a god—a great eagle on some high mountain—and when he thundered and spat out lightning, he was trying to shoot some great serpent in the bowels of the earth; and they sought to appease him by putting tobacco in the fire. John Sunday told us how he learned to read: "Hearing a child in school reading A, B, C," said he, "I went in and learned to read A, B, C, too. When I went to New York, a good brother gave me a Testament, but I could not read a word of it. I thought if I could only read one verse of God's book, I would be so glad. On my way home, while our boat was getting through some locks, I went into the woods, knelt by a tree, and prayed that I might read one verse. I then opened my Testament on this verse, and was so happy that I could read it:—'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' Then I think, yes, Lord, I go and preach to my poor Indian brothers." Mr. Lord said that "two-thirds of all Protestant ministers in heathen lands were Wesleyans." It was a grand meeting. The collection amounted to £27.

On the 4th of October, I DEDICATED A NEW CHURCH in Coxe's neighbourhood, a little below Merrickville, on the Rideau Circuit.

January 1st, 1836.—THE NEW YEAR HAS COME, and at its birth a year of toil, anxiety, and care has passed away. We have had "fightings without and fears within." The Church is not at rest, and the State is in a whirl of excitement and change. The politicians of England have been playing *hide-and-go-seek*, until they can hardly find themselves. Lord Melbourne put down the Duke of Wellington, and took his place as Premier. Then Sir Robert Peel flew to the help of the Duke, and put down Melbourne, and took

his place ; but before Sir Robert could appear in Parliament, twenty-three members, who had accepted office, had to go to the people for election. Eleven of these failed at the polls. Then Melbourne and Lord Palmerston took the reins, allowing both Sir Robert and the Duke to retire ! Reform is good ; but when reformers pander to popery their reform is very questionable.

January the 25th.—Having left our little boy with our friends the Arnold's and our sister Sarah, my wife and I, in compliance with the invitation of the Reverend the President, visited Montreal. This was our first visit to that city, and we found some difficulty in reaching it. The snow was so deep that we had, at times, to drive through fields, on the ice, or over fences. Indeed, for some distance we rode on the *top of a fence*, where the stakes, now and again, exhibited their ends on either side ! We had never seen the like in Upper Canada, and Mrs. Green felt that we were in a strange, if not in a perilous, position. We reached the hospitable abode of our President just as the evening shades began to dim the horizon ; rejoiced that our three days' journey was ended, and glad to get by a comfortable fire. We quite fell in love with our dear friends in Montreal. By their courtesy and constant attentions to us, they made our short visit pleasant and agreeable. Here we had our first introduction to that amiable and eloquent divine the Rev. Mr. Richey. He was Mr. Lord's colleague in the city. They had just commenced a protracted meeting, and I preached for them in Great St. James Street Chapel. Mr. Lord was opposed to inviting the people forward for prayers. He had not been accustomed to such proceedings ; but when I left the pulpit, and took my stand down among the people, several persons came to me unasked, and begged me to pray for them, which I did, and God was with us in his converting power. We returned by way of the Lake of the Two

Mountains to our quarterly meeting at Lachute, spending Friday night with Father Burwash. After the services of the quarterly meeting were over, we remained a few days with our dear friends Brother and Sister Metcalf and their friends at Point Fortune; and Mr. Metcalf accompanied us home. The ride from Hawksbury to the St. Lawrence was exceedingly tedious. A cold, north-westerly wind, attended with a little snow, was blowing obliquely in our faces, and we did not reach our friend Bailey's until sometime after dark. Mrs. Green nearly perished with cold and hunger during this long ride. But a lively fire, good supper, pleasant faces and comfortable beds soon made us forget the toils and sufferings of the day. "Thank God," said my wife, "for such a family as this;" and Mr. M. and I could cordially respond, Amen. On Friday we reached home, glad to find our little boy, his aunt, and all the family well and comfortable. As I had promised to meet the President in Bytown, I took Richmond Quarterly Meeting in my way. Thence to Hull, where we met Peter White, a lumberman, who came regularly twice a year *one hundred miles* to enjoy the services of these quarterly feasts. What a rebuke to hundreds of our people who absent themselves from the Lord's supper when but a few miles off!

At our missionary meeting in Bytown, we had a new kind of opposition. After Messrs. Lord, Healy, and I had done our best to plead the cause of missions, we asked the stewards to take up the collection. At this stage of our proceedings, we were surprised to see the Episcopal clergyman, Mr. Burwell, rise and beg the privilege to be heard. We invited him to the platform, but he preferred the pew, where, with a wild appearance, bordering on insanity, he began to condemn all our proceedings, and poured forth such a torrent of wild, raving abuse against all benevolent societies, as must have made Irving himself ashamed,

if he had been there. He told us that all our efforts to convert the heathen were vain. The world was growing worse and worse, and would continue in its downward course until Christ came and dashed his enemies in pieces as a potter's vessel. That this was the year in which he was to come, and we might expect him daily. Then we would have "new heavens and a new earth." He advised us to keep our money in our pockets, as Christ needed none of our help in this direction.

This strange mixture of truth and error, like a stream of desolating lava, was poured out upon us for about fifteen minutes ; but when it subsided, I never saw a man snuffed out so easily and completely, in one minute, as he was. Mr. Lord arose and said, "Well, Mr. Burwell, we believe in the coming of Christ just as much as you do ; but there is just this difference between us :—We believe that if Christ were to come to-night, he would be well pleased to find us employed in spreading his kingdom among men. The collectors will, therefore, please take up the collection." Every person present contributed, save Mr. B. himself. On Sunday we ordained Daniel Berney for special work in our mission-field ; and had a long ride on Tuesday to reach our anniversary in Perth that evening. We then rode out to Brockville and had an excellent anniversary on Wednesday evening. Here I left Mr. and Mrs. Lord, and hastened back, a hundred miles, to my quarterly meeting in Clarendon, Lower Canada, and others in that direction.

The first week in April, I met the Rev. J. Ryerson in Kingston, where we arranged to open the Academy on the 18th of June following. We fixed the fees for board and tuition at the lowest remunerating price. The Rev. M. Richey is appointed Principal, and we arranged for the Rev. C. R. Allison to go up at an early day and prepare for the opening. The prospects are encouraging.

Our last district meeting met at Elizabethtown was a time of much harmony. Our net increase was 223 ; and the Church funds were improving. Resolutions highly complimentary to the Presiding Elder were recorded, and we all parted good friends, thankful to our blessed Redeemer for the abounding mercies of another year.

THE ALL ABSORBING CHURCH QUESTION stands so intimately connected with the political events of the day that I cannot give a correct idea of our position as a Church, without giving also a bird's eye view of the events connected therewith, as they occurred. Our principal victories were gained in England. Two very important dispatches were sent us from home ; one in 1832, sent by Lord Ripon, intimating important changes which our Government should make. This dispatch was strangely neglected by our Government. But now Lord Glenelg, having dismissed Sir John Colborne, has given Sir F. B. Head, our new Governor, positive instructions to *dismiss ministers of religion from the two councils*—make the Judges independent of Government influence—and not allow members of the Government to influence elections. His Lordship also directed Governor Head to use his influence to have the Reserves question amicably settled in this country ; and to bring our claims for aid to the Academy favourably before our Parliament. He thinks it unconstitutional for the Home Government to dispose of the Clergy Reserves question, but seems not quite prepared to give us Responsible Government : still, he has taken a step in that direction by instructing His Excellency to remodel his Executive Council, so that it may be composed of three Reformers and three Conservatives. Had these measures been promptly carried out, with honesty and integrity, they would have gone far towards allaying strife and creating confidence. But most unfortunately for our country, in addition to the disregard of Royal Instructions,

there were three events which conspired to turn back the wheels of reform, and keep the country in confusion. First. When Sir John Colborne and Dr. Strachan learned that they were to be dismissed, like the unjust judge in Scriptural history, they resolved to look out for themselves and their friends. Hence, at the last moment, they managed to establish fifty-seven rectories out of our Clergy lands. This outrage was kept a secret until Sir John was gone, but when this disgraceful act became known it created disgust and uneasiness in every part of the Province. The voice of the country had been so frequently and decidedly given against a State Church that this ill-advised and defiant act produced much discontent and alarm. But this stealthy act aroused the Scotch Clergy, and they, as well as the Parliament, sent a strong remonstrance to the King, and requested His Majesty to disallow this act of Sir John Colborne. We were glad to see our Scotch friends take this course. They will strengthen us greatly if they take a bold stand. The Parliament has passed an Act removing religious tests from King's College. Thus, one by one, our victories are being gained. All hail to the morning star! A better day is coming.

/ Secondly. The lamentable conflict between the Conference and the Parliament. In our Minutes of 1835, we inserted resolutions on Government Grants. But McKenzie, in his Grievance Report, from a Committee of the House, with an impertinence seldom equalled, and never surpassed, flatly contradicted us! The House, strangely allowed that contradiction to be published, notwithstanding three of our ministers had gone before the Committee and declared that these grants had been made to the British Conference both before and after the union, and not to us! This arrogance of the House disgusted our people greatly. They believed the Conference rather than the House; and as the same

Assembly had stopped the supplies, the Government took advantage of our conflict and dissolved the Parliament. The temper of the Assembly was greatly changed by the elections; many good friends, and valuable members, having been blown out of their seats in the storm.

The third calamitous event consisted in the ill-advised act of Sir Francis, in accepting the resignation of his council, at a time when conciliation and not exasperation should have been the order of the day. He had obeyed orders in forming his Council, having appointed three Reformers—J. H. Dunn, Robt. Baldwin, and Dr. John Rolph,—on one side; and three Conservatives—Peter Robinson, G. H. Markland, and Joseph Wells, on the other side. This change gave much satisfaction. But, alas! when we began to think all was right, and that we were free from priestly dominion in the Parliament—he, strangely enough, refused to consult his Council, and they all resigned! As this was the first time that a Reformer had been appointed to the Executive Council, the House took up warmly for the retiring Committee, and requested the King to recall Sir Francis.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1836 met in Belleville on the 8th of June. An increase of 988 members was reported. At this Conference we organized a Contingent Fund, to aid weak circuits, by which we strengthened the Superannuation Fund, which had formerly embraced both objects. This fund was created and supported by what was called the fifth collection. In primitive times we had but five public collections in the year: four at our quarterly meetings to aid the circuit stewards in paying their ministers; and a fifth to pay superannuated ministers, widows, and orphans. Hereafter we are to take up two collections in all congregations for the Contingent Fund alone, and will apply personally in the classes for funds to support our superan-

nuated men, first giving four dollars each ourselves. We have adopted an address to the King, and another to the Governor, urging that the Clergy Reserves question should be settled at an early date. From the latter we received an insulting reply, such as no statesman would think of sending to the most humble individual. Verily, he had his reward. This Conference closed on Monday, and was the shortest ever held by us. Mr. Lord is a good business man ; but we expect he will soon leave us.





CHAPTER VIII.

THE BAY OF QUINTE DISTRICT.

IT is a little singular that my second circuit was the one from which I was sent out to travel, and now my second district brings me back to the same ground. My first business on my new district was THE OPENING OF THE ACADEMY. On the 18th of June multitudes of people gathered in Cobourg to witness the ceremony connected with this long-looked for and anxiously-desired event. We first resolved on establishing this institution in 1830; and on the 7th of June, 1832, Dr. Gilchrist, of Colborne, laid the corner-stone, since which the work has moved on slowly to its completion. We met at the Church for preparatory services, when the Rev. Joseph Stinson preached an appropriate sermon from Proverbs 19 : 2. A procession was then formed in the following order : 1. The architect and builder. 2. The Building Committee. 3. Mr. Stinson and myself, followed by a large number of ministers. 4. The Principal, supported by Messrs. Case and Whitehead. 5. The students. 6. The spectators. As we entered the grounds the architect, at the head of the committee, handed me the keys of the building. I then led the way to the chapel which was soon filled to repletion. On the platform were the clergy, the Board, and the committee,

After prayers, Mr. Case led the Principal, Mr. Richey, to the desk, clad in his academic robes. As chairman of the district, and in the absence of the President of Conference, it devolved on me to make the first speech in the building. At the close of my remarks I delivered the keys of office to the Principal, who then delivered an admirable and eloquent inaugural address. The Board of Management having appointed me Treasurer, strongly urged me to reside in Cobourg, which I consented to do, though it was far from the centre of my work. Indeed, such an arrangement appeared very necessary; for in the financial crisis of our operations it was quite clear that nothing but great activity, vigilant oversight, and strict economy, could carry us through. To me this was a day of great anxiety, requiring strong faith, untiring zeal, and much prayer. I had no books from the former Treasurer to guide me; and the workmen were clamouring for their pay! A debt of more than \$16,000, and an empty treasury! Rooms without furniture, and students pressing for accommodation. But Mr. Case took some of my appointments, while I went to Kingston for bank discounts, and to Niagara and Lyon's Creek for furniture.

I commenced my quarterly visitation of the circuits at Belleville, where Bro. Wilkinson and our friends are bitterly opposed by seceders. But such men as Flint, Yeomans, Canniff, Meacham, Ross, and others, stand firm as a rock in the old ranks, and the Lord of Hosts leads them on to victory. In Hamilton two law-suits have been tried to obtain possession of our church edifices; but in both cases the Church has triumphed over faction.

August 5th.—Quarterly meeting at Cobourg; and on the 13th I had the pleasure of dedicating a new Church in Port Hope. What a marvellous change since I preached here to six hearers! Now we have a neat little church,

well filled, and our morning collection amounted to \$53, the largest ever taken in these parts.

Hallowell, August 5th and 6th.—It is refreshing to meet my dear friends on this circuit, where, twelve years ago, I took my horse and started out as an itinerant preacher.

August 25th we commenced a productive camp-meeting on the old Bay Circuit. This circuit, like the Hallowell, is large and unwieldy. Our faithful brothers, Black and Young, are working hard, and are looking for better times. They travel through several townships, and have 590 members in their classes.

At Waterloo circuit, September 2nd and 3rd.—We have a large stone Church here, well filled, but unfortunately the new party claim it, and it is now the subject of litigation.

Kingston, September 10th.—Preached twice, and had a good lovefeast. Bros. Stinson and Manly are gathering large congregations in this town.

Belleville, September 24th and 25th.—Preached three times under dark clouds.

Sidney, October 1st and 2nd.—My old friend, W. H. Williams, has hard times here.

Peterboro', October 8th and 9th.—Our meeting was at Gardner's Church, in Cavan. This country is wonderfully improved since I travelled here twelve years ago. Then it was little better than a dense wilderness; now rich farms appear in every direction, and, in some instances, the old log-houses have given place to more comfortable dwellings. In this vicinity we have a church erected, where hundreds hear the word of God. But we have calls from settlements still further in the interior, and we must arrange to respond to them with the bread of life; for this is our calling and our glory. The new settlements of our country are the hope of the Church. These fields are rugged now, and even repulsive to some labourers; but our children will reap

a rich harvest from the seed which we are scattering. Labourers must be thrust out into these hedges and ditches, these moral desolations, until primeval forests become vocal with songs of praise. The yearnings of soul for gospel food, manifested by those who have energy and courage enough to settle in these lonely regions, are enough to move the stoutest hearts. They deserve well of our country ; and while I have charge of a district I have fully resolved to do my utmost to arrange for their spiritual edification and comfort.

I have now been through my new district, and I like it much. It is memorable ground in the church's history. It embraces the field where our father's planted the first societies, erected the first churches, and achieved those god-like victories which evinced their apostolic origin. The aged brethren are never weary in telling of those primitive times, and I am never tired listening to their simple, but heart-stirring tales. This district is not as large as the Augusta ; and could I live in its centre, instead of at Cobourg, and be free from the cares and responsibilities of the Academy, I should find the work much lighter. The roads are greatly improved since I laboured here before, and I can ride to each circuit in my gig.

DEDICATION AT THE CARRYING PLACE.—On the 16th of October I had the pleasure of opening our new church here, where it was much needed. Brother Biggar and his family are now in their glory. They, and our other friends here, have been looking and praying for this day with much anxiety, and now they hail it with inexpressible delight. In the house of Bro. Biggar, I always have home feelings. The parents have a peculiar faculty of making one feel quite comfortable with them ; and their children, growing up around them like olive branches, are following their godly example.

A NEW SECT, CALLED IRVINGITES, has recently made its appearance in our midst, which, for opposition to all churches and church institutions, seems to match even the Plymouth brethren themselves. Irving was recently expelled from the Scotch Church, in London, England, for heresy. He says, if reports are true, that Christ came in sinful flesh, like our own, with all its lusts, appetites, and passions, which He subdued and crucified; and when we crucify ours, we become as perfect as He was; that the miraculous gifts continue in the Church as of old, and only require faith to bring them into exercise. His people profess to speak with tongues; have angels, bishops, elders, &c. The present state of things is to terminate this year (1836), and Christ will come and commence his personal reign in Jerusalem as universal King! A man, by the name of Caird, is storming fearfully in Toronto, and some of our brethren, whom we considered good Churchmen, have strangely been led away by him. They as firmly believe that Christ will come this year as I believe they are mistaken.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1837.—I commenced this year in Belleville, where our minister and people deserve all the sympathy and all the help we can give them. The past year has been one of much anxiety to me in many respects. Our country stands on slippery places, while our Church is passing through deep waters. What will be the proximate result of our political strife and Church divisions we know not; but to the ultimate results we may look with confidence. The walls of Jerusalem were built in "troubious times," and whatever may be the opposing elements which agitate us now, I have a firm conviction that the spiritual walls of our Zion are daily rising in power and increasing in strength. The foundations of sundry institutions, well calculated to impart stability, as well as growth to the

Church, are being laid firmly, for which future generations will call us blessed. Strife and division are doing their dark and destructive work now, but "to the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

January 15th.—Dedicated a small church in Cramahe, a little east of Colborne. Our quarterly meeting here was a time of refreshing. We held our district meeting at Cobourg on the 31st of May, and were assisted by our new President, Rev. Wm. M. Harvard. The brethren report a small increase in our members, congregations, and funds. All things considered, this is most encouraging. The failure of crops the past year has pressed heavily upon our brethren, and upon our Church funds. Still, we have held our own, and we are thankful.

June the 6th.—This day the Board of the Academy met and organized under the Royal Charter, with which His Majesty has kindly favoured us. Our public examination was very satisfactory. All parties seemed pleased, and we are much encouraged. We have one hundred and twenty students, eighty of whom are boarders in the buildings. Mr. Townly and I applied to Dickinson College for a degree for our Principal, and now we have the pleasure of writing M.A. after his name.

June the 12th.—A GLORIOUS TRIUMPH.—This day the Rev. Egerton Ryerson returned from England and conveyed to me the pleasing intelligence that, on learning the failure of the Bill in the Canadian Council, granting £4,100 to our Academy, he applied to Lord Glenelg, the Colonial Secretary, to grant us that amount out of the Casual and Territorial Revenue, which had not been surrendered to our Parliament; and he had the pleasure, the day on which he left for home, to receive a letter from that liberal statesman, saying, that he had instructed Governor Head to advance us that amount at once. This is "good news from a far country," and it

comes at an opportune moment. If Sir Francis obeys these instructions we shall soon be out of debt. It is due to Chief Justice Robinson to say that he did what he could to get our Bill passed in the Upper House; but bigotry triumphed over justice, and it failed! We need not regret it now, as we obtain justice from a higher source, and are under no obligation to the bigots in Toronto, who have always opposed us. The Rev. Mr. Ryerson's integrity and ability in gaining this victory will long be remembered by us. His indomitable energy has done us good service on many occasions; but this timely act, just on the eve of his leaving England, is above all praise. It is good to have a friend at Court in London, when we have so many opposers in Toronto.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1837 commenced on the 14th of June, in Toronto. The Rev. W. M. Harvard in the chair. Mr. Ryerson got a large vote for Secretary, and we were delighted to see him in his place again. We mourn over a decrease of members; but society, both in a civil and religious point of view, is in a state of unrest. What is before us we know not. We have arranged for a manual labour school at Alnwick, which the Board of the Academy is to bring into activity as soon as possible.

We had a most joyous Friday evening meeting at the reception of young men for our ministry. It fell to my lot to move their receptions, and never did I feel more of the divine presence, or have a more joyous view of the grand work before us, than while dwelling upon our divine call to the work of the ministry. My whole frame shook with emotion, while the Spirit of God moved my brethren to tears. Rev. W. Ryerson followed in one of his matchless speeches, and the entire assembly seemed to be carried up in heavenly ecstasies. These services were new in Toronto, and much enjoyed by our people. We are indebted to our Eng-

lish brethren for their introduction amongst us ; but they proved just the kind of services for the times, and presented features in charming contrast with the church divisions, political commotions, and spiritual defections of the day. By this resolution, seven candidates were received into full connexion with the Conference, preparatory to ordination.

The Church question occupied the Conference for some time, and the resolutions passed will show that we abate none of our ardour to secure equal rights and privileges for all churches in the land. A recent convention of the Kirk put in for a share of the Clergy Reserves, thinking they had as good a right to a portion as the Church of England. But the demands of both these bodies contrasts badly with the broad principles of equal justice proclaimed by the Conference. We have the Parliament and people of the country mostly with us, and though the struggle may be a long one and the battle fierce, yet liberty is worth toiling for; and the issue is not doubtful.

DEATH OF THE KING, WILLIAM IVTH.—This old sailor King will long be remembered by the Methodist Church. One of his first acts, after coming to the throne, was to give his Royal sanction to our Marriage Bill ; and one of his last acts was to direct our Governor to do justice to our Academy by paying over the amount voted to it by our Commons. All honour to his memory ! His Majesty requested his physicians to “tinker up his body” until Waterloo day had passed (the 18th of June), and he lived just twenty-six hours and a half after that great national day had been duly honoured. William IV. died on the 20th of June, and immediately, YOUNG VICTORIA—eighteen years old—was proclaimed QUEEN OF ENGLAND. She entered upon her very onerous duties with much self-possession and promise of usefulness. God bless the Queen !

OUR CAMP-MEETING on the Hallowell Circuit, was a time

of earnest toil, and attended with happy results. It was held near the East Lake, where our societies needed such services. I had the happiness to meet many interesting young people who used to stand by my side to recite their catechisms when they were children, and before we had Sunday-schools to do that work—I had entirely forgotten them ; but they remembered me well, and their eyes sparkled with delight as I seated them by my side, and heard many a pleasing tale of former times, when I used to go from house to house, to instruct them. There is no way in which we can so effectually endear the children to us, and attach them to the Church, as by talking with them, instructing them, and getting into their affections when they are young. They revived in my memory many pleasing scenes which I had entirely forgotten.

REBELLION EXTRAORDINARY.—On the 6th of December, that impulsive man, W. L. McKenzie, Esq., M.P.P., levied war against our Government, and appeared on Yonge Street, four miles out of Toronto, at the head of an armed force, to press his opinions upon the people by the knock-down argument of powder and ball ! And his friend, Mr. Papineau, in Lower Canada, is calling his French followers to arms, at St. Dennis, on the River Richelieu !

That the people of Upper Canada have grievances to redress, no one who reflects, can for a moment doubt. But one after another these grievances are being removed in a constitutional way, and only for a few hot heads, on both sides, our country would now be at rest. To appeal to arms under these circumstances is folly and madness. It is true that much patience, humility, and grace are necessary to submit quietly to be deprived of our rights, and snubbed and tyrannized over by a few selfish men ; but rebellion is the last thing to be thought of ; and especially when we have the House of Assembly with us, and the Home Government on our side. Several things in addition to those mentioned on

page 203, have gradually lead to this unpleasant crisis ; and for which both parties are more or less responsible. For instance, a small party have monopolized all offices of emolument and influence, while men quite as capable as themselves have been carefully excluded and shamefully neglected. By this means, the affections of many of Her Majesty's subjects have been alienated from the oligarchy that governs in Toronto. And even when the Home Government advised and directed a wiser and more conciliatory course, interested parties so managed to manipulate matters, as to render these wise counsels and patriotic directions null and void ! Secondly. The wild, unwise, and persistent course adopted to impose an Established Church upon the Province, endowed with one-seventh of our public lands, and which was to control the educational institutions of the country—when it was well-known that nineteen-twentieths of the people were strongly opposed to a dominant Church,—had created a wide-spread uneasiness ; an uneasiness which had been worked up to disgust, and in some instances to absolute madness, by the reckless, covert, and defiant act of setting apart fifty-seven Rectories ! Thirdly. McKenzie, the able but versatile editor of the *Colonial Advocate*, by his impertinent and foolish attacks upon the Conference, had so disgraced himself, and grieved our people, that he was left with a mere fragment of his former allies in Parliament. Thus mortified and stung to the quick by the result of his own arrogant folly, he was reduced to desperation and ready for any possible outrage. Fourthly. Another element of weakness and strife, and one which gave the rebels more hope than any other, was found in the weakness and vanity of our Lieutenant-Governor, Sir F. B. Head. He had been sent out as a *Liberal*, and with liberal instructions, which gave much satisfaction to the country ; but he soon yielded to the merciless grasp of the Family Compact, turned his back upon the Home Government, dis-

regarded the wise instructions he had received, and proved himself incapable of exercising the gubernatorial powers assigned him ! He had treated his coalition Council, in whom both parties had confidence, with marked contempt ; had returned an insulting answer to an address of the Conference urging the settlement of the clergy lands question ; and then, after paying one-half of the amount which the King ordered him to pay to our Academy, had sought, by strange quibbles, to deprive us of the balance !*

JANUARY 13TH, 1837.—The census of Cobourg has just been taken, showing a population of 1653 souls. A small affair, surely, but the Academy has enlarged the town considerably already, and it is still attracting people here. My appointment for the 14th was at Peterborough ; and I was surprised to find a thrifty town, with all the appliances of a city in miniature,—churches, schools, stores, and mechanics, where I saw nothing but trees and mud-holes, with a rude

*When I, as Treasurer, applied for a warrant for the balance, he assured me he would give it as soon as there were funds. When the Receiver-General authorized me to say he had plenty of funds, he said he must have it in writing. When I handed him the Receiver-General's written assurance that he had funds to pay us and all other demands upon him, he told me he must consult his Attorney-General, and if he said all was right he would pay it over ; but when that officer assured him that all was right, he then informed me that he would have to consult his Parliament before he could give me the warrant. I then went to the Parliament House, and found the members, on both sides, prepared to say it should be paid at the earliest possible moment, and they immediately passed a resolution to that effect. His best friends in the House were most prompt in the matter, being exceedingly mortified at this shameful proceeding. Having reached this point, I left for home at Cobourg, resolved I would never see his face again on that subject. But the money came. Fortunately for Canada, at the request of Parliament, he was soon relieved from further gubernatorial responsibility, and called home.

Indian path, when I was here twelve years ago. Our meeting was heavenly. The "Master of assemblies" came to our aid with his great power, and led our services for us. Mr. Cleghorn, with his excellent choir, occupied the front seat in the gallery, and as soon as I had finished the morning service he arose and sang :—

"Zion awake, awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more !"

The effect was rapturous. The entire congregation rose to their feet, joined in the music, and filled God's house with sounding praise. Messrs. Poole and Manly had been kindling fires at their different appointments, which, meeting here, produced a generous flame.

March 23rd.—This day Sir George Arthur was sworn in Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada ; and Sir F. B. Head, after demonstrating his inability to govern, and striving to injure our missions and ruin our Academy, has, fortunately, been dismissed. The Earl of Durham, we rejoice to learn, is appointed Governor-General, and Lord High Commissioner to inquire into the causes of our troubles, and, if possible, apply the needed remedy. Great good must result from the talents of such a statesman, employed in such a cause.

But while fierce storms are rocking the car of State, showers of blessing are richly falling upon the Church of God. Our faithful ministers, Messrs. Carroll and Douse, have been labouring and praying for a revival in Cobourg, and they have not laboured in vain. At our quarterly meeting the spirit of awakening descended upon the people in its convincing and quickening influences, and two souls were hopefully brought to God. Evening after evening the good work was carried on until multitudes were induced to seek the Lord. The Academy shared largely in the blessing until

all its boarders, but six, found peace in believing. Port Hope caught the flame, and our President came to our help there, and aided us much. In these days of rebellion and war, such hallowed influences are much needed. Never were the dews of Hermon more refreshing to the mountains of Zion, than is this revival to God's people.

A CONFLICT WITH AN ARIAN.—One evening as I was walking up Main Street, near my residence in Cobourg, I heard a voice from a vacant shop, like that of a preacher. On entering into the front-room, I heard a man in a back-room preaching with great vehemence against the divinity of our Saviour; and ridiculing, in a shameful and most painful manner, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity! I remained near the middle door, listening to his unscriptural doctrine, until my righteous soul was vexed within me. When he had finished, he proceeded, in the most pompous manner, to challenge any one to refute the doctrine he had put forth. After waiting a little for others, I stepped in, feeling that such errors should not be palmed off upon the people, unchallenged and unrebuked. Not aware that our town was visited with such doctrines, I was not willing they should take root among the people from my neglect to sound the alarm; and therefore I defended my Master against the indignity offered Him. The preacher soon became uneasy; but when I showed that the interpretation which he had given to certain passages of scripture was strangely incorrect, and contrary to God's own words, he became wrathful and boisterous, insisting that I should speak no longer. I calmly replied that I was doing precisely what he invited me to do; and if he was willing to hear the truth, he must sit still, as I had done to hear his errors; that he need not fancy he could confuse me by his interruptions, for I was calm as a summer's evening. He then resumed his seat. But soon he, and two or three others arose, and, with earnestness,

declared that I should be heard no longer. Immediately a half-dozen men, all strangers to me, arose and insisted that I was treating the subject fairly ; that they were anxious to know the truth, and I should be heard. When I finished my remarks several came and thanked me for the timely instruction I had given them.

PROTECTION IN DANGER.—Dr. Clarke has somewhere said that a Methodist Preacher is immortal until his work is done. On two occasions I was recently reminded of this remark :—Once, when riding from Picton to Mr. Cameron's, at Pleasant Bay, dark clouds appeared in the north-west and they came dashing on with such rapidity that I imagined they were only charged with wind, but recollecting that the sky was ruddy in the morning, and that Christ had said (Matt. 16:3) "In the morning ye say it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering." And also this old adage—

" Evening red and morning gray
Will send the traveller on his way ;
But evening gray and morning red
Will bring down rain upon his head."

I drove very fast lest I might get wet. When in sight of the house there came down a ball of fire on the hard road about twenty feet before my horse, which broke into countless firey particles and rolled off in every direction. My horse, seeing the road full of fire before him, and balls of fire rolling under us and all around us, stopped so suddenly as nearly to throw me from my gig. Had this bolt come one second later, I would surely have changed mortality for life in a moment. But my work was not done and our God can as easily hasten or hold back the forked lightning as he can control the tempest or calm the sea. On another occasion when my wife and I were riding in a covered carriage towards Mr. Biggar's, on the Carrying Place, the heavens

presented a similar appearance. Dashing clouds were seen careering before us as if every species thereof, *cumulus*, *cirrus*, and *stratus*, had combined in fearful revelry, for destruction and death. Our friends seeing us coming, threw open their gate, but as we drove in, a fearful blast brought the roof of the barn dashing against their house and shed. Buildings were unroofed, and boards and shingles were flying around us like birds in the air. Fences were blown down, and rails were pitched end over end in different directions, while a wide swath of a contiguous forest was leveled like grass before the scythe! Some of us were much frightened, but none injured; for the Lord is our refuge, "a present help in time of trouble." Had we been one minute later, or had the gate not been opened for us, it is impossible to say whither we would have been blown. Simooms may darken the heavens, and tempests hurl destruction around us, but not a hair of our heads can fall without divine permission.

We held our District Meeting at Switzer's Church, where a society was established by Losee in 1791, and where our church was organised in 1828. The people in this place have always been loyal to the Church. The excellent of the earth are here, and such names as Detlar, Switzer, Madden, Shorey, Miller, Clarke, Empey, and Pearsey, are household words throughout the Province. Cobourg reported an increase of 226, but the entire district can only report 151. Faction in the Church and rebellion in the State have been most injurious to purity and prosperity.

Our Conference in Kingston was a time of excitement. The President having published letters in the *Guardian*, which created much uneasiness among some of our people, we had a long conversation on the subject, and upon the state of the Church generally.

With one voice we have expressed our loyalty to our youthful Queen, who was crowned on the 18th June; our

desire for the suppression of rebellion, the repulsion of invasion, and the restoration of peace and quiet to our distracted country. Some of the elements of strife have disappeared from amongst us :—Sir Francis has been recalled, McKenzie is an exile, and no clergyman is now in our Executive Council. Still, a Clerical Agent has been sent home, who is now trying his strength upon the House of Lords on behalf of a dominant church in Canada ! I had hoped that the elements of discord, disaffection, and strife, which have been gendered by the grasping pretensions and arrogant claims of a few, would be held in abeyance, if not entirely abandoned, during these days of rebellion and war ; but the friends of a National Church seem to have taken leave of their patriotism and loyalty, as well as of their discretion. They might have waited until rebellion was put down and its abettors punished. But what is our country's peace or safety to men who have declared in their memorial that they hold this public support dearer than life ? The conduct of the Wesleyans presents a beautiful contrast to these wild and selfish efforts. Seeing the excited state of our country, and being anxious, if possible, to get this cause of strife and contention out of the way, before the muttering storm burst upon us, a large committee of our ministers and people met in Toronto last November, and consented to a division of the Reserves among the Protestant Churches ; but declaring, at the same time that any portion that might come to us should be devoted—not to the support of the clergy—but strictly to educational purposes. The Rebellion, however, soon broke out, and there was no time to test this proposition. If our opponents would but open their eyes they could easily see that their utmost efforts to foist an Established Church upon this country, even with all the assistance which Mr. B. may invoke from the Bench of Bishops, must prove fruitless. A brief sketch of the history of this question ought to convince them that at least

nine-tenths of the people of the Province are firmly opposed to their wishes. Let us see. Up to 1819, the Reserves were in possession of no church, but in the hands of Government. At this date the Bishop of Quebec got his clergy constituted a Corporation to manage them. In 1824, Dr. Strachan went to England to get authority to sell 100,000 acres annually; but failed. In 1826 he visited England again, wishing also to get the control of Education, and have some school lands devoted to the interests of his own Church! Our House of Assembly then took the alarm, and passed the following resolutions: "Resolved, that a comparatively small proportion of the people of Upper Canada are members of the Church of England, and therefore ought not, in justice, to desire the sole enjoyment, by their clergy, of all advantages which these lands present, to the exclusion of their fellow-subjects, equally loyal." Carried, 31 to 2. It also "Resolved, that the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Province bears a very small proportion to the members of other churches." Carried, 30 to 3. In 1828 they asked, by a majority of 22 to 6, that the proceeds of the Reserves be placed at the disposal of the Legislature for Educational and general improvement." In 1829, a similar resolution passed, and in 1830 the House again passed it unanimously. The *Christian Guardian* was then in the field, doing good service to the cause of freedom. In 1831 we joined the people in petitions to the King, and to our House of Assembly, on the subject, when the latter, faithful to its fixed principles, affirmed them again by 29 to 7. In 1832, the British Government, in response to the Memorial of our Conference and other parties, reported as follows: "It has therefore been with peculiar satisfaction that, in the result of his enquiries into this subject, His Majesty has found that the change sought for by so large a portion of the inhabitants of this Province, may be carried into effect without sacrificing

the just claims of the Established Churches of England and Scotland." This dispatch, in all justice and fairness, ought to have led our Government to settle this exciting question ; but, alas ! bigotry had so blinded their eyes that they could see nothing but clerical power, and would hear nothing, from King or people, against it ! In 1833, the House affirmed the resolutions of 1832, by 30 to 7. In 1834 it passed a Bill, by 22 to 12, to sell the Reserves for Educational purposes. And in the new House of 1835 a similar Bill passed by 29 to 7. And again in 1836 by 30 to 5. While an amendment to refer the settlement to the British Parliament was lost by 43 to 4. But strange to say, in the face of these instructions and decisions, 57 rectories were created in a sly and covert manner ! The Conference sent a protest to the Home Government against this disgraceful act ; and the Colonial Secretary pronounced it illegal. Hitherto the Scotch clergy had given their influence to our opposers ; but Sir John and his clerical director had given them no rectories, and they began to feel that ours was the course of safety, and they too sent home their remonstrance and joined us in the conflict. These thrilling events, thus briefly grouped together, demonstrate the fearful responsibility incurred by those who, by their blind cupidity and boundless thirst for power, persisted in their unreasonable and selfish demands ; while the Conference, steady to its purpose, did its utmost to secure equal rights to all, and thus retain this noble Province, the brightest gem in Victoria's Crown, where all might worship God in the light of an open-Bible, and on equal grounds, without oppression and without prelatical dictation. In this way we hoped, by divine aid, to assist our fellow-subjects in handing down to posterity the invaluable boon of civil and religious liberty. I have deemed it right to group these proceedings together here, though some of them have been mentioned before.

A BRIGANTINE INVASION.—For some time past, McKenzie, Thellar, and other refugees, have been stirring up the baser sort, on the other side of the line, to invade Canada ; and on the 12th November, 400 silly, misled dupes were towed down the St. Lawrence to a stone windmill, opposite Ogdensburg. Here they were attacked by our soldiers, when some were killed, some ran away, and 162 were taken prisoners and conveyed to Fort Henry for courtmartial. Captain Beach, a member of the court, desired me to go and preach to those miserable captives ; which I did, taking for my text these words—"Turn ye to the strongholds, ye prisoners of hope." I never preached to a more attentive and solemn assembly ; still there were two God-forsaken looking men who lay upon the floor regardless of what I was saying ! (These were afterwards condemned and executed.) Several had been hung before I reached Kingston. Sylvanus Sweet and Joel Peeler had been sentenced. These I visited in their gloomy cells. They were deeply penitent and fervent in prayer. Sweet had been brought up a Baptist, and consequently had not been baptized : but when he obtained pardon he desired me to baptize him by sprinkling, thinking himself happy in having fallen into such hands, as his own minister neither would nor could immerse him in his dismal cell. I was with them on Saturday morning before daybreak, rode with them to the gallows, commended them to God in prayer, and then advised them to put their hands in their breeches pockets and stand erect on the dreadful drop. They died without a struggle. Woodruff, who had been accompanied by a priest, crouched so low as to nearly straighten his rope, and hence he hung dangling and struggling for nearly twenty minutes before death came to his relief ! I spent the week with these disconsolate boys, and was pleased to learn from Mr. Draper, the Judge Advocate, that but few others would expiate their guilt on the gallows. I then left for my meeting in Wilton,

for scenes more agreeable to my sympathetic nature than the gloom of the cell or the terrors of the gallows. Here I met a shrewd Frenchman, who professed to have been in the battle of St. Dennis, Lower Canada. After he had given us his description of the battle, I asked him how he felt when the balls began to whistle around him. "How I felt!" said he, "why, I felt as though I expected the next minute to see my eyes lying on the fence!" Rather an unusual place for a man to see his own eyes.

January, 1839.—The New Year has come, and at its birth a year of unparalleled anxiety, strife, and confusion has passed away. The present is the CENTENARY YEAR OF METHODISM, and we hope to celebrate it in a way pleasing to God and useful to his Church. Methodism is a power in the land for good, and its influence is being felt in every part of the country. It is a tree bearing precious fruit, and the persecutions we suffer from our oppressors only sends its roots down deeper and firmer in the public heart. Fox, that great Statesman, was right when he said—"The first circumstance which operated towards the amelioration of the poor of England was the rise of Methodism. This was a heart-stirring influence, and whatever flaws severe critics may find in the supposed errors or real proceedings of John Wesley, there can be no doubt that he deserves to be classed among the benefactors,—the most illustrious benefactors,—of the nation." A well-merited tribute this, from a high and reliable source.

Wesley was emphatically the poor man's friend; and in his noble efforts to elevate the degraded and save the poor he was often called to rebuke those in high places. In this respect, we in Canada have sometimes felt it our duty to follow his example. There are times when—however painful the task—evil doings must be rebuked, even in high places:—Elijah rebuked Ahab; Nathan reproved David; and Paul made Felix tremble for his breach of known law. When a French

King told the Prince of Conde that he must either go to mass or be punished with banishment or death, the Prince bravely replied, "As to the first of these, by the grace of God I never will ; and as to the other two, I leave the choice of either to your Majesty." And when the Empress Eudoxia threatened Chrisostom, he said to the courier, "Go and tell her I fear nothing but sin." We too have been compelled to speak out boldly against the wickedness of our oppressors, in our efforts for freedom ; but now the day dawneth. Our reward is with us and our work before us.

At the request of our Committee, Mr. Stinson and I have spent much time with hon. members to get an amicable and honourable settlement of the Clergy Reserve question, which is doing so much mischief. But, though the Queen has strongly recommended it, our Governor, in his opening speech in Parliament, firmly demanded it, and Lord Durham, the Royal Commissioner to Canada, earnestly advised it ; yet it is not done ! Our Church, in its Quarterly Meetings, has joined in petitions for the same object. The country is aroused, and the two Houses are flooded with memorials from the people at large, and both branches have passed Bills on the subject ; but so different in principle that neither will accept the other's Bill. Each House has agreed to divide the Reserves, but not in the same way. Sir Allen McNabb got a resolution passed to divide the moneys arising from the Reserves among the religious denominations, for the support of religion. The Hon. Mr. Draper got a resolution passed, by a majority of five, giving to the Conference one hundred acres of land for each Circuit, and \$400 per annum for each minister, provided that not more than two hundred Circuits should receive this amount. And the same amount of land and money was to be given to each minister of the English and Scotch Churches in the Province. We took our stand upon the broad principles of equal rights, but did not attempt

to embarrass the Legislature by defining the manner in which this equality must be secured. We were weary of strife, and anxious to have the question settled in any reasonable way.

The Rev. Mr. Richey and I had a most wearisome journey to the Capital, on the 5th April, to attend the Missionary Anniversary. The frost was out of the ground, and our stage stuck fast several times, and the poor horses were jaded almost to exhaustion. We frequently walked along by the fences, leaving our poor horses to drag the empty coach through the mud as best they could. We were nearly two days and a night getting from Cobourg to Toronto. Before we returned, the Committee devised a plan for the due celebration of the Centenary of Methodism.

On the 29th May we held our District Meeting in Belleville, and were comforted by our brightening hopes. The good work is prospering; 235 net increase. Peace and mutual confidence among ourselves, with hallowed influences on our Circuits, make us thank God and take courage.

The Conference met in Hamilton on the 12th of June. After the refreshing increase on our District, I was not prepared for the reported decrease in the Province. I am thankful to God the Spirit that I never yet travelled a Circuit or District where we could not report an increase of members. There must be idlers in the vineyard somewhere, or great deficiency in management. Drones should be cast from the hive, and sluggards from the ministry. A cross, crabbed, indiscreet minister may drive members from the Church as fast as the discreet and laborious gather them in. It is not difficult, always, to trace them by our Minutes. The Rev. Dr. Alder, of London, came to this Conference complaining of our resolutions on Government grants, the course the *Christian Guardian* takes in political matters, and our views on the question of the Clergy Lands. The

debates were able and the discussions earnest. We rescinded our resolutions on Government grants, but firmly maintained our position on the Church question. If the Doctor had not been ploughing with another man's heifer, he would not have asked us to retire from the field of battle when some of our opposers were ready to join our ranks and the victory was all but gained.

THE CENTENARY OF METHODISM.—This being the one hundredth year since Wesley formed his first Societies, we have resolved to celebrate that memorable event by holding Centenary meetings in all our principal congregations, and receiving the thank-offerings of the people to aid us in carrying on the work of God in this Province. We devote one-half of the proceeds to the Superannuation Fund, two-tenths to the Book-room, two-tenths towards furnishing parsonage houses, and one-tenth for expenses and Missionary work. The Province is divided into two sections:—All east of Toronto to be visited by the Revs. John Ryerson, Egerton Ryerson, and Anson Green; Toronto and all west, by Revs. William Case, Joseph Stinson, M. Richer, M.A., and William Ryerson. The eastern deputation commenced work on Monday, the 25th of August, at Port Hope, where we obtained £50. And to enable those who may celebrate the Centenary of Canadian Methodism in 1891 to draw an encouraging contrast, we give the places in regular order which the writer attended, and the principal amounts subscribed, as follows:—Hope Church, £70; Monaghan, £50; Peterborough, in the Kirk, £70; Cavan, £20; Joice's, £10; Sunday, preached in Cobourg and Port Hope; Cobourg, September 1, £192; Haldiman, £105; Colborne, £107; Brighton, a trifle; Sidney, 3rd concession, £91; Sidney, 5th concession, £57; Sunday, preached in Sidney and Belleville; Belleville, £160; crossed the Bay, and walked seven miles to Roblin's, £87 10s. Bro. Egerton proved the best pedestrian,

My feet got sore, and I went limping like another Mephibosheth, while he was far ahead of me. Bro. John had gone round with our horses, as the storm prevented our getting them over the Bay. Carrying Place, £47; Consecon, £66; Pleasant Bay, £40; Germon's, £41; Sunday and Monday, Picton, £200; South Bay, a small affair; Hay Bay, £63; Ernesttown, 4th concession, £50; Wilton, £50; Kingston, very little; Gananoque, £50. Rode thirty miles, facing an equinoctial storm, to Elizabethtown, where we sat with damp clothes in a cold church for three hours, and took a cold which afflicted me all winter—£45; Greenbush, £30. On the 27th September, being reinforced by Bro. Wilkinson, we divided—the Editor took Bro. W. and went to Crosby, while Bro. John and I went to Kitley, £41 5s. Sunday, I preached twice in our Church in Perth, and J. R. preached in the Kirk. Perth, on Monday, £167. Here again we parted, the Editor and Bro. W. taking the Mississippi Circuit, while Bro. John and I started for the Ottawa. We rode all night in an open waggon in order to reach the steamer, at Bytown, the next evening (Oct. 1) for L'Orignal, where we obtained £50. Red School-house, in Hawksbury, £20. Crossed the river to Chatham, £80. Here we had the Rev. F. Metcalf in the chair, and were introduced to a young Scotchman, by the name of Lachlin Taylor, who was soon to enter our ministry. Lachute, £70. Sunday, the 7th October, we preached here and at Chatham, both meeting at St. Andrew's in the evening, and held services in the Presbyterian Church. Monday we obtained £160 here. We obtained £400 on this Circuit before we left it—the largest amount obtained on any Circuit.

Messrs. Shaler and Willoughby have done themselves credit, and the cause good service, by their ample arrangements and efficient assistance, and now theirs is the "Banner Circuit" of the connexion. All honour to such fellow-labourers!

We took the steamer for our meeting in Bytown, but were provokingly detained by a fleet of seventeen vessels fastened to our boat while passing up the river. But our brethren succeeded admirably, and obtained £275 before we arrived. We supped together, and then the Editor and I took a canoe and started off on the canal, without rest or sleep, for Kemptville. The services had commenced before we arrived, and we hastened to the church without refreshments, and obtained £72 for our funds. Our colleagues had taken the carriages by the steamer to Merrickville, where we joined them the next evening, and obtained £23. At Wolford we had Father Brown in the chair, and obtained £50; Augusta, £57. On Sunday, October 14th, we preached here, at Brockville, and at Prescott. We had a grand meeting at the latter place on Monday; proceeds, £223. For five hours the interest was kept up and intensified. In Matilda we were honoured with that old pioneer, Joseph Sawyer, in the chair. The first offering was £25, in memory of a pious brother. This announcement called up that memorable name, M. Brause, Esq., "whose praise was in all the churches," and I asked that it might be connected with this offering. £233 were obtained during the evening. On our way to Brockville we looked upon the graves of Paul and Barbara Heck; of Mrs. Lawrence, formerly the wife of Philip Embury; and of Rev. Thomas Madden, about whom we had been talking so much; and I was happy to introduce my colleagues to two sons of Barbara Heck, with whom we dined. Brockville gave £80; Mallorytown, £11; Wilton, £47; Napanee, £72. On Sunday, 20th October, we preached in Napanee, Newburg, and in Ernesttown; a grand rally at the latter place on Monday, when we finished our subscription list with an offering of £250. We rode to Belleville that evening, and the next day, October 23rd, after an absence of two months, spent in the most pleasant, and, at the same time,

the most toilsome and wearisome work I had ever performed, I had the indescribable pleasure of reaching that most desirable of all places—home, sweet, sweet home! A religious home is the Eden of our world. “Home,” says one writer, “is the place of the highest joys; religion should sanctify them. Home is the sphere of the deepest sorrows; religion should assuage its griefs. Home is the place of the greatest intimacy of heart with heart; religion should sweeten it with the joy of confidence. Home is the place for impressions, for instructions, and for culture; there should religion open her treasures of wisdom and pronounce her heavenly benediction.”

During our tour we addressed upwards of seventy congregations on the subject of “The Second Reformation.” The first was a glorious reform from Popery to Protestantism; this, from a dead formal religion to experimental and practical godliness. Both were necessary and both supremely grand. Each exhibited distinct features; each produced remarkable results. Luther was not a Wesley, nor Wesley a Luther; and yet the world has seldom produced two such men. Each did the work assigned him better than the other could have done it. Variety, in morals as in nature, constitutes a principal element of beauty. Paul was not a John, Polycarp a Chrysostom, nor Luther a Wesley. God required Zuingli and Melancthon, Calvin and Knox, Cranmer and Latimer, to introduce the first Reformation; and he gave us Fletcher and Whitefield, Clarke and Benson, Coke and Asbury, as well as a John and a Charles Wesley, to effect the second. As neither the rose nor the pink emits all the perfume of the garden, so no one of these apostolic men possessed all the talents of the others. Each was raised up by God. Each had his talent, and each worked for the freedom and salvation of men. Wesley found a reading age, and he left it a preaching age. He found a silent laity, and he left a

speaking laity. He found a dead Church, and he left living societies in every part of the nation. Men and women, who could say with the Apostles, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

On our Centenary day—the 25th of October—I preached in Port Hope from Psalm 48 : 12-14 :—"Walk about Zion," &c., thus ending this interesting tour of two months at the very spot where we commenced it.

" 'Tis gone at last ; the Centenary year
Has joined the numbers which have passed away ;
Though Time a hundred years had urged it on,
It lingered but a moment, and was gone."

We spent New Year's Eve in Belleville, where, in solemn vigil, we hailed the new-born year upon our knees, in silent devotion ; thankful for past mercies, and hopeful for the future. Our political horizon brightens. Sir Powlet Thompson, our newly-appointed Governor-General, has opened Parliament with a speech full of promise. His Excellency informs us that he "is instructed to administer the Government according to the well-understood wishes and interests of the people," and it will be his desire to act "in accordance with these instructions." This is good news. Responsible Government will banish tyranny, create prosperity, and give us peace. On the 6th of January, 1840, his Lordship sent a message to the House recommending that the Reserves be sold, and one-half given to the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches, including the United Secession ; and the other half to the other churches recognized in law. After the reading of this message, the Solicitor-General (Draper) immediately introduced a Bill founded on it. The amounts now received by the churches are to be paid out of the Clergy Lands Fund. This Bill passed in the Lower House by 28 to 20, and in the Upper by 13 to 4. Thus ends the strife for the

present. Only for the blindness and grasping cupidity of Bishop Strachan, he might have made a far better bargain long ago. His life-dream of a State Church is now ended, and liberal members of his denomination, as well as others, rejoice at it. We congratulate them upon their advanced views of church equality. If we have fought bravely and successfully in this contest, it has not been against their Church as a religious body, for many of our dear friends belong to that communion, and we venerate her as our dear old mother; but we have fought for our country's weal, for religious truth, and for that liberty and those equal rights which we value next to our own lives. Let our educational institutions be liberalized and their State endowments equalized, and we will cordially take other churches by the hand and wish them God-speed. Our country will then be contented, prosperous, and happy.

THE PERILS OF TRAVELING.—I met with a narrow escape in crossing Rice Lake to visit our Indian Mission and get to my Q. M. in Peterboro'. When I reached the ferry every man had left to witness an execution in Cobourg, and the boats were locked up. A woman kindly offered me an old skiff, and walking on the beach I found two old oars—one longer than the other, by-the-by—with which I put to sea; but I was an unpractised oarsman, and my course was crooked and my progress slow. But soon I saw my craft filling with water! I hastened to an island, pulled up my skiff, turned out the water, and with a stone drove in the nails, and started again. Soon a heavy wind from the east dashed the whitecaps around in a frightful manner, and my leaky vessel was fast filling with water! My arms were weary, and it seemed as though the winds and the waves had conspired for my destruction. I saw an Indian canoe at a distance, and, exhibiting a flag of distress, I hallooed lustily, but failed to attract attention. There was a discouraging

distance between me and the shore. My strength gone, the lake rough, and my skiff filling with water, I sank down disheartened. It then occurred to me that I might bale out the water with my hat. A little rest renewed my strength, and again I rallied all my forces and dashed away for the shore. Every stroke increased my courage. My old motto, "*Nil desperandum*," urged me on, and as the evening shades gathered around me I found myself lying upon the beach, thankful, though exhausted.

On another occasion, when the Revs. J. C. Davidson, G. Miller, and I were crossing the Bay of Quinte on the ice, they passed over a crack slightly covered, but broke it open as they passed, and my horse got his hind feet into it. I managed to remove the sleigh, when, struggling to rise, he plunged into the water. I called to Mr. Miller, who had reached the land, to bring me a rail; but he, thinking that prudence was the best part of valour, cried out, "Leave your horse and hasten to the land!" He was a noble and valuable animal, and I could not afford to lose him; beside which, he looked up at me so wistfully that I could not brook the idea of leaving him in distress. Poor Prince! said I, you have been a faithful servant and a true friend to me, and I must not forsake you now. I managed to fasten his harness to Mr. Davidson's sleigh with my lines, choked him with his halter until he rose to the surface, and then we drew him on to the ice. We hastened to the house, washed him with warm water, rubbed him dry, and soon he carried me seven miles to Napanee, in time for our missionary meeting.

Our District Meeting was held in Picton, on the 5th of June. We were only able to report a net increase of 94 members. My term of four years on the district was ended, and I was ready for another field of labour. The last four were years of heavy toil, hard-fought battles, and fearful responsibilities. The Academy, with the heavy debt which

I assumed, had pressed heavily upon me, taken up much of my time, and interfered greatly with my studies. But we succeeded well, paid off all debts, furnished the rooms, and when we receive what is due us, we shall have a surplus of £1,100. The female department has been the most remunerative. The new party has been constant in their opposition to us, and we have had to attend several courts of law in defending our church property against their trumped-up claims; but in every case we have been sustained by the highest court in the land. We were turned out of our Waterloo church for a little, but regained it again. We had also a hard struggle for the Belleville church, as Mr. Reynolds and other trustees left us. But this property, like others, followed the Church, and not the seceding trustees. Another source of trouble was brought on by the late rebellion, and the fierce war between political parties. But our God has graciously sustained us amidst the strife of tongues, and the crushing responsibilities of this critical period. As long as God is with us, all is well. The Christian fights for a fadeless crown, and for perpetual joys; therefore, he will never have to join in the following miserable lament of Byron:—

“ My days are in the yellow leaf:
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.”

The Conference of 1840 met in Belleville, June the 10th. Mr. Stinson presided. We had not gone far in our business before the dark cloud, which for some time we had seen approaching, began to settle down upon us with fearful portent. On one side it was bright and cheering, for we had an increase of more than one thousand members, and a handsome advance in our funds, while our church property was secure. The rebellion was over, the clergy question set at

rest for a season, and our intelligent-Governor General had declared his determination to introduce responsible Government. All these things promised peace and prosperity. But, alas! Dr. Alder's representations at home had created much uneasiness. The English Conference had not sent their usual Address; but the Committee had entered bitter complaints against Bro. Ryerson, accusing him of interfering with their rights by corresponding with the Government, &c., &c., &c. In every line of this threatening document we could see the hand of Dr. Alder. He had been completely floored in our Conference a year ago, and felt much mortified that he had come out second best. But a crisis was imminent, and we must look the difficulty fairly in the face. A large Committee was appointed to consider the document, and they agreed that a deputation should be sent home to explain to our fathers and brethren our position and wishes. I was appointed to the Toronto District, and late on Saturday night the Conference finished its business.





CHAPTER IX.

THE TORONTO DISTRICT.

MY new District is one of much importance. It extends from Whitby round to Niagara Falls, and includes all the circuits and missions back to Lake Huron. I embraced the opportunity, while the ministers were getting to their circuits and preparing for my quarterly visitation, to move my family up to Nelson, where we were offered lodgings with the family of our venerable parents. We felt happy in being able to make this arrangement, as my dear wife will be home again, and feel protected during my absence. I then started off to see my friends in Ohio. I took steamer at Buffalo, and was not a little amused at the importance which an English gentleman seemed to attach to himself. Everything was wrong which he saw on board. On learning that I was from Canada, he bestowed on me more attention than I cared for, especially as he was profane in his language. He was in the habit of making notes of what he saw, and he read an entry to me in which he had very properly condemned that most disgusting practice of careless spitting, which we saw all around us. "I quite agree with you," said I, "and especially from a mouth filled with tobacco." Just then a sailor belched out a profane oath. "There," said I, "do you hear that? What practice

is more vulgar and polluting than profane swearing!" "I quite agree with you," said he; "it ought not to be allowed." But then remembering that he had just used an oath himself, he said, "But, sir, there is a great difference between scientific swearing and such vulgarity as that. The one is polite and bearable, the other vulgar and intolerable." "O, indeed!" said I, "to me that is a distinction without a difference. Are we to understand that Christ made an exception of polite swearing, when he said, 'Swear not at all?'" "Perhaps not," said he; "I must be more careful."

I commenced my visitation of the Circuits on the 8th of August, at Whitby, where I preached four sermons. Thence to Toronto city, Thornhill, and Newmarket. At the latter place we took the grove on the Lord's day near Mr. Petch's; and the blessed Lord helped us most gloriously. We continued the services all the week at Aurora, where I preached seven times, and Mr. Whiting followed with rousing exhortations: much good was done. Bro. W. is a faithful and most successful worker in his Lord's vineyard. Several were brought to God before I left; among whom was Mr. Hartman, who afterwards became an M.P.P. My next appointment was on the Albion circuit, where Mr. Baxter had arranged for a camp-meeting on the farm of Andrew Cunningham, Esq. This, in many respects, was a model camp-meeting. On Saturday we arranged with the official members for a combined effort on the Lord's day, and the result was glorious. The preaching was powerful, and the prayers of the righteous effectual. I have met with many since who commenced to serve God on that honoured spot. We were with one accord in one place, and the power of Christ was with us. Colonel Dennison, of Toronto, was there, and on the 16th of September he published a letter in the *Transcript*, passing high encomiums upon some of us, both for our loyalty and ability. If the Colonel thought mine "a most

excellent sermon," what would he think if he could hear Wm. Ryerson, F. Metcalf, Dr. Richey, or ministers of their ability? Such men scarcely know what they lose by their exclusiveness. These occasions sometimes bring them out into a large place, and then they wonder at what they hear. The Colonel deserves credit for his liberality and fairness. After this meeting I visited Toronto, Nelson, Grimsby, Stamford, and St. Catharines. In all these circuits we met with choice friends; and especially at the Lane, where we formerly spent two happy years.

On the 18th of October I DEDICATED OUR NEW CHURCH at Oakville. This, I believe, is the second (Belleville being the first) Wesleyan Church in Canada, provided with steeple and bell. But the work has been badly managed and their debt is oppressive.

November 1st, Toronto Circuit.—This large circuit is rising in importance and has become a great power for good. In 1820 it formed, in connection with York, the first Domestic Mission which received missionary money. Now it is self-sustaining, and liberal in helping others.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.—Our union with the British Conference is informally dissolved! Last year Dr. Alder came to our Conference and demanded that the *Guardian* should not discuss political questions. We readily agreed it should not, and we also rescinded our resolutions on Government Grants, but declared our purpose to continue the discussion of the Reserves and of the Educational questions, being unwilling to lose the victory we had all but gained. This did not please the dictator, who had evidently been tampered with now, as he was 1832, by the Family Compact. Last April the London Committee passed stringent resolutions against the course of the *Guardian*, and recorded several complaints against its editor. Messrs. Stinson and Richey were the custodians of this bill of censure, with in-

structions to bring Mr. R. to book. They introduced a resolution in our late Conference, condemning Mr. R., which, after two days' debate, was lost by 59 to 8. We then appointed Revs. Wm. and Egerton Ryerson to visit the British Conference. When our representatives arrived, they were treated with neglect: that body complaining that we had insulted them by sending a man to them against whom their Committee had preferred serious charges—and *they receded from the Union!* Our deputation returned, and called a special Conference, which met in Toronto on the 22nd of October, the chairman having first called extra district meetings to elect members to attend it. This was a most painful moment to me, and to the most of us. I differed from some of my brethren concerning the Government Grants. The London Committee, as I have elsewhere remarked, had negotiated for, and received these grants before our union with them, and without our knowledge or consent; and we could no more control their acts than our Parliament could control the British Government. Our Missionary Society had, subsequently, become auxiliary to theirs, and they had assumed the support of all our missions. Under these circumstances I thought it right to leave them to bear the entire responsibility of their own acts, without any dictation on our part. I was also opposed to the organ of the Church meddling with party politics. On these subjects I was in accord with the British Conference. But on the question of Reserves, and of an Established Church, I was strongly opposed to their views as set forth by Dr. Alder. Among other strange things, he had asserted that "they considered themselves members of the Church of England, at home and abroad!" We had a Church of our own, and neither required nor desired such a double relationship.

The Rev. Thos. Whitehead, a superannuated minister, was

elected President, and the Rev. J. C. Davidson, Secretary. Eleven ministers took sides with the British Conference. This was a dark day for Canada, and for the Canadian Church. With the new party on one side and the English Conference on the other, we saw little before us but strife, conflict, and toil. Still, how could we help it? The question of the Reserves was exclusively a Canadian question, and we should, in all fairness, have been left to fight it out on our own soil. Had our English brethren stood by us faithfully in the struggle, the question might have been sooner and better settled. Many of the English ministers who took strong ground against us, lived long enough to see and acknowledge that we were right and they were wrong in this matter. The next decade opened their eyes wonderfully, and now I know of but one man in the Home Conference who does not heartily approve of our opposition to a State-paid Church in Canada. Dr. Bunting, the wisest of the wise amongst them, lived long enough to see and acknowledge that our course was right, and no man did more to honour us in the end. The stations were somewhat disturbed by this disruption. Mr. Davidson took charge of the Bay of Quinte District, vacated by Mr. Lang, and Rev. W. Ryerson took London, vacated by Mr. Evans. How to man our missionary meetings with competent speakers in the absence of Messrs. Case, Richey, and Stinson, was a question of some consideration; but we arranged for Messrs. John Ryerson and Peter Jones to take the country east of Toronto, and Egerton Ryerson and Anson Green to take all west; the chairmen to assist on their own districts. This was another heavy winter's work for us. I spent about four months in attending missionary meetings, getting to my quarterly meetings as often as possible. But the people sympathized with us in our troubles, and came up to our help in a manner never witnessed before. The Governor-General and his

Council also wished us success; and the Premier took the chair at our missionary anniversary in Toronto, and spoke cheering words to us. My Christmas was spent in a missionary meeting at Thorold, and my New Year's day among the Indians at the Credit. On the 24th of January, 1841, I managed to attend my quarterly meeting at Thornhill. I preached on Isaiah's vision, and it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Multitudes were outside listening at the door and windows. Three young men, after sermon, managed to get in for prayers; one of them saying to his companions, "It must be a good place inside, let us crowd in." They did so, and were all able to believe, and they obtained peace. I met one of them afterwards in Peel, and he assured me they were all steadfast in faith, serving the Lord, and living for heaven. O! what showers of blessing came upon that congregation! Seldom have I felt so much aid from on high. All preaching is insipid unless attended by divine influence. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." The next Sabbath I was on the Toronto circuit, but rode home after the services, in order to reach Brantford the next evening for our missionary meeting in that town.

Brantford is a thriving town, beautifully situated on the eastern bank of the Grand River, near the place where our first Indian Mission was formed in 1823. Bros. W. Ryerson and Thos. Bevitt helped us here, and the proceeds were four times the usual amount. After holding encouraging meetings at the Governor's Road, Norwich, Woodstock, and Oxford, we reached London on the Thames, with its Westminster and Blackfriars bridges, &c. This is a little town in the woods, beautifully laid out with wide streets and parks; and our services, both on Sabbath and on Monday, were repelte with interest and encouraging results. Mr. Rose had prepared our way with prudence and industry.

At North Street, on Tuesday, a good brother was mourning because he had no money for the meeting; but that morning the Lord sent a wild turkey into his field, which he shot and sold for seventy-five cents: he put the proceeds on the plate. This we called our Missionary turkey. The 10th of February was a piercing cold day, but we rode to Muncey, and held our first missionary meeting with these Indians. When we counted our collection we found nine five dollar bills on the plates! Bro. Waldron had been anxiously looking for us, and the Indians had decorated the chapel with evergreens. The plate collection amounted to £15 15s., and the subscriptions increased this to £34 5s. When this result was reached, Mr. Bevitt, who kindly accompanied us, exclaimed, "Would that all Canada were converted Indians!" After holding good meetings at St. Thomas and at Malahide, we hastened off to Walsingham where we spent the Lord's day, and held a meeting on Monday evening in Woodhouse. That day Col. Ryerson entered upon his 80th year, and we had him for chairman—a good way to celebrate a birth-day. After visiting Simcoe, Mount Pleasant, and Ancaster, Mr. R. and I left Mr. B. and returned to our homes. This tour was heavy upon our time and our lungs, but exceedingly pleasant and reassuring. We felt that God and the people were with us, and we were thankful. We commenced these meetings in the Toronto district in November, and to reach them I had to ride 1,300 miles; sometimes on horseback, at other times on wheels, but latterly on runners. I preached eight missionary sermons, and attended sixty missionary meetings, beside my regular district work. On these two districts (London and Toronto) we obtained in cash and subscriptions, £1,300, a much larger amount than we ever received before on this ground; and yet we pledged ourselves to no particular course, nor to any political party.

Many pleasing thoughts occupied my mind, and cheered me on during this tour of excessive labour and excitement. Our country is beautiful and attractive, our people pious and liberal, our ministers laborious and successful, while nearly all seem resolved to stand by us and encourage us on in these days of trial. The talent of our brethren, for platform work, is improving greatly. Many laymen and young ministers have done themselves credit while pleading the cause of missions on our platforms; and God, even our God, is leading the circuits on to victory. Our quarterly meeting in the city, on the 28th of February, was a precious season, and I preached every evening during the entire week. Several obtained peace, and others were inquiring the way to Zion.

March the 20th and 21st.—We held our quarterly meeting in Brock, where I was confined to my bed for a week with a bilious attack. Fortunately, I had my dear wife with me, who is an admirable nurse; and we were in good quarters at the parsonage, with the kind family of Bro. Dean, who is blessed with an excellent and intelligent wife and promising children. They nursed me with care and discretion, and we were soon at our work again. Mrs. Green accompanied me through the Niagara country, where we met many warm friends. In Smithville we had a joyous visit with the excellent and pious family of Smith Griffin, Esq., whose praise is in all the churches. Firm in their attachment to our cause, and liberal in supporting the institutions of the Church, they are loved and admired by all her children. Our services on Sunday were most encouraging. While preaching on *eternal life*, our sister Eliza, with others, commenced to seek God in good earnest, and she continued until she found peace. We held a camp-meeting on the farm of Peter Lawrence, Esq., in connection with the district meeting at Eglington.

The two Canadas having been united, Kingston was selected for the capital, it being more central than either Toronto or Quebec, and the first united Parliament met there in April.

The Conference met in Toronto on the 9th of June ; but for the first time in seventeen years I missed my friend Case from his usual place on the platform. We had been fast friends since he sent me out to preach ; but at the special Conference he felt it right to take one course, and I, with equal sincerity, took another. We meet still as friends, but are separate in council. He wishes us well, and feels lonely and sad away from us. He has our best wishes for his future health, prosperity, and happiness.

The Rev. Wm. Ryerson was elected President, and Anson Green, Secretary. My election surprised me, and I arose and tendered my resignation at once, assuring the Conference that I was entirely unfit for the office ; but their minds were fully made up, and they urged me into the chair. I was also appointed Secretary of the Missionary Society. Several classes have left us and gone with the English party ; still the circuits report an increase of 663 members, and a handsome increase in all our connexional funds. We are therefore both delighted and encouraged. Still we cannot be blind to the fact that these results have cost us unexampled labour, toil, and care. It cannot be expected that four or five of us can endure the heavy work which we have been induced to undertake for two years last past. Few constitutions can bear it. The Conference passed strong resolutions against the injustice done us and some other churches, by the Imperial Act disposing of the Clergy Reserves. We are too busy with other matters to do much on this subject now, but we let the country have the benefit of our views, and, no doubt, our wise Governor-General and his Parliament will use their utmost influence

to have it changed. Our Parliaments have so often spoken on this subject, and Lord Sydenham is so outspoken in the same direction, that it is certain the controversy cannot rest here.

The British Conference have sent us an address this year, in which they say that "in disregard of all courtesy and propriety, you have sent him [Rev. E. Ryerson] as one of your representatives to the British Conference." I cannot see how this should offend our brethren at home. Every member of our Conference voted for Mr. R., thinking it desirable, on many accounts, that he should have an opportunity to explain to them his views and acts on those subjects complained of. Dr. Alder says further, that from the beginning the Canadian Conference and *Christian Guardian* have been "opposed to a National Church Establishment in Upper Canada." Truly, and just here is where we have at last split. We have opposed, and will continue to oppose such an establishment. We do not wish our children to be refused Christian burial, as is sometimes the case in England, merely because one Church may think itself a little better than the others. We wish the Episcopal Church success in well-doing; but we must fight out the battle for equal rights to the very end; and as our cause is good and the people mostly with us, we must succeed. In a recent interview which the Rev. J. Carroll and I had with the Governor-General, when we presented our Conference address, His Excellency spoke admiringly of our success in the country, and expressed strong hopes that the Parliament would give us a grant for our college.

July 18th.—Having published the Minutes, I now commence my first round of the district at Reesorville, where I am comfortably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Washington. I have sixteen circuits and missions to visit quarterly, and need to husband my time well to accomplish it all. The

Barrie, Owen Sound, Credit, and Lake Simcoe Missions were added to my district at the Special Conference.

We opened a new church at our quarterly meeting in Barrie, 22nd August, on the ground which I had aided them in getting from the Government. The site, on the top of the hill, is very commanding. From it you see the village lying at your feet, with the lovely bay sparkling beyond it; while in the distance, and in all directions, you see the lofty trees of our primeval forest waving in majesty and beauty before the Lord. The morning was fine, the house well filled, and the people happy. On the 25th we visited the Indian Mission on Snake Island. The people were filled with the Spirit, and rejoiced greatly.

VICTORIA COLLEGE.—On the 28th of August, 1841, His Excellency, Lord Sydenham, came down to the Council Chamber and sanctioned several Bills, one of which changes our Academy into Victoria College, giving full power to confer degrees in arts, law, medicine, and divinity. This is the first and the only College in operation in this Province possessing University powers. Upper Canada College possesses no power to confer degrees, and King's College is not yet built. This change was deemed necessary, in order to keep those who aspire to full academic honours in our own country and under our own influence. Many of our students were going abroad to seek those honours which they could not obtain in this Province. Had we asked for these privileges before Responsible Government was obtained we might have asked in vain. We had previously obtained a royal charter for our Academy. But times have changed. Clerical bigotry has no place in the Council Chamber of Government, and our influence is felt, our claims respected, and our rights acknowledged. The present Government, with a Sydenham at their head, and such men as Baldwin, Harrison, Hincks, Cameron, and others, in the Council, have not only

taken the lead in amending our royal charter, but they have also placed a grant of £500 per annum in the estimates, to help us on in our good work. How different our position now from what it was when Sir F. B. Head ruled ! But we must rejoice with trembling. Disease is lurking in our vice-regal palace, and we know not what calamity may come.

SAD NEWS FROM THE CAPITAL.—Lord Sydenham is dead, and the *Guardian* comes to us draped in deep mourning. On the 4th of September he fell from his horse and broke his leg. The gout prevented the bone from knitting, and on the 19th he expired. How mysterious this Providence ! In his death Canada has lost its brightest ornament, the Parliament its ablest statesman, and the Wesleyan Church one of her most powerful friends. His reign was short, but brilliant. He found us in darkness, and brought us forth to the light. He found Canada in ruins, and raised it to prosperity. When his lordship came amongst us, Canada was torn by faction and enervated by strife ; but he threw his masterly energies into the confused mass, and led us forth to contentment, prosperity, and peace. Among his last acts was his assent to the bill creating Victoria College, and his sanction of the grant made to the same. But, "God only is great." Sydenham was mortal, and the tomb unveiled its bosom to receive him ; but he sleeps beneath the tears of a grateful and a sorrowing people.

On the 26th of September the insatiate monster came nearer to us, and took away our dear sister Eliza. Three months ago she fully resolved to seek her Saviour, while I was preaching on eternal life, and now she knows more of that life than I can possibly know until the light of eternity dawns upon my brightened vision. She would not allow me to pray for her recovery. Twice she stopped me while, prompted by my own heart's desire, I attempted to do so.

Her last words were, "Jesus! Blessed Jesus! I am going to rest with thee." O what a rest!

"Who, who would live alway away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode—
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns!"

October 24th, dedicated our church in Georgetown, assisted by the Rev. John Roaf, of Toronto. We needed a church there very much, and our brethren have gone to the extent of their scanty means to provide one for us.

January 10th, 1842.—The loss of the steamboat *President*, which has not been heard from now for six months, seems to have checked the desire for crossing the ocean by steam. One of our most popular platform ministers, the Rev. G. G. Cookman, of the Baltimore Conference, was on board, whose place will not easily be filled.

Our missionary meetings have fairly-commenced. The Province was divided into three sections, and Mr. Davidson, Mr. Herkimer, and the writer took Toronto and Kingston, with all the appointments between them. After attending nearly forty anniversaries, and preaching several missionary sermons, I returned home, glad to find a good revival progressing in Nelson, where I laboured for the salvation of sinners and the extension of the Church.

AN EFFORT TO SETTLE OUR DIFFICULTIES WITH THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.—From the beginning, Bro. John Ryerson and I sorely lamented the breaking down of the Conferential tie between us and our fathers and brethren in England, and our ministers generally sympathized with us in these feelings. We were, therefore, sent to New York, on the 4th of May, to meet Bishop Soule, the American Representative to the English Conference, and ask his friendly influence to induce that body to refer the entire question of

our separation to the arbitrament of the American Bishops. We crossed the Niagara a little below the Falls, and took the cars for Albany. We had never seen a railroad before, and were anxious to witness this wonderful development of modern improvement. Very soon we were comfortably seated and heard the whistle give the order to start. We marvelled at the ease and despatch with which our iron horse obeyed the command, and soon found ourselves flying through the country at the rate of about twenty, and, sometimes, thirty miles an hour. At first we feared that we might topple over in some luckless moment; but, after experience—man's surest teacher—had given us confidence, we began to exclaim, "All honour to Stevenson and his fellow-helpers who devised this easy way of travelling and redeeming time!" At Schenectady we were pulled up the hill by pulleys and long ropes—a rather dangerous process, we thought; for had one of our cables broken, we must have gone back with fearful velocity. We reached Albany on Saturday evening, and preached for Dr. Noah Levings on the Lord's day. At New York we had two interviews with Bishop Soule, which, all things considered, were about as satisfactory as we had reason to expect. We were kindly entertained at the house of James Beatty, Esq., a brother of our own Rev. John Beatty. On Saturday, the 14th of May, we went on board the packet with Bishop Soule and his young companion, Mr. Sargent, together with many other Church dignitaries, and were towed down to the ocean by a small steamer. I had never seen the ocean before, and when we found ourselves floating upon its expansive bosom, I thought of Dr. Coke, the wise Bishop and commentator; of Mr. Cookman, the powerful orator, and others who had found their graves in the ocean's deep bed; and I devoutly prayed that the good Bishop might be landed safely on England's shores, and then brought back in peace and safety

to his own land. Hymns were sung, prayers were offered, and then we bid our friends good-bye, and descended into our tug. The sea was placid; not a breeze disturbed its surface, not a ripple its brow. On seeing this, the Bishop said: "If I must leave my country, I would like a good breeze to waft us on," and, strange to say, the flapping canvass was immediately filled with a fresh breeze, and off the gallant ship started, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and the cheers of the people. On Sunday, we preached in the great city, and, on the 16th, started for home, pleased that we had done what we could towards restoring peace to our troubled Zion.

At our district meeting in Toronto, on the 2nd of June, the members were all present, healthy, hopeful, and happy. Our prospects were encouraging: for, "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich." Our congregations were good, our funds increased, our ministers well paid, and we had a net increase of five hundred members. To God all the praise belongs. The past has been a comfortable year to me. Never did I enjoy more of the divine influence, and never did I preach with more encouraging results. But the zeal of the Lord is eating me up.





CHAPTER X.

HALLOWELL CONFERENCE—PRESIDENTIAL YEAR.

A LARGE number of ministers assembled in Picton on the 8th of June to open the third Conference held in our church in that town. It had been intimated that I might probably be asked to occupy the Presidential chair ; but I was a little surprised when our President, Rev. W. Ryerson, announced that A. G. had been elected to that high office by a ballot vote of 60 to 9. In accepting the proffered honour, I felt sure that this was an election without reprobation. The reminiscence of concurrent events in the history of my own life, which had taken place in that house, only made the doings of the morning the more remarkable. Here I listened to the first sermon I heard in Canada. In this house I was received into your Church, obtained license to exhort, was recommended for license to preach, and made my first effort to speak from a pulpit. Here I passed my examination and was recommended to the Annual Conference. On this floor I received my first appointment to a circuit, was made Presiding Elder of a District ; and now you have elevated me to this chair as President of your Conference ! It is seldom, I believe, that so many memorable events in the history of one man's life take place in one house. This is to me a sacred spot, around which my affections fondly cling. Please accept my

thanks for this expression of confidence, and let me have the benefit of your prayers, your counsel, and your valuable assistance that all things may be done in accordance with the divine will. Sunday was a laborious day for me. The church was filled long before the hour appointed, and as it was reported that there were more people outside than in, we appointed our good brother McFadden to preach to them from a horse-block, while I attempted to explain the nature and obligations of the day of pentecost to a listening assembly within. We then ordained the candidates for the Christian ministry. Much important business was transacted at this Conference, and some changes of a radical nature were made. Among these, the change in the duty of chairmen was the most venturesome. Hereafter, instead of travelling through his entire district to attend all the quarterly meetings, preside in their official boards, see that the work is extended where practicable, and supervise the entire work; each chairman will be placed on a circuit, from which he will receive his support. To make this change as easy, agreeable, and beneficial as possible, the President was requested to travel through the entire Connexion, as General Superintendent, and thus supply, as far as possible, the chairmen's lack of service. I could not have advised this measure, but will do my best to make it as harmless as possible. The Church is now doing well. We have a net increase of 2,461 members. All Connexional funds are in a healthy state, and, for the first time in our history, we pay our venerable superannuated ministers their full claims on the fund. To make serious changes under these circumstances will incur great responsibilities. But if we all do our utmost to make the new plan efficient, it may succeed well and save some of us much travel and fatigue. We created six new circuits and two new districts. The chairmen were all selected by the unanimous vote of my Advisory Committee, and the cordial approval of

the stationing power. We closed a delightful Conference on Tuesday at an early hour and hastened to our work.

My first duty after Conference, was to assist in

THE OPENING OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

On the 21st of June, the College Board, senate, students, and a large number of visitors, met in the College Chapel, when J. P. Roblin, Esq., M.P.P., and the writer, conducted the newly-appointed Principal to the chair, and the Rev. Richard Jones, Chairman of the District, made the opening prayer. I then delivered the following address, which was published—with the Principal's Inaugural—by direction of the Board, and is now reproduced by request, on account of the historic facts it contains :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I rise to congratulate you on the favoured period of our country's history in which we live, and the auspicious circumstances under which we are this morning assembled. It is our happy privilege to live at a period when the star of prosperity is dawning upon our land, and the light of science is spreading a brilliant lustre over the civilised world.

The present is, to me, one of the most delightful and important periods connected with the history of science and literature in our Province. It is a day the events of which are as replete with interest and promise on the one hand, as they are pregnant with obligations and responsibilities on the other. The proceedings of this day will be recorded in the archives of this College, and be referred to with many grateful feelings and pleasing recollections as long as sound literature shall find any place in the admiration of men ; or this lofty edifice remain a monument of your liberality, assiduity, and enterprise.

We are assembled here to-day to witness the inaugural services connected with the formal opening of this College ; services which cannot fail, I think, to call up in the minds of many now present very pleasing reminiscences of the past, as well as joyous anticipations of the future.

Twelve years have now passed away since the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada resolved to erect these buildings, and provide a suitable place for the liberal education of the children and youth of our country. But to us it was a fearful, if not a hazardous undertaking. That body of ministers who, after the most serious and prayerful deliberations, determined on this important enterprise, had no personal means of their own to accomplish it; nor had they one farthing in any academic or collegiate fund, by which even to lay the foundation-stone! But they had what they thought an equivalent. They had a seat in the hearts of a pious, devoted, and liberal people. To that people they resolved to appeal—to that people they did appeal; and these spacious apartments and towering walls can witness that *the appeal was not made in vain!*

On the 7th of June, 1832, the corner-stone of this structure was laid by Dr. Gilchrist, of Colborne, and six years ago, the 18th of this present month, an academic course of instruction was commenced in these buildings under the direction and supervision of the Rev. Matthew Richey, A.M., to whom, on that occasion, I had the honour to deliver the keys of office. The Rev. Jesse Hurlburt, A.M., Principal for some time, and the various professors and teachers who, from time to time, have instructed our youth in this place, have, generally speaking, done themselves great credit, and the country at large important service. Some of them, I have reason to know, from personal observation, have laboured indefatigably, night and day, to render their lectures interesting and their instructions profitable; and they richly merit the thanks of the Board and the warmest gratitude of those whose children have been committed to their care.

The influence of the instructions which have been imparted within these walls begins already to be felt in considerable portions of the community. Some eight or ten young men have gone forth from this seat of learning, and been thrust out into the Lord's vineyard, as heralds of salvation to a guilty world. Others have turned their attention to the laws of the land, and are preparing to distinguish themselves and promote their country's interest at the BAR; while a larger number have become instructors of youth in primary schools, where they are "teaching the young idea how to shoot;" and not a few are honourably engaged in commercial, agricultural or mechanical pursuits. I find them in almost every direction as I travel through the Province; and wherever I have met them, I have found that they

cherish many grateful and pleasing recollections of those happy bygone days which they spent on these *delightful premises*.

But while all these, and many more gratifying and beneficial results, accrued from the course of instruction imparted here, there was found, in the opinion of many competent judges, a grand *desideratum* in the scholastic operations of our country. There was no College nor University in our Province where LITERARY DEGREES could be obtained even by the most meritorious students; the consequence of which was, that many of our best pupils, who were candidates for literary honours, were seen leaving our halls of learning to finish their education in some *foreign land*. This state of things was mutually embarrassing both to teachers and pupils; for while the former had the mortification to see their best scholars vacate their seats in this Institution, to obtain that in another country which was denied them in their own, the latter were grieved with the thought that the very fact of their being educated under another government would be alleged against them to their prejudice in transacting the affairs of the Province, and competing for the public honours and emoluments. These, with several other weighty considerations, induced the Board to apply to the Parliament of our *United Province* to grant them a CHARTER, conferring on them all the authorities, privileges, and immunities of a COLLEGE; and such a Charter (thanks to Mr. Boswell, of this town, and to our friend Mr. Roblin, who sits on my left, with other influential members of the Assembly, and last, but not least, the liberality of the Government) was obtained for us by a *unanimous vote* of the two Houses of the Legislature, and the willing and cordial assent of his late Excellency, the lamented Lord Sydenham! So that VICTORIA COLLEGE was the first literary institution in actual operation in this Province, authorised to confer *Literary Degrees*. And long may it remain what its style and title import; creditable alike to the enlightened Parliament that conferred the boon, and to the Board and Faculty who are to manage its affairs and conduct its operations.

But, Ladies and Gentlemen, what was this noble and splendid edifice—the glory of our Conference, the pride and boast of our country, and the ornament of this beautiful town—or what were legislative privileges and countenance, in the absence of an enlightened, judicious, and industrious Faculty, headed, assisted, and supported by a pious, intelligent, and able PRINCIPAL? Everything, under Divine Providence, and the direction of the Board,

depends upon the PRINCIPAL and FACULTY. They constitute the "*Senatus Academicus*;" the council of instruction and government in the College; and if there be any delinquency in that department—any want of intelligence, fidelity, and zeal—or any want of parental affection, sleepless watch-care, or hard-fagging industry, then have the trustees and visitors laboured in vain and spent their strength for nought. Hence the selection of a suitable person to take the charge of this College—to preside in its senate, to influence the councils and decisions of its Faculty, and to keep a vigilant, parental eye on the whole collegiate family—became a subject of paramount importance and of anxious solicitude. The Board of Trustees and Visitors were anxious to secure a gentleman of a sound discriminating mind, of general knowledge, capable of taking a *statesmanlike view* of great and important operations; and, if possible, one favourably known in the Province, having some experience in the art of teaching, and of indomitable, untiring perseverance in accomplishing his objects of pursuit. And such a gentleman, they believe, they have found in the person of him whom we have, this day, conducted to your Presidential chair. I assure you it affords me great pleasure to introduce to this most respectable assembly the Rev. EGBERTON RYERSON, as the PRINCIPAL of VICTORIA COLLEGE.

[The Principal arose and bowed to the members of the Board and the congregation, who in return acknowledged the token of respect by rising from their seats.]

And, Reverend Sir, to you, as the regularly-constituted head of this College, I am requested, by THE BOARD, to deliver these KEYS, as a seal and badge of your authority, and a token of the fearful obligations which, by these inaugural acts, you are about to incur. And, my dear sir, I need not now remind you that your situation is one, not only of honour, but of anxiety, responsibility, and toil; for of this, from personal conversation with you, I know you are fully aware. You will need, therefore, the greatest patience and prudence, wisdom and piety, to guide you in the discharge of those onerous and important duties which, in your official relations to this College, now devolve upon you. If, then, you wish to be useful, and at some future period carry off from this Institution a *well-earned fame*, as well as the reward of conscious fidelity, in your governmental acts be mild, but *firm*—in the administration of discipline be parental, but *decisive*—in your example be gentle and pious—in your intercourse with professors, teachers, and pupils, be courteous and conde-

ascending, but *dignified*—and above all, as you know from whom your strength, wisdom, and consolations flow, in your addresses to the throne of the heavenly grace, *be fervent—be frequent*—¹BE CONSTANT. And may the God of all grace give you patience, wisdom, and a sound judgment in all things, and render you a great and lasting blessing to all those who now are, or hereafter may be, committed to your care !

And now, honoured sir, in the name and on behalf of the Trustees of this College, I commit to you these KEYS : take them, and never forget that with them we commit into your hands the destinies of a large portion of the youth of our Province. While, therefore, you shall exercise the authority which these KEYS confer, never let a Teacher with whom you are associated want a counsellor, nor a pupil under your care need a *Father or a Friend*.

In accordance with the arrangements of Conference we visited Hamilton, Rock Church, Waterdown, Lundy's Lane, and Niagara. And on the 17th of July dedicated our new church in the town of Simcoe. On the 24th, in Nelson, assisted by several Presbyters, we ordained Francis Coleman for special work. A pious and laborious brother, who gives promise of much usefulness in the Church. On Monday Mrs. Green and I started for our eastern tour ; but having been taken ill in Toronto, at the house of the Rev. J. Scott, I was not able to get to several of my appointments. During the ten days we remained with this kind family, everything possible was done to restore my health ; and we were able to overtake my appointment, on the 7th of August, at Elizabethtown and Brockville. We were rejoiced to get back among our old friends in the east, but sorry to find that some of them had left our fold, being wiled away to feed in other pastures ! Several of our dear friends had gone to the spirit-land during the six years we had been away from them. When we met these bereaved families, we wept with those who wept. When Mrs. Green looked upon their sable weeds, which told in silent language of their loss, she was reminded

of loved ones departed who used to meet us with smiles and joyful greetings, and her sympathetic nature only found relief in sighs and tears.

I found, when it was too late to remedy it, that I had commenced my work too soon ; and I was obliged to forego the pleasure of meeting our friends at Carleton Place, Richmond, and Bell's Corners ; but, leaving our horse and carriage with Mr. Mealey at Kemptville, we took the steamer to Bytown and Hull. At the wharf in L'Orignal we were met by T. H. Johnson, Esq., M.P.P., who took us to his own house and thence to Caledonia Springs, where I recruited my health and strength, preaching on the Lord's day in the Company's Chapel to the visitors. On the 25th August, preached in a new Church near L'Orignal and dined with Father Johnson, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf, who had come twenty miles to meet us. We spent several days with Mrs. T. H. Johnson, a pious, good soul, whose company we enjoyed greatly. The Johnson family have been a blessing to this part of the country. William is a local preacher, Abbet a pious class-leader, and Chaney Johnson, Esq., is the father of T. H. Johnson, Esq., (now Deputy-Commissioner of Crown Lands for Ontario, and of the Rev. J. H. Johnson, M.A., the successful Agent of Victoria College.) Before we left these parts we visited Chatham, St. Andrews, and Point Fortune ; and then started westward, taking Glengarry, Moulinette, Matilda, Prescott, Kemptville, Woolford, Augusta, and Brockville on our way. Here we finished our work on my old district, which is now divided. Bro. Carroll takes charge of the Brockville, and Bro. Bevitt of the Bytown Districts. In all these circuits we met the official members when desired to do so.

We formerly spent six years in these parts, and our present visit has revived many pleasing recollections. The life of an itinerant is replete with excitement ; but it is mostly

the excitement of joy and gladness. He is often weary and anxious amidst the privations which he suffers; but the settled minister is a comparative stranger to the ovations which attend him, and the hopes which cheer him, as he goes sweeping through his ample fields, in primitive and apostolic fashion, sowing the seeds of eternal life to the many thousands who hang upon his life. In this visit among our friends in the east, we seemed to be living our former lives, and fighting our former battles over again. On Tuesday, preached in Gananoque, and then spent several days in the Capital, getting deeds for sundry church lands, and attending to other matters. Preached in Kingston, Waterloo, Bath, Ernesttown, Isle of Tanti, Adolphustown, Picton, Wellington, Consec, Carrying Place, Sidney, Belleville, Colborne, and Cobourg. Visited the College, Port Hope, Bowmanville, Oshawa, Whitby, and Scarboro'. Attended to business at the Book-room, preached at Cooksville, and then hastening home; received smiles from parents, and kisses from our children; left my wife, and on Saturday went to St. George, where, on Sunday, the 31st Oct., we DEDICATED OUR CHURCH, and had a high day. Mr. Ferguson prided himself a little upon his success. He told the people he had secured three Presidents to aid on the important occasion, viz.:—W. Ryerson, the President of last year; Anson Green, the President of this year, and John Ryerson, the forthcoming President for next year! The country here abounds in carriages, and one might imagine that they had all been secured to bring the people to this "feast of dedication." I then attended several quarterly meetings before I commenced our missionary anniversaries.

A shower of literary honours has been falling upon Canada. American Universities have sent honorary doctorates to the Revs. M. Richey, E. Ryerson, and Mr. Bethune; and an English College has sent a degree of M.A. to our worthy friend, the Rev. Mr. Grassett, of Toronto.

I have recently read an account of A MOST ALARMING defection in Oxford, England, which threatens to sap the foundations of the Reformation and carry the English Church back to Rome! Such men as Newman, Keble, Froude, Rose, and Pusey, seem to be poisoning the English youth by tracts, books, sermons, lectures, &c., and seducing them from the grand truths of the Reformation as taught by their fathers! In their combined capacity they issued, on the 6th September, 1833, their *faith at Oxford*. The following is a specimen of their dangerous teaching: "1. The only way of salvation is the partaking of the body and blood of our crucified Redeemer. 2. The *mean*, expressly authorized by him for that purpose, is the holy sacrament of his supper!! 3. The security, by him no less expressly authorized, for the continuance and application of that sacrament, is the apostolic commission of the Bishops, and, under them, the Presbyters of the Church!" &c. How unlike the teachings of Christ and his apostles are these papal dogmas! And yet these dangerous men have mutually pledged themselves to promote these unscriptural notions by every means in their power. Shades of Luther! Spirits of the martyrs! Where are you slumbering? Another *Godly Club* in Oxford is much needed! Oxford, the cradle of Methodism and battle-ground of Wesley, Whitefield, Morgan and their companions! Where is our beloved Queen, and our *Protestant Government*, while such crying absurdities are allowed in our national college? If the Bishops have no power to banish heresy from the Establishment, then surely the Government should see to it that leaders of a Church, supported by the public funds, should not be allowed to destroy that Protestant religion which the Queen is sworn to defend. Should these men succeed in substituting a sacramental religion for experimental godliness; or, in accordance with our terminology,

replace holiness of heart by empty, ritualistic forms, then farewell to our Protestant faith, if not to our holy Bible too.

November 25th.—I enjoyed a great treat with our red children on the Credit Mission, and on Sunday preached twice in Toronto. Mr. McNab has enough to do with both the station and the Book-room upon his hands, and his health is evidently failing. The Rev. L. Taylor, his colleague, is from Scotland, and he is *Scotch all over*—in accent, in patriotism, and in voice. We need a sprinkle of Scotch divines in the Conference, and Brother Taylor supplies that element to good advantage. After attending the Official Board,—the Book and Missionary Committees and preparing revised list of meetings in the west,—I returned home and preached missionary sermons at Munns and Palermo.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, the Rev. Thos. Hurlburt, W. Herkimer, and I, commenced a three months' tour of missionary meetings, beginning on the Guelph Circuit, where I preached twice. Our cause in this town is feeble, the most of our people having switched off with the English party. From this we went to Barker's, Ancaster, Seneca, and Glanford, and on Christmas day I gave them two sermons in Hamilton. On Monday evening, had a good meeting in this town, and then visited the Thirty, Smithville, Brownsbridge, and Allensburg; and on New Year's day, gave missionary sermons in Lundy's Lane in the morning and Niagara in the evening. A grand meeting in town on Monday; Tuesday, held the *first* missionary meeting ever celebrated in Queenston, where we obtained thirty dollars. At the Lane, Beaverdams, and Thorold, we succeeded much better. Sunday, the 8th, preached three times. Held meetings in St. Catharines, Flamboro' West, Berlin, Galt, and St. George.

Sunday, 15th January.—Preached twice in Brantford; meeting on Monday. Bro. Rose had prepared the people for

this anniversary, and they enjoyed it immensely, and did themselves much credit. We then visited Paris, Governor's Road, Woodstock, and Ingersoll, and the meetings grew better every night. Sabbath, 22nd.—Preached twice in London. Dr. Richey had been a day or two in advance of us, and our people felt oppressed, despondent, and fearful. But Mr. Clarke, the Congregational minister, brought his congregation to us on Sunday night, and on Monday evening we were cheered with a large congregation and a good collection. We left them with the star of hope in the ascendent and hearts full of cheer. We then went to North Street, Muncey, Dolson's, Chatham, Robinson, Sheply's, Gosfield and Howard. On Sunday, Brother Herkimer and I preached at St. Thomas, and held a good meeting on Monday evening. At Malahide, not much. At Brother Wrong's, all right. At Walsingham and Woodhouse, found good congregations. A good meeting at Durham. On the 12th, preached at Woodhouse and Simcoe. A grand meeting on Monday. A stormy night at Mount Pleasant, but worse at Jersey Settlement—snow four feet deep. Met Brother Ferguson at St. John's, where he has received eighty members on trial since our feast of dedication. We then took Dundas, Rock Church, and Waterdown on our way, preached in Nelson on Sunday, and had a good meeting on Monday. Mr. Hopkins, from the chair, gave the key-note in a stirring retrospect. A good revival was progressing here, which may account for the fact that this circuit paid us more cash down than any other in the west division. Brothers Whiting and Darlington are in their element. Their speeches consisted in exhorting sinners to flee from the wrath to come. They have taken 260 members on trial since Conference. Mr. Pitcher, a pious Dutchman, said "he knew a man who sowed a small field with wheat, and then kneeled to ask God's blessing upon it—promising that

all over forty bushels should be sacred to the missionary cause. He obtained sixty bushels, sold the twenty for fifteen dollars, and handed it over as promised." I corroborated this fact, telling the people that Brother Pitcher was the man, and this money came into my hands fifteen years ago.

After this feast of fat things in Nelson, we started, on the 21st Feb., for Oakville, Credit Mission, Cooksville, Humber, Brick Church, and Cummer's. Preached at Thornhill on Sunday, and held meeting on Monday. Thence to Reesorville. On the 1st of March we reached Richmond Hill, where we had a fruitful meeting. At McDougall's, very good; at Love's, middling. Am worn down with hard toil and much speaking. This night work is killing me. Stormy weather is bad, but cold, damp beds are worse. On Sunday, preached at Thornhill and Newmarket. On Monday evening, while I was speaking in the latter place, my nervous system gave away, and suddenly I lost my voice, and had to beckon to Bro. Herkimer to proceed with the services. For some time I could not speak a word. I had been troubled with a tickling in my throat for months, arising, as I supposed, from constant speaking under the influence of a bad cold; but I begin now to fear that it arose rather from a nervous irritability around the heart; and more especially so, as other symptoms indicated some derangement in that quarter. From this point we went to Holland Landing, Bradford, Monkman's, Rodehouse's, Harrison's, and Shell's. Sunday, preached at Gardner's, and Mr. Hurlburt at Switzer's. On Monday, by previous arrangement, we went into the city to meet the Eastern Deputation, and assist in the anniversary there. It was a delightful meeting, and full of promise. On Tuesday, we returned to Gardner's; thence to Switzer's, Crawford's, Kennedey's, and Munn's. Large assemblies and good success all the week. Sunday,

preached at Van Norman's and Bowes'. On Monday and Tuesday, we held meetings at these two places, and then finished up our tour with a good meeting at Palermo.

Bros. Hurlburt and Herkimer have stood this heavy tour much better than I have, and for very good reasons. They have had but little preaching, while I have preached two or three sermons a week, and addressed all the meetings, besides "that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." We commenced these meetings at Woolwich, on the 18th of December, and separated at Palermo on the 23rd of March. During this time we have encompassed the entire Province west of Toronto, in which I have preached twenty-eight sermons and addressed eighty-one meetings. We have travelled in all manner of ways, slept in all kinds of beds, ate different kinds of food, conversed with many kinds of people, and answered all kinds of questions on many different subjects. We have been beaten by storms, amused by oddities, excited by eloquence, and stimulated by enthusiasm. But the result of all these things on our minds has been to deepen our convictions of the greatness of our work, the goodness of our cause, and the certainty of success. God is with us, and under his wing we are safe, prosperous, and happy. I never knew a winter when so many souls were brought to God in our work. From present appearances we shall have a very large increase to report on the different districts. I remained home a few days to help the dear ministers on this circuit, lest they should kill themselves by hard work. Bro. Whiting is so intent on saving souls that he forgot to marry a couple whose banns he had published three times! The anxious party, tired of waiting, employed another clergyman, while good Mr. W. was leading others, not to Hymen's altar, but to the Saviour of the world. This forgetfulness or absence of mind, reminds me of a still more singular case where, I was told, a philoso-

pher forgot his own wedding-day, and when an impatient party went for the delinquent bridegroom, they found him by a tub of soap-suds, blowing bubbles. There was, indeed, some difference between the philosopher and the divine—one was making bubbles to break, the other was breaking bubbles long since made.

On the 16th of April, after labouring several days in our revival on the Nelson Circuit, went to assist poor Bro. McNab in the city. He is very ill and despairs of life; has selected his text, and desires me to preach his funeral sermon. Preached in Port Hope and Cobourg, and then accompanied Dr. Ryerson to the Capital, to present an address to our new Governor-General on behalf of our College. On my return from Kingston, preached twice on the Colborne and twice on the Peterboro' Circuit. Attended a Book Committee on the 9th of May, a quarterly meeting, at Trafalgar, on the 14th; preached at the Credit, at the Middle Road, and twice in Hamilton, and then attended the Toronto district meeting on the 7th of June.

We regret to learn that our ex-Governor-General, Sir Charles Bagot, died in Kingston on the 19th of May. Two Governor-Generals have died there since the capital was removed from Toronto. Thus we see that neither wealth nor titles nor power can save mortals from this fell destroyer.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1843 commenced in Hamilton on the 14th of June. As I expected and desired, the Rev. John Ryerson was elected President; and I felt relieved of much care and responsibility when I had the pleasure of handing him the Conference Seal, as the badge of his apostolic authority. The onerous duty had devolved on me of introducing the new policy of stationing the chairmen on circuits, and of making the new state of things as acceptable to the people, as fruitful of good, and as little damaging to the Church, as possible. I endeavoured to accomplish this by

visiting the circuits, listening to suggestions, settling difficulties, occupying new ground, and keeping my eye, as much as possible, upon the entire work. Our Presiding Elders heretofore have done good service in this direction, and this year the ministers, I am happy to say, have acted nobly, in entering every opening door.

The year just closed has been one of great exertion for the conversion of sinners, and those exertions have been crowned with unparalleled success. The net increase of members is 3,833, the largest increase ever known in the Province, and nearly equal to one-fifth of the entire membership of last year. The preachers are in good spirits. God has put honour upon their toil. Their business is, and has been, to save souls, and now they are able to return from their fields of sacrifice and toil bringing their sheaves with them. The funds of the Church have been well sustained, notwithstanding the failure of crops and scarcity of money. This is an encouraging feature of the times, as it shows that it is a part of our religion to sustain the Church, though it may cost us some personal sacrifice in doing so.

We have been favoured with the presence of our old friend, the Rev. Dr. Luckey, as representative from the American General Conference; and the President and ex-President have been appointed representatives to their next General Conference, to meet in New York next May. Great harmony now prevails in the councils of our Church. The dark night of doubts and fears has passed, and a better day is dawning upon us. We closed our session at midnight on Friday, and on Saturday hastened to our homes. I was stationed on the Hamilton Circuit, with Bro. Taylor, a popular preacher, for my colleague, and I have charge of the Hamilton District as well.

Sunday, the 27th of June, I commenced another year's work in Hamilton. My first text embraced St. Paul's

resolve in Corinth: "For I am determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." In my heart and soul I could assure the congregation that this was my determination in coming amongst them. To know Christ crucified ourselves, and then preach him faithfully to others, is the way to save souls; and this honour I covet above all other wealth, for who can tell the good that may be effected by the conversion of one soul! A peddler sold a religious book; Baxter read it, and it was the means of his conversion. Doddridge was converted by Baxter's writings; Wilberforce by the works of Doddridge; Leigh Richmond by Wilberforce's "Practical View," and thousands by Richmond's "Dairyman's Daughter." The whole fabric of society is connected by chains of influence. How little do we realize the good or harm we are doing!

The parsonage is dilapidated, but the good brethren have promised to build a new kitchen, dig a well, fence the garden, and make the premises comfortable. Our work is not likely to be heavy: we have only seventeen appointments each, in four weeks; three times each Lord's day, and five week-day appointments. On the 6th of October, preached a funeral sermon for good old Sister Burkholder, a saint of many years, who has taken wing at last. October 24th, attended the College Board at Cobourg, where we endorsed the new Marriage Bill before Parliament. On the 20th of October, preached the funeral sermon of the pious and useful wife of Dennis Moore, Esq., of Hamilton. She was useful in life and triumphant in death. Her room was filled with God and angels. The day of her exit she was in a trance, and appeared as "free among the dead." After remaining for some time in this state, with weeping friends around, all fearing that her end had come, she opened her eyes and smiled with heavenly sweetness, saying: "Where am I? Is this earth or heaven? O! what bright visions I

have enjoyed ! I saw the throne, and him that sits upon it. I saw many of our loved ones there, all in white robes, such as I never saw on earth." Such visions of the spirit-land must be quite transporting to a dying saint. No wonder that she should exclaim to my wife, " Why am I back again to earth ? I was perfectly happy, and could have lived there forever." Surely Christ has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light ! " Our people die well."

On the 8th of October went to the Dundas Circuit and DEDICATED A NEW CHURCH in Mr. Lyons' vicinity, on the plains. Bro. Spencer, the Superintendent, was jubilant over his success, and Mr. Lyons, the principal member in the place, invited a large part of the congregation to dine with him. We need a better class of churches in the country, and I have done what I could during my presidential tours to awaken a deeper interest in this direction. I now have the pleasure of returning to my study with greater comfort and advantage than I have enjoyed since I left the Brockville station. For some years my large districts, extensive centenary, missionary, and presidential tours, together with committee work and other extra services, have kept me so much from home that my library has been almost entirely neglected ; but upon this small circuit I can so arrange matters as to devote several consecutive days to my books. This is refreshing to my own mind and beneficial to my congregations. But, after all, there is really but *one book* for a minister to study. Other books may be consulted, but if they throw no light on the Bible, nor assist us in better understanding its history, its doctrines, its instructions, and the profound depths of its spiritual teachings, they may well be left to worldlings, to novel readers, and to those who value gold more than grace, and earth more than heaven. As often as I open these heavenly pages, new thoughts are presented to my mind, and new motives to a holy and useful life are pressed

home upon my heart. This book is so free from errors, even on scientific subjects, that its enemies have tried in vain to prove it faulty. Though its 66 books of 1,189 chapters, containing 31,173 verses were written by about fifty different persons, of different degrees of learning, different nationalities, and scattered over a period of 1,500 years ; and though it treats on almost all subjects—the origin of the world and its end, the plants of earth, the movements of the heavenly bodies, astronomic sublimities and historic verities ; of man in his origin, his nature and his relations to God ; of the spirit-land, and of the soul's immortality ; yet it always speaks with truth, with authority, and with accuracy. Where is the book that has done this? Moses lived and wrote more than 900 years before the most learned authors of Greece and Rome ; and though for forty years he had been taught by the magicians of Egypt that the sun, stars, and elements were endowed with reason and governed the world by reactionary influences, yet, under the teachings of plenary inspiration, he broke away from these errors, and presented divine truth in a way which defies successful criticism. Neither Confucius nor Thales, Xenophon nor Pythagoras had been able either to excel him or to prove his statements contrary to the facts which the science of their day revealed. The astronomy of Job and Abraham is the astronomy of our day. Job says —“He hangeth the earth upon nothing.” One of the Popes imprisoned Galileo for teaching the same sublime truth, but now, any school boy would be laughed at for denying it. Indeed, nothing in this Book of books, when rightly understood, has been found to contradict any one fact which the light of science, in later times, has clearly revealed and established.

Several things occurred during the autumn and winter which more or less excited the public mind. Amongst these the SCOTCH SECESSION was not the least. Five hundred ministers

withdrew from their General Assembly, headed by the Moderator.' They objected to the controlling influence of the Government in church matters. This is a surprising revolt, but quite in accordance with the spirit of the age. There is a great charm in the word *liberty*. Upper Canada has arisen in her strength and protested against an Established Church, and is comparatively free; Ireland is grumbling, Scotland is thundering, while England herself hears the muttering of a distant storm. There is something so unseemly in allowing worldly and Godless men, merely because they happen to be in office, to appoint bishops, sway Church courts, and interpret her laws, that one can hardly wonder at the uneasiness which fills the public mind. A great struggle is imminent; and it is impossible to tell where it will end. I assisted Dr. Burns in a public meeting in Hamilton, where I heard the facts of the case concerning the Scotch disruption. There was also a great struggle between Sir Charles Metcalf and his ministry on the subject of appointments. Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues claiming that His Excellency had made appointments without consulting them; hence they all resigned except Mr. Daily. Dr. Ryerson has taken sides with the Governor, while the Hon. Mr. Sullivan has entered the field against him, and the paper war is able and fierce. We are also making another effort to liberalize King's College. The Government proposed a Bill, placing Victoria, Queen's, and King's Colleges on the foundation of the University; and our Board met and endorsed the measure with some small amendments. The Rev. Mr. Gale, of the Kirk, the Rev. Mr. Osborne, Congregationalist, and the writer discussed the question in our public hall, opposed by R. O. Duggan, Esq., and a few others. We carried our resolutions ten to one.

Then, to fill up the cup of excitement, the Millerites entered our town last fall, declaring most positively that the world would come to an end during 1843! I preached

two sermons on the subject, assuring the people that, if I understood the Scriptures correctly, the world would not end for many years to come, or at least until many things which stand between us and the millennium were moved out of the way. — Some of the arguments of Miller, Himes, and Letch were very plausible, if they could only have proved that they had the correct beginning, or starting point. They argued that the 2,300 days, or prophetic years, commenced when the seventy weeks commenced, (Dan. 9 : 24,) an assertion which requires proof. These seventy weeks, or 490 years, (one day being a prophetic year—see Numbers 14 : 34, and Ezra 4 : 6,)—commenced when the command was given, in the seventh year of Artaxerxes, to rebuild Jerusalem. (See Ezra 6 : 3.) These seventy weeks, they aver, ended on the 3rd of April, A.D. 33, when Christ was crucified. Ferguson has ascertained, by astronomical calculations, that the 1,810 solar years after the crucifixion, ended on the 3rd of April, 1843. This astronomer says that the only Friday which occurred for many years during the first full moon after the vernal equinox was on the 3rd day of April, 33. If so, then it is clear that the crucifixion took place on that day. Then, if we deduct the 490 years which ended on that day from 2,300, it leaves 1,810 years which were to transpire before the end came. (Query : What end ?) In this way they proved to their own satisfaction that Christ would come again on that day. It is much to be regretted, on many accounts, that men will insist on predicting God's times, from such uncertain and obscure data. Sir Isaac Newton has well said, that "the folly of interpreters has been to foretell times and things by the Apocalypse, as if God designed to make them prophets. By this rashness they have not only exposed themselves, but brought prophecy also into contempt." Sir Isaac was right. How easy to lead people astray with such arguments ! It is much safer

to take the general scope of the Scriptures; than to take obscure passages of prophecy and then trust to the dates of historians for the time of their fulfilment. Isaiah, in his eleventh chapter, mentions three distinct events which will take place in that day—the gospel day—viz., the call of the Gentiles (verse 10), which has already taken place; the recall of the Jews (verse 11-12), and the filling of the earth “with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.” Now, as these events are to take place during the present day or dispensation, it is vain to talk of the judgment day until the two last-mentioned events are accomplished. Hence says Christ (Matthew 24 : 14), “And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.”

On the 18th of February I dedicated a neat little church in Applebe's neighbourhood, in Esquesing, and preached twice. Deep impressions were made, and I remained and preached on Monday evening, when the battle waxed warm. The services are to continue; but, unfortunately, Mr. Ferguson has to leave, to take Mr. Wright's place at the Credit, Mr. Wright having been appointed agent for the *Guardian*. We have had no snow this winter, and the wheat crops are looking very unpromising.

On the 2nd, returned home, and Rev. L. Taylor and I commenced a protracted meeting in our own church, in Hamilton. I first preached on Peter's tears, urging others to weep bitterly, like him, for our sins and shortcomings. We found hard work to move the people, but good was done.

In a long letter from Dr. Ryerson, he informs me that Lord Metcalf is pleased at our efforts for union with the parent body, and thinks our propositions fair and honourable. I am doing what I can, in a quiet way, to bring about a reconciliation; but I find some parties on both sides who, like Sampson's foxes, are willing to scatter fire-brands, but

do nothing to quench them. In view of our Church divisions, I often feel to say with Jeremiah, "O that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." I can fight with the world, for it is evil; with the flesh, for it is lustful; and with the devil, for he is hateful: but I find it hard to fight with my Wesleyan brethren, even when I think they are wrong.

April 27.—Dr. Ryerson has just been appointed Chief Superintendent of Schools for the Province; and Rev. John Ryerson and I started for the General Conference in New York. We were present at its organization, and were introduced by Bishop Soule to that venerable body, all standing. On Sunday we had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Durbin and Dr. Bascomb. The former appears well in the pulpit, is of good size, and gentlemanly in his bearing. At first he disappointed me. His voice appeared weak and whining; but after he got fully into his subject—the resurrection—his eyes began to sparkle, his voice became manly, his soul took fire, and he soon carried us all up in rapt attention. Dr. Bascomb is rather short, but thick-set, with dark hair and dark eyes. He appears well in the pulpit, and is one of the best orators I ever listened to. He preached for the Bible Society, in the great Broadway Tabernacle. On the next Sunday evening, I heard him again in the Conference Church, on Green street. The Church was full an hour before the time for service; and when he came he could not get near the house in front, but came through the garden, entered a window, and was handed on over the people's heads to the pulpit stairs. For two hours he held his hearers in admiration, and sometimes in raptures. He has a remarkable gift of thought, ideas, and language: he finishes his paragraphs admirably, with earnestness and elevated voice, and then stops to take breath before, with subdued voice, he

begins again. Such sermons and efforts may do as specialities, but it would soon finish any man to preach so every week.

We had the pleasure of meeting Messrs. Smith, Culp, and Bailey here, who claimed to be representatives from the M. E. Church of Canada ! And they really had the temerity and assurance to ask to be recognized as such, though the Conference had always acknowledged us to be that Church ! A large and respectable committee was appointed, with Dr. Luckey, chairman, who, after spending several hours in listening to their statements and arguments, requested us to meet the committee in their presence, which we did. Had these brethren merely asked fraternal intercourse with that Conference as a branch of the great Wesleyan family—as they did at Buffalo—who had organized themselves in this country, we should most probably have left our American brethren to act in the premises as they felt inclined, without any remarks from us. But as they claimed to be the body which we were known to be, first, as the M. E. Church in Canada, and then as the W. M. Church, thus bringing up the question of our legitimacy, we thought it right to give the facts in the case ; showing that we were really and truly the same Church which Bishop Hedding assisted in organizing here in 1828, and which had always been acknowledged as such, both by the British Conference and the American General Conferences, and proved so to be before the highest courts in Canada. We were glad to have the opportunity of stating, in the presence of these brethren, the facts in the case. The Rev. W. Case, who belonged to neither party, but was there on behalf of the British Conference, could—and did—endorse all that we said. The committee were unanimous in the adoption of their very able report, in which they give the facts concerning the formation of this new party, who had made a similar application in 1836, and were rejected. The committee conclude by saying :

"It is the deliberate opinion of your committee, that their request cannot be consistently granted by this Conference." This report was unanimously adopted by the Conference. (For the full report see *Christian Guardian* of May 29th.)

The great conflict between north and south on the question of slavery came up, and was ably debated on both sides for many days. I never met in a body, either parliamentary, judicial, or ecclesiastical, that possessed equal power in debate to this Conference. The occasion was one of vast importance, and it elicited the best talents of the church. It was not difficult to see that they must divide into two parties, and that considering the peerless influence which this powerful church possesses, their division would soon be followed by a rupture in the nation. I had the pleasure of meeting, at his son Robert's, with the Rev. Henry Stead, who baptized me, and the Rev. George Coles, who took me into the church. Dr. Luckey was there also, who was born but a few miles from my birthplace. It was a joyous occasion, and the dinner was excellent. We addressed the Conference on the 21st May, taking our farewell leave of that powerful body, and soon starting for home. By an arrangement with the Presiding Elder of the Oswego District, I attended his quarterly meeting at Mexico the ensuing Sunday. In the lovefeast my cold oppressed me so much that I arose and left. On going down the aisle, and just before I reached the door, a lady stepped out of her seat and threw her arm round me. I was startled for a moment, but on turning towards her, I saw it was my cousin Robinson, the wife of their member of Congress. It proved a comforting meeting, for she took me to her own fireside near at hand, and nursed me up for the eleven o'clock sermon.

On the 29th our district meeting was held at Dundas, and we were pleased to find that we had a handsome increase of church members. One hundred increase in Hamilton

and Dundas alone, which formed but one circuit last year. Bro. Taylor and I had a pleasant and happy year together. There are some very precious souls on this circuit. The venerable Peter Bowman and wife, James Gage and wife, and Father Taylor and wife, were among the first members of the church in this part of the country ; and they have stood firm as a rock ever since. Edward Jackson and wife, T. Bickle and wife, and Dennis Moore, came in at a later date, but they, with many others, are now foremost in every good work. Such men and women are a great source of power and spiritual wealth to the church. They will be greatly missed when they are removed from us, but they are now like shocks of corn ready for the final harvest.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1844.—Convened in Brockville on the 5th of June. The Rev. Richard Jones was elected President, and the Rev. Henry Wilkinson, Secretary. Our net increase was only four hundred and thirty-eight. We had the pleasure of meeting our old friend Metcalf at this Conference, who appeared like himself again. In travelling through the country I found some cases of hardship arising from stewards refusing to pay the full appropriation for a wife's support who had been removed by death during the year ; and I introduced a resolution, which passed unanimously, correcting this state of things. Our Book-room was found to be in a ruinous condition, the Book Steward only reporting a gain of nine dollars, and that without making any allowance for shelf-worn books, bad debts, or for paying an appropriation to the Contingent Fund. Under these circumstances Mr. McNab resolved to leave it, and he and others strongly urged me to come to the rescue. This was a sore trial to my family. We had just got comfortably settled in Hamilton ; were happy in our work there and fully expected to remain. Still, as was my wont, I bowed to the decision of Conference. But instead of lessening my duties, in the weak state of my

nervous system, the Conference by these arrangements increased them. Several circuits asked for the restoration of travelling chairmen, and the Conference restored them. I have now thirteen circuits to visit quarterly, in addition to my Book-room duties. On the 20th of June I took my family on board a steamer, and started for Toronto. I walked up to the Book-room from the wharf, and as we reached the street, and I first set my feet upon the sidewalk, I felt a pleasurable sensation of lightness, ease, and comfort come over me which I fail to describe. I had experienced a degree of sadness and depression on leaving Hamilton; but in a moment it was all gone. Indeed I felt as I never had felt before. My body seemed light as air, and I could scarcely tell whether my feet touched the planks or not. I had been depressed on account of my health, and feared that my double duties would prove too much for me. But a surprising change came over my entire frame. I was not aware of any physical cause which could have produced these effects upon my body and mind at the same moment. I must leave it to naturalists and philosophers to explain this phenomenon as best they can. It may be that the Divine Being took this method to nerve me for my work, and encourage me as to the future—an earnest of my success—but the first thought which occurred to my mind after this strange sensation was this: You have now made your last move in the great whirl of our itinerancy. When you leave Toronto you will be lifted up as now, by a superior Power, and conveyed by angels over the everlasting hills to your eternal home. The effect upon my mind was timely and beneficial. My weariness was gone, my depression of spirits vanished, and my gloomy apprehensions were all dissipated. I hastened up to the Book-room with nimble step and commenced my work with increased courage and brightened hopes. I found Mr.

Samuel Junkin, our book-keeper, a safe, honest, and reliable man, quite capable of taking charge in my absence.

I commenced my district work on the 7th of July, at the Credit; then went to Lake Simcoe Mission, Toronto Circuit, Newmarket, Mono (on week day), Allison, Yonge Street (the city), Whitby, and Markham; then, on the 30th of August, held a camp-meeting at the Credit. Had a good time among the Indians. On Thursday, 4th of September, started for Barrie. On the way, my horse fell and pitched me out of the gig. No harm done, except the breaking of one shaft and a little skin removed from one elbow. A blacksmith nearby soon repaired the one, and time, alike friendly to all, will, I trust, soon heal the other. Held an excellent camp-meeting on Snake Island for the Indians of Rama, Cold Water, Balsam Lake, and the Island. Much good was effected, and the Indians went home rejoicing. Here I saw religion in its native simplicity, apart from the refinements and trappings which philosophy has thrown around it. Pure, simple, and emotional, these children of the forest came directly to Christ, and by faith received until their cup of blessings was full. But I had to leave too soon. In our great itinerant work it frequently happens that one duty crowds closely upon another. I had to leave on Saturday, to reach my quarterly meeting in Barrie. Bro. Williams and two Indians landed me on the north shore of the lake, and then about three miles' walk through the woods brought me to the bay, where other friends soon paddled me over to Barrie. Owen Sound was then to be visited, and there was scarcely an apology for a road through the dense forest to that far-off mission. But Messrs. Geo. McDougal (afterwards missionary to the North-west), J. Chantler, H. Smith, S. Souls, and J. Cathey volunteered to convey me there in time for our Wednesday evening preaching; and early on Monday morning, before the sun had tinged

the east with his golden rays, these heroic friends were up and shouting for the march. They had provided a chest of food, consisting of bread, meat, potatoes, corn, sugar, and tea, with kitchen utensils, &c. We rode eight miles in a waggon to the head of Willow Creek, where lay the craft in which we were to take passage. This creek was one of the most unpleasant on which I ever rode. A deep, crooked, narrow stream, surrounded with an extensive swamp, and overhung with bushes. We went dodging backwards and forwards seven or eight miles to gain four or five. We descended to this swamp from an eminence, on which were the remains of an old fort, or military encampment, where, it is said, a detachment of soldiers were stationed during the American war. We had some distance to go over an old corduroy-road, made by soldiers thirty years since. I rode over these decayed timbers till my horse got his feet off the logs, and left me standing on a bog. We got over safely, however, and were happy to find that John Jack, a converted Indian, who had been down to our quarterly meeting, had reached the creek before us and kindled a fire, where I dried my feet before embarking. We were then soon on our way among the willows, from which the creek takes its name. The creek was so narrow that we could not use our oars, and while the men were paddling us along, I amused myself by cutting off obtrusive limbs which obstructed our way. But my amusement was soon ended, for I dropped my axe into dark water ten feet deep. "Alas! master, for it was borrowed," and I had not a prophet's skill to make it swim. About two o'clock we tied our canoe to a tree on the bank of the Nottawasaga River, kindled a fire, boiled our potatoes, roasted our corn, &c., &c., and taking off our hats, stood up reverently and implored the divine blessing upon our food and our work. Never did food taste better or sweeter; but we had to fight mosquitoes

with one hand while we took our food with the other. The stillness of the forest was often disturbed by the sound of our guns, by which we brought many ducks from their wings into the water. After journeying thirty miles without seeing a house, our eyes were gladdened by the sight of Mr. Cathey's saw-mill, in Sunnydale, and its kind owner, who conducted us to his house, where many bright faces made us welcome. Good Mrs. Cathey gave us an ample supper and a hearty breakfast of the ducks which we had bagged during the day. We heartily thanked God for planting such a kind family in the wilderness, who were both able and willing to administer to the comfort of his toiling and weary servants. The next morning, before daylight, Mr. Cathey took his team and conveyed our craft over the portage to the Georgian Bay, by which, we were told, we saved about twelve miles of rowing. It was a lovely autumnal morning; not a breeze to ruffle the bosom of this inland sea, and we were soon under weigh, singing, "This, this is the God we adore," &c. A new mill had just been erected in the woods where Collingwood now stands. We threw out our line, and just as we reached a small island where we were to dine, a large black bass caught the hook. In a few minutes we had him in our frying-pan, and while he was cooking and our potatoes boiling, we made ourselves wooden forks, prepared our table, and then "ate our morsel with quietness and singleness of heart." The mountains of Collingwood towered up with pleasing grandeur on our left, while small clearings, few and far between, were seen at their base. On our right, but far to the north, were the Christian Islands. After propelling ourselves about forty miles we reached St. Vincent, tired and hungry, and were kindly entertained by Mr. Seeman, formerly of Brockville, and a Mr. Marving, from Young. We were told that we were still thirty miles

from the Sound, by water, and twenty by land. Mr. Neelands procured me a horse, and we started off, early the next day, through the woods; some part of the way not the sign of a road to guide us on our course. But the missionary was a good pilot, and we reached the Sound in time for service. I was made comfortable in the family of our native missionary, Mr. Herkimer. Mrs. H. is the most interesting Indian woman I ever saw. Her house was neat, the beds clean, and the food agreeable. I left sincerely thankful that we had been the agents, in God's hands, of raising up these once degraded beings to a state of so much happiness and promise. It did us all good to see the fields of wheat, corn, potatoes, &c., &c., which these Indians possessed. We held a council with them, where I was nearly choked with the fumes of that filthy weed called tobacco. They wished me to select five acres of land for a church, parsonage, and garden, which I did, all approving of the site selected. It lies on a terrace of high land in the rear of this beautifully-located village. The Indians own a large tract of rich land near by, and we are trying to get all the scattered tribes around Lake Simcoe to live here, promising them a manual-labour school for their children if they will do so.

This Bay, or Sound, is large, and makes an excellent harbour. The white village at its head is beautifully situated in a valley of a triangular shape. It is now in its infancy. Scarcely a house seems to be finished; but its position, surrounded as it is by rich lands and flowing streams, indicates that it will one day be a large and prosperous city. The Government wisely gives fifty acres to any actual settlers, with the option of buying the adjoining fifty for a mere trifle. On Friday we preached to a congregation of about seventy persons, six miles out, and administered the Lord's Supper to fifty communicants. I

preached in the new village in the evening, and then we returned to St. Vincent for our quarterly meeting, on Saturday and Sunday.

Here the meeting was held in the woods, and we offered a free salvation to about two hundred persons present. Where all these people came from, was a mystery to me. All the log-cabins from a large distance round must have been emptied that morning. Bro. Neelands, like the apostles of old, goes on foot, from cottage to cabin and from settlement to settlement, scattering good seed as he passes. These new settlements form a most interesting and inviting part of our field, and must not be neglected. It is true they are rugged and sometimes repulsive to refined tastes ; but the time is coming when they will, if well worked, become populous and inviting circuits. Early on Monday, while the morning star was still looming in the heavens, we were on the bay with our faces towards home ; but night overtook us long before we reached the portage. The friendly stars were our only guide, and leaving the great bear to our left, we fixed our eyes upon a bright planet which I took to be Jupiter, and steered our course towards it, joyfully singing Kirke White's "Star of Bethlehem." Soon we saw a light on the shore, and contrary to my wish, we steered towards it. This took us some miles out of our course. About ten o'clock we reached the beach, and were preparing to take our night's slumbers under the cover of our canoe, when to our joy, we saw Bro. Cathey coming with his lantern to guide us to his hospitable dwelling. He was expecting us, and hearing our guns, started off toward us. The next day we stemmed the current of the Nottawasaga River, passed through the dismal swamp, and reached Mr. Smith's about nine o'clock. On Friday I reached home, and received a cordial welcome by wife and children. Thanks be given to God for good friends

abroad, and double thanks for affectionate friends and comfortable rest at home.

“ But dreary were this earth, if earth were all,
Though brightened oft by dear affection's kiss :—
Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall,
But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.”

After visiting the Credit, Toronto circuit, Newmarket, Mono, and the Humber, I went on the 26th and 27th of October to Thornhill, on the Yonge-street circuit. This was a day of severe trial to me. For some time I had felt my body giving way under official cares and very heavy pulpit and platform duties, while the severe cold I took in New York had kept my bronchial tubes weak and my throat sore. Continued speaking under this pressure had so worried and fretted my speaking organs that they communicated their irritation to my entire nervous system, while my heart joined in the remonstrance, and sent such throbs to my head as enabled me distinctly to count every pulsation by the sound. Our lovefeast on Sunday morning was a season of unusual interest and power. The house was full of divine influences, and wishing to keep the fire burning I selected these thrilling words for my text—“To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.” In preaching I felt and enjoyed such an unction from the Holy One, and such bright visions of the heavenly world, as carried me near the throne ! These views of Christ ; these joys in the Holy Ghost, humbled me to the dust. I felt that Jesus was in the pulpit preaching through me to the hearts of the people. The entire assembly appeared to be happy. When I finished that discourse I felt as though I had preached my last sermon, and finished my pulpit-work for ever. I feared my system was prostrated beyond recovery, and I sank down exhausted. After a little I rallied, managed

to get home, went to my bed, and for some time was confined to my house. Dr. Rolph was called in by Dr. Morrison, and together they gave me a thorough examination. They said I had gone entirely beyond my strength; enjoined quiet, rest, and entire cessation from all pulpit labours. Afterwards they told me I had preached my last sermon, and must never think of preaching again. These were sorrowful tidings to me. I had entered the ministry as my lifework, and preferred it to all other employment; but I was compelled to submit, for I had lost my voice and could do no more. In my weakness I used to go to the window and look down upon King-street, where the people were hurrying about with surprising activity, and wondered if I would ever be able to walk there again. My weakness was, indeed, a thorn in the flesh, and I felt it right to ask the Lord to remove it; but though I asked it more than three times, I could only hear the Master say—"My grace is sufficient for thee." I made the best arrangements I could for my quarterly meeting, and when strength permitted, devoted my remaining energies to the Book-room. On the 17th of February I was able to take the chair at our anniversary meeting in the Adelaide-street Church, which gave me much encouragement.

March 23rd, Easter Day.—This year, as in 1818, the first full moon after the vernal equinox comes on Sunday, hence it is not really the first after the equinox. Astronomers tell us that if the fourteenth day of the new moon were fixed upon, this difficulty would not happen. On the 28th of May, I was able to preside in our district meetings. We had a net increase of one hundred and fifty members. I was obliged to say to our dear brethren that I could not think of taking charge of the district next year. I have been invited, and even pressed, to enter the Church of England, where my duties and labours would be much lighter than in our itinerancy; but this sect is too straight for me.

I could not think of saying that I am "moved by the Holy Ghost" to take orders, when I am already in orders.* I wish to live and die a Wesleyan, and, if possible, a Wesleyan minister. Here my highest hopes are reached, and my loftiest aspirations realized. When I fall, I should like to fall at my post, and with my death grasp seize the standard of the Church, which I have so long borne, and throw it to abler hands, who would spread these colours to the breeze, crying, "Onward! Onward to greater victories! Onward! until the world is redeemed!" And then :

"When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the praise I cannot speak."

In connection with Messrs. Wilkinson and Playter, I devoted my spare moments in preparing a course of study for the candidates for our ministry. It was a revision of the course adopted by the New York Conference, consisting

* Reordination would be a virtual acknowledgment of the vaunted "uninterrupted succession," which, I can say with Wesley, "I know to be a fable." I look upon this fable as the prayer-book does upon purgatory—"A vain thing, fondly invented, grounded upon no warrant of Holy Scripture, but rather repugnant thereto." I was thankful to my dear friends for their kind wishes, and the interest they took in my welfare; but the laxity of discipline in putting away such unbelievers as Colenso, the painful repudiation of the Reformation, and the faltering witness which some clergymen bear to the great truths of experimental godliness, did not present many attractions to me. In our itinerancy we imitate the example of Christ, who "went through every city and village, preaching and showing the glad tidings of the Kingdom of God." And after being accustomed so long to preach to many thousands every year, I could hardly brook the idea of spending my life in reading prayers and homilies to one congregation.

of questions on the different subjects for each of the four years in our course. Our preachers have little enough time for their studies, and we thought these printed questions would help them to a good understanding of the subjects studied, and serve to fix the leading facts firmly in their minds.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1845 commenced in St. Catherines, on the 4th of June. The Rev. Henry Wilkinson was elected President. My billet was in the amiable family of the Hon. Hamilton Merritt, with Revs. W. Ryerson and A. Hurlburt. In such a company we had no lack of entertainment. The ladies could furnish the music, our hon. host the politics, and the clergy the theology. We established a Church Relief Fund, and passed several resolutions concerning an Annuitant Fund. We received a communication from the British Conference, saying that they had appointed "a committee entrusted with full powers to decide on all the matters in question" between them and us. After the proposition we made them, we are scarcely prepared, at this Conference, to meet their committee; but some of us hope to take a step in that direction next year. The Conference was pleased with our Book-room report, and its members unanimously re-elected their Book Steward.

On the 8th of July my wife and I left for Saratoga, to try the benefit of those healing waters, and returned somewhat better than we went. At the late commencement of Victoria College, one young gentleman—Mr. Oliver Springer, of Nelson—received the degree of B.A. It is gratifying to know that, as ours was the first College in operation in Upper Canada, so it has sent out the first regular graduate who has received such honours in our country.

January 1st.—Last night we had a comfortable season at our vigil. I found it good to wait upon the Lord and renew my strength. Though the outward man faileth, the

inner man is renewed day by day. All is peace—all is hopeful. My strength is increasing, and my mercies abound.

January 23rd.—The venerable Thomas Whitehead, who was President of our Conference in 1840, died to-day. Thus, one by one, the Lord is calling us home. Still, we ought not to repine, for Mr. W. is the first of our ministers called away from us since 1837.

“ Like leaves of trees the race of man is found :
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground ;
Another race the following spring supplies ;
They fall successive, and successive rise ;
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these when those are passed away.”

By the consent of the Committee, we have just issued a new publication, called the *Sunday-school Advocate*. We have two hundred schools in the Church, and desire to feed these lambs as best we may. No means should be withheld calculated to make these schools fruitful nurseries in the Church of our God.

A dark cloud is now hanging over our country, arising from the Oregon question. The British Government proposes to refer the question to arbitration, but Mr. Polk absolutely refuses. The Americans claim the country on the principle of priority of discovery, exploration, and settlement. They claim that Jacob Astor effected a settlement there in 1811. They also claim under the treaty with France ceding Louisiana in 1803, and Spain, ceding Florida in 1819. The British claim that Captain Cook, sailing under English authority, discovered, in 1778, all the coast north of 44°; that both Captain Berkeley and Captain Duncan touched there in 1787; that Vancouver surveyed all north of 40° in 1792-3-4; that Sir William Mackenzie, at the same time, crossed the Rocky Mountains and passed the Straits of

Freca, being the first white man to go from ocean to ocean ; that in 1806 and 1811 other posts were established by the North-west Company, even on the banks of the Columbia River, &c., &c. Mr. Packenham, our plenipotentiary at Washington, has offered to divide the territory, commencing at the 49°, and following the Columbia to the ocean. The Americans will divide by the 49th parallel only ; and this, however absurd, will be agreed to, for they invariably get the advantage of John Bull in all boundary questions.

The lamented conflict in the M. E. Church has resulted in a division between the North and the South. Each division held its General Conference on the 1st of May.


Our district meeting was held at Cummer's, on the 26th. We had an increase of one hundred and sixty church members.





CHAPTER ·XI.

REUNION WITH THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

UR Conferencial proceedings, which took place this year in Kingston, were fraught with unusual importance. Our relations with the English Conference came under careful and prayerful review; when the Rev. John Ryerson and the writer were appointed representatives to that body to negotiate terms of peace, and, if possible, restore order and harmony to the Church in Canada. From the beginning we lamented the disruption, and did our best, in a quiet way, to heal the breach. The method we adopted was, to correspond with brethren both in England and in Canada, to prepare the way for general action; then to propose a reference to a third party, and finally to bring the subject before our Conference, in view of the present movement. In answer to a letter received from Dr. Alder when I was President, I wrote him, recommending that our boundaries should be defined, and that we should mutually refuse to receive members from the opposite party, unless duly recommended by a Superintendent. In reply to this, Dr. Alder authorized Mr. Stinson to say that "the position assumed by the High Church party induces the leading men at home to think that the Methodists should be united in every part of the land." He also urged that

Mr. Ryerson and I should visit England, to meet their Conference, in 1843. My epistolary correspondence was kept up, while I had frequent interviews with Messrs. Case, Davidson, and others, by which we learned much concerning the wishes of the British party; and from all we could learn, the time had come for us to take a bold step in the direction of a reunion. We knew but too well that mountainous difficulties lay in our path; but these difficulties were increasing, instead of diminishing, by delay. Their people and ours were getting further apart all the while, and more estranged from each other. Many hard things were said, on both sides, by hot-headed and injudicious brethren. Political papers took sides; Methodist editors were criminating and recriminating each other, and inflammatory pamphlets were extensively circulated, which added fuel to the fire! Even Mr. Harvard, usually peaceful and quiet, was writing letters of biting sarcasm, which, strange to say, were admitted into the columns of the *Guardian* in dreary and disgusting detail. Mr. Playter, in his "Voice from Canada," had manfully defended our course, and the *Provincial Wesleyan* was firing back sharp arrows dipped in gall. Under these circumstances it required no ordinary degree of courage to throw ourselves into the arena of strife and make a bold push for union. But we felt the importance of the movement, and hastened to test our strength, encouraged by the fact that "God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all churches of the saints;" and Jesus, our Master, is the Prince of Peace. Our powers, like those of the English Committee, were plenary. We could not close our eyes to the fearful evils arising out of our division, and the possibility of its being extended. Many of our people were urging us, in contravention of the agreement of 1820, to enter Lower Canada, as our English brethren had entered Upper Canada! We had £1,000 surplus in our Missionary

Treasury, and one brother had promised me to support a missionary there himself, if we would send one. But we were grieved at the waste of the Lord's money in our Province, and were not willing to commit the same error by setting up opposite altars in that Province. We knew that we had a delightful field to cultivate, and a willing and pious people to aid us in laying the foundations of our Church institutions broad and firm, if we could but be united ; and that if we succeeded in healing this breach, we would confer indescribable blessings upon our country and Church, for which future generations would call us blessed. With these views and feelings, and these difficulties in our way, we accepted the appointment ; and, being also appointed delegates to the great Evangelical Alliance, we hastened to enter upon our Atlantic voyage. We were requested to present an address to His Excellency, Earl Cathcart, the Governor-General, which delayed us a little in Montreal. On Wednesday, the 30th of June, we went on board the steamer *Scotia*, Capt. Lott, and at 12 o'clock we steamed out of Boston harbour towards the Old World. The Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, his wife, and sundry clergymen were on board ; and as we had resolved to make an effort for a better feeling among Protestant Christians, and, if possible, form an alliance for future effort, we deemed it right to begin, on a small scale, at once ; hence, we selected the largest state-room available, where we met each evening for family worship. After reading a portion of God's Word and prayer, we spent some time in free Christian conversation on doctrinal topics—not for purposes of disputation, but to ascertain how near we could come together in our views with the Bible in our hands, and in the light of our own terminology. Hitherto the polemics of divines had been bitter and repulsive. It is easy to conquer an absent opponent when we attach our own meanings to his words,

or put sentiments in his mouth, and then draw the sword to demolish errors of our own creation. But it is different when we quietly sit, face to face, and compare notes,—not for the purposes of victory, but to see how near we can really come together in sentiment, feeling, and co-operation. We did not seek for organic union of all Evangelical Churches in one body. In the present state of the world this is scarcely desirable. We may do more good by fighting the common foe under our distinctive banners, and thus “provoke one another to love and to good works.” We desired to ascertain the great fundamental principles in which we substantially agreed; and then, rallying joyfully round these, sweetly agree to differ on those which are of minor importance. To accomplish this, we had to begin with mutual forbearance and mutual respect. Our meetings were interesting, and our explanations both encouraging and instructive. We soon became mutually attached to each other, and felt that the sentiments in which we differed were trifles compared with the great essentials in which we cordially agreed.

Our passage over was pleasant, and we were surprised at the accuracy with which the captain timed our progress. When half-way over, he said to us,—“At three o’clock on Sunday I will show you land on Point Clear;” and, sure enough, just fifteen minutes before three on that day a sailor shouted out “Land, O!” His practiced eye saw from the rigging aloft what I could not see from the deck. But soon my eye caught a little speck, like a pale cloud, which, as we advanced, gradually assumed the appearance of land. After being eight days out of sight of land, for the first time in my life, this sight was truly cheering. When we entered the Channel, dense fogs surrounded us, which greatly impeded our progress. One time, when near the Welsh shore, the bell rang violently, and the captain shouted “Port! Port!” The steam was turned off, and we saw, close by our wheel, a

fishing craft, the bow of which we slightly grazed. We were steering directly toward it when first discovered. We entered the Mersey at night, amidst the firing of cannon and the shooting of rockets. Having heard so much from Englishmen about the superiority of English beef, we ordered beefsteak for our first breakfast on shore, and were free to acknowledge that it was a delicious treat, the like of which we had failed to find in Canada.

When we reached the outskirts of London, the Capital, of which I had read so much, I felt a sensation of awe mingled with excitement, not easy to describe. We had to ride four miles from the station in a cab, before we reached Bow Church, on Cheapside, in the vicinity of which we took lodgings. We lost no time in repairing to Hatton Garden, the residence of Dr. Alder, to report ourselves to that functionary. We considered this attention due to the Doctor, as Secretary for Canada, and the individual who had invited us to undertake this mission. But I regret to say that his conduct was anything but courteous, or what we had a right to expect from him. He met us at his door, stood upon his threshold, and with a pompous air thus addressed us—"Good morning, gentlemen, I am glad to see you; I am aware of your business, but regret that I can give you no encouragement." Well, Doctor, said we, what would you recommend us to do. "Oh, I have no advice to give," said he. Well, that being the case, perhaps it is useless for us to go any further. "O yes, by all means go to the Conference; but you have undertaken a very difficult work and I see not what can be done. But this much I can say for your encouragement, there are no two men in Canada who would be more cordially received by us than yourselves." We saw at once the game he was playing; and said, we will not detain you any longer now; good morning, sir. All this time we were left standing on the street, and not even invited indoors. I said to my colleague,

it is easy to see the tactics he has adopted, and we must checkmate him. He means to humble us in such a way as will enable him to dictate terms to us ; but surely there can not be many of his spirit, if so, I desire no closer union with them. We must stand upon our dignity too. "I am afraid," said Mr. R., "that you are correct." When we reached Bristol, the seat of the Conference, we went to the Moon, and found that several members were stopping at that hotel. Here Messrs. Lord and Stinson called on us and expressed their great pleasure at seeing us, and gave us a hearty welcome. After a few days we were billeted with Mr. Brailsford, one of the ministers of the city, where several brethren called on us and expressed their pleasure at seeing us there, and especially on such an errand. On Monday we had tickets sent us for admittance into Conference. On entering we took our seats upon a form at the door, where we remained for two hours, after which Dr. Alder came to us, as cold as an iceberg, saying, "I have procured good seats for you amongst the brethren, and if you will follow me I will conduct you to them. When we were installed into a pew, he said to us—"Now, you will be expected to occupy those seats only while you are in the Conference !" We made no reply to this very rude remark ; but after a little, we called on the President, the Rev. Mr. Atherton, and opened our mission to him. He said, "You must not feel discouraged ; Alder is but one man ; he is sometimes capable of giving himself undue importance," and then added—"I have been placed in the chair of the Conference as an independent man, and I will see that you are treated kindly." The next day Mr. Lord came to us and said, "The President wishes you to go up and be introduced to the Conference." The steps to the platform ascended from a passage behind the pulpit. On the President's right sat the ex-Presidents, and in the rear, the representatives from France and Ireland ; behind these was an empty

seat, which was evidently designed for us as the appropriate place for representatives. After we had been introduced to the Conference by the President, he publicly requested us to take seats on the platform wherever we would feel most comfortable. On retiring to the top of the stairs we saw Dr. Alder at the bottom, carefully watching our movements; and as I stepped over towards the empty seat, he called out with a heavy frown on his brow, "Not there, Mr. Green, not there! Come down here." Thank you, Doctor, said I, the venerable President has ordered us to sit on the platform, and we are accustomed to obey orders. He turned away displeased, the brethren near by laughing at him most heartily. We took our seats in our appropriate place, leaving our friend to fill up his vacant seats below as he pleased. Mr. Ryerson complimented me cordially upon the answer I gave the Doctor, saying, "He is fully checkmated now, and he richly deserved all he got." It is due to Dr. A., however, to say that from this time forward his conduct toward us was respectful, affable, and kind. He evidently saw that we understood his tactics. We cared not personally where we sat. It was the honour of our Conference to which we looked, and the effect such treatment must have in Canada. If we negotiated at all it must be on terms of equality, justice, and right. We had now gained our point without seeming to demand it, and we were satisfied. These things were not mentioned in Canada, for reasons which must be obvious to all. They were the acts of an individual merely—who had been humiliated by his defeat at his last visit to our body—and not the acts of the Conference. Ultimately they did us good.

When we met the Committee appointed to negotiate with us, we found them honourable, high-minded gentlemen, anxious to do right; and after they heard our statements, and found that we were open, frank, and reliable, we found them everything we could desire. Dr. Bunting was chief

amongst his brethren, and a good diplomatist. After two days' anxious application, we unanimously arrived at those conclusions which have been published in our Book of Discipline. The Committee then gave us a good dinner in the Centenary Hall, and expressed the pleasure they had derived from our visit. Dr. Alder having completely redeemed himself, we thought him the best man to come to Canada, and we asked the Conference to appoint him our President, which they did.

THE GREAT EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE met in the Freemason's Hall, London, on Wednesday, the 19th of August. The hall would hold about 1,000 people, and it was well filled. I had received a double appointment to this Conference; one from the Branch Alliance in Toronto, and one from our Conference in Kingston. We received our tickets to the Alliance from the Secretary, the Rev. Dr. Steine, who also gave us billets. My home was with the Rev. Dr. Townley, a Congregational minister, at Islington. On the previous Sunday we walked four miles to hear the Rev. Baptist Noel, of the English Church. Here, with the President of the Alliance, Sir Culling Eardley, and a large number of foreign delegates, we received the Lord's Supper. We spent two days in Exeter Hall in the aggregate committee, preparing business for the Conference, carefully feeling our way, step by step, as we did also for two days more in the Conference;—for we were entering upon a great experiment, scarcely knowing whether or not we could take one step together towards a permanent Alliance. Fourteen nationalities, from China to Canada, were present, with deputations from all evangelical Churches known to fame. Clergymen and laymen, Earls and knights, were there, piously consulting for the general good. No one seemed to desire a general fusion of all Churches into one grand overshadowing body; but, believing that the great Christian

Church Catholic has never lost her Oneness, nor her Head, we wished to manifest this union in such a way as would render it available, on great occasions, in relieving the oppressed and promoting liberality, and thus convince the world that we are essentially "one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

Our work was difficult, and the result problematical. Forty years ago the Churches here represented were hostile to each other. Polemical discussions were mixed with gall, while the pulpits bristled with opposition to all opposing sects. But the cunning of Jesuits, the ravings of Anti-christ, and the alarming defection of Tractarians, called loudly upon the Catholic Church to arouse from her slumbers and put on strength. The call is to the faithful of all lands. Holy men are sounding the alarm from Zion's walls, and Christians are awaking. I was not aware of the deep yearnings of soul for greater union between the Churches until we passed our third resolution. We had already resolved "that the Church of the living God, while it admits of growth, is one Church, never having lost, and being incapable of losing, its essential unity." We had also unanimously deprecated the divisions of the Church and our alienation of affection. But when we reached that point in our discussions and explanations where we unanimously resolved to form a "Confederation under the name of THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE," our joy was great. Business was impossible. The pentup fire burst forth, and for half an hour there was such a shaking of hands as made us feel that we were all brethren. Some wept, some shouted, some sang, but all appeared to be perfectly happy. Had an infidel been present he would probably have exclaimed, with an accuser of old, "These are drunken with new wine;" but we received it as an evident token of the divine approbation. Our doctrinal basis was short and comprehensive.

It was three days under discussion, during which our peace was disturbed by a minister of London introducing the question of slavery. The absence of sixty Americans from the Conference during this excitement gave us some anxiety. But when we learned that they had retired to pray, and had spent the time in asking God to give them grace and patience equal to the trying hour, we felt relieved.

As Mr. Ryerson and I wished to visit the continent before our Committee on Union met, we left some days before the Conference closed, and crossed the Channel to Boulogne. Here, on an eminence, we saw Napoleon's folly,—the monument of invasion,—a high tower erected to commemorate an event that never happened! The ride from this to Amiens, in what they called "diligences," was most unpleasant. There we entered a railway car, which soon conveyed us to Paris—a most beautiful and charming city,

"Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

There seems to be no Sunday here. Long tables were spread out quite near the Tuilleries, where goods and trinkets were offered for sale. We spent several days in this lovely city and its surroundings, during which time we visited Versailles, the principal attraction of which was the old palace, in which we were told there were five miles of picture gallery and statuary. The royal grounds, and gardens, and movable orange trees, were well worth a visit. From Paris we rode through old Flanders—a beautiful country—to Brussels, the capital of Belgium. This is an old town, with many points of interest which my space will not allow me to describe. On Saturday we made up a party and drove out to Waterloo. We had an old soldier to guide us over the battle-ground, who, having been in the battle himself, could give us much reliable and interesting information. This ground was selected by Wellington as

the scene of his latest victory and greatest triumph. A slight valley, in the shape of an obtuse triangle, divided the English and French armies. At the head of this valley stood the two great commanders, about a mile apart. From there the armies stretched off three or four miles to Wellington's right and the Emperor's left. For two hours before the French retreated, both Generals were immensely excited. The Emperor, with his vest pocket full of snuff, was constantly carrying it in his fingers to his nose, and then throwing it away. The Duke stood with watch in hand, saying, "Would to God that Blucher or night would come." But when it was announced that the Prussian General was in sight, the Duke tossed his watch away, saying, "Thank God, the day is ours." The brave, but unfortunate, Emperor then beat a retreat, and the French flew away in great haste. On an elevated spot, near the Duke's post, stands the Belgic Mound, with 102 steps to its summit. On its apex stands the British lion in proud defiance, with the date of battle, June 18th, 1815, inscribed on it. From the top of this mound we had a good view of the bloody field and the beautiful country around. But the thought that we stood upon the grave of thousands from different countries, where foemen have forgotten their deadly hate, and embrace each other in mingled confusion, produced in our minds serious reflections. Alas ! Alas ! Is this the highest glory this world can afford ? Is this the only rest offered to the weary soldier when his last gun is fired ? Then, sleep on, brave men ; sleep quietly and undisturbed in yon dark abode, until a trump, far different from that which called you to this gory field, shall be heard in your dusty bed, awakening you to life again. Till then no trump shall disturb your repose ; no monarch call you to arms.

Poor Napoleon ! I pitied him in his fall, though he richly deserved it, being a disturber of the world's peace.

Had he accepted the offer made him before his banishment to Elba, he might have enjoyed the crown of France for years, instead of pining away on a desolate island, where the moans of the storm, beating against its rocky shores, were singing their unwelcome requiems over departed grandeur, saying: "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of his warfare perished!" "He that ruleth his spirit does more than he who taketh a city!" The poor man in his cabin, with a contented mind, is far happier than the monarch on his throne, whose riches are not his own, and whose throne is rocked by conspiracy and shaken by contending powers.

"Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind."

Napoleon's poor old guards at the Invalids, in Paris, who were ready to die for him when living, still weep at the mention of his name. We returned to our hotel in time for dinner at the *table de hôte*, where we had twelve courses served up to us in European style; but the next day being Sunday, our plates were changed eighteen times. With some difficulty we found a Protestant place of worship on Sunday evening, where twenty or thirty persons were listening to a plain sermon in a very small chapel.

We left Brussels for that old, historic city, Antwerp, and were well paid for our journey in many ways; but nothing pleased me so much as a sight of Reuben's original "Descent from the Cross." It is a large painting, covering one side-wall of a large room; and the features are so natural and perfectly brought out, that one is instinctively moved to step forward and assist the anxious disciples in their labour of love. This city lies low. All the country around is very

level, but unusually rich. It is said that there is no part of the world where so much is grown on an acre as in Belgium. The fields not being fenced, every foot is utilized to the edge of the carriage path. On leaving Antwerp we hastened to the North Sea, taking Ghent in our way, where the treaty of peace between England and the United States was signed in 1815. These lowlands, which extend some hundreds of miles in a level surface, appear to have been enriched, at some remote period, by the sea flowing over them. But level as the country is, the railway was one of the worst we had ever travelled on. The cars, at times, swaying hither and thither, like a drunken man, gave the passengers much anxiety lest they should topple over and come to grief. Ostend, where we took the steamer for Dover, is a small village near the line between Belgium and Holland. Early the next day we were glad to see the chalk cliffs of Dover. We soon reached the cars and were off for London, passing by that old town, Canterbury, where, it is said, the Italian missionaries commenced their work among the heathens of England, more than fifteen centuries ago. St. Augustine is reported to have preached here, under the spreading boughs of a friendly oak tree. A good example.

We were in good time for the meeting of our committee, on the 9th of September, and after its business was finished we took a large stateroom on the *Prince Albert*, placed our heavy trunks on board, and then started for Scotland. The weather was boisterous and the sea rough ; but we were greatly amused by an intelligent steward, who had evidently seen better days. On one occasion, when he was bringing a delicious-looking beef's tongue to the table, there came such a lurch of the ship as sent the tongue nearly to the other side of the saloon. Then, looking at the empty salver in his hand, he smilingly remarked : "Never mind, gentlemen, it is only a *lapis lingua*." "Truly," said I, "but if

we are to have many such slips of the tongue, we may be wanting our dinner before it arrives." The Bay of Edinburgh is exceedingly lovely, and we were pleased to leave a troubled sea for its peaceful waters. That portion of the city called the Old Town, though full of interesting points, does not look very inviting to a stranger; but the New Town is beautiful and attractive. The old Palace is a plain building of olden times, but the scene of many thrilling and tragical events. The daring acts of Darnley are here written in blood. The room where Rizzio was found coquetting with Queen Mary is still pointed out, as well as the place where he was slain. The Castle, on the top of a high cliff, must have been impregnable in the days of its glory. From it you have a good view of the city. Scott's monument is beautiful, but, having just been erected, the rubbish was still lying around, while an old fence in front seemed to obscure its charms. But the house where John Knox lived and thundered against papacy possesses more charms for us than all these baubles and mementoes of the past. We were unfortunate in our visit to Glasgow; heavy rains kept us indoors, hence we soon took steamer for Ireland.

In Belfast we spent a Sabbath. On Sunday evening, after preaching, we assisted Mr. McAfee in a prayer-meeting, and at its close I was delighted when three good sisters clasped me by the hand and gave me a hearty Irish welcome to the Green Isle. They had been sheep of my fold, three years before, in Hamilton. In going to Dublin, we had to ride in a stage from Caperdown to the River Boyne, where the decisive battle was fought, in 1688, which gave the Prince of Orange the crown of England, and drove a miserable, hypocritical tyrant from that Protestant throne. I rode outside, to get a better view of this fine country. We were made sad by the destruction of their potato crop. All over their beautiful fields this esculent lay in offensive

decay. It was the first time this people, who depend much upon this root, had been thus visited. Their principal dependence in many families for food was hopelessly destroyed, and their lamentations were heartrending. When Canada and other parts of America learned their state, they hastened to send corn and flour to relieve them and mitigate their grief. Our driver was a real Pat, and I amused myself in conversation with him. When we were passing the Newry Hills, for instance, I said to him :— “ These bald peaks seem not to produce herbage ; pray, are they good for anything ? ” “ Nothing at all, sir,” said he. “ Well, they look as though they might be a good harbour for snakes and other reptiles,” said I. “ Snakes ! ” said he, “ snakes ! No, indade ! Sure an’ didn’t St. Patrick drive all snakes and toads out of this God-honoured country long, long ago ? ” “ Indeed ! ” said I, “ then he must have been a very good man, I should think. ” “ Good ! Yes, indade, an’ that he was,” said he, “ and only for his blessed intercession this beautiful country would be no better than England, or any other rough part of creation. St. Patrick is a blessed good friend to our country, an’ so he is ! ” Well, thought I, “ where ignorance is bliss, ’tis folly to be wise. ” At the Boyne Waters we got into railway cars, which soon carried us to Dublin. Dublin is a lovely city, and we regretted our want of time to see it to our satisfaction. We visited the Park, the College, and the College Green, where once the Parliament House of Ireland stood—now converted into a bank. In the evening we took boat at Kingston, crossed to Liverpool, went up to London, and then hurried off to Newport to meet our ship, which was sailing round from the Thames. Here we had time, before the *Prince Albert* arrived, to visit the *Victory*, lying in a small bay. The place where her former brave commander fell is marked by a brass plate. We also visited the cockpit, where Lord Nelson

died. We had seen his sarcophagus in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. We drank water from the tank of this memorable ship, which, they told us, had been kept there, sweet and pure, for twenty-five years. The motion of the ship had probably kept it pure, while its great depth below the decks had kept it cold and delicious. After visiting the Isle of Wight and other points of interest, we went aboard our ship, glad to find the Rev. Dr. Olin and wife, of the Wesleyan University, the Rev. Mr. Murwin, Prof. Caldwell, John Harper, Esq., wife, and son John,—of the great publishing house in New York—with several other fellow-passengers, ready for the voyage. We had hoped that, by starting at that late date, we would have escaped the equinoctial storms, but in this we were woefully mistaken. Just as we weighed anchor, on the 27th of September, the wind began to blow, and for twelve days we had it directly in our faces. For several days all the passengers appeared to be sea-sick. The table was nearly deserted. All the clergy suffered greatly, but seemed to recover before I did. For twelve days I ate little or nothing; but at that time the captain ordered on dessert, and I said to Mrs. Harper, "I feel as though I could eat some of that." She said, "Don't do it, for your life! It would kill you." I did not go to the table until the dessert was brought on. Then I sat down and ate a raisin; it tasted good, and was the first thing I could keep on my stomach. I then took two or three more, and after them a fig. All tasted good. Then I ventured to take a nut; that, too, tasted natural. And after this, strange to say, I could do good justice to my meals, until the voyage was ended. Nature, in such cases, is the best physician, and it is safe to try a morsel of what the appetite craves. We landed in New York, after a stormy passage of thirty-five days, and reached Toronto on Saturday, the 7th of November; having been absent more

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than four months. The good tidings of our success had preceded us, and were received with mingled feelings. A portion of our people, and the more pious and consistent among the missionary party, were much pleased; but others, on both sides of the house, were displeased, disappointed, and warlike. This was no more than we expected, knowing that it is natural for some to grumble. No commission was ever yet appointed to settle great questions between extensive parties that pleased everybody. To effect this, in our case, we must have been more than mortal. Still, all things considered, the opposition to our diplomacy was weak, if not contemptible. We lost no time in calling our Special Committee, to meet in the College, to whom we presented our report, giving them the fullest information in our power. In this large and intelligent committee all opposition soon vanished, in the light of the official documents and our frank and ample explanations. We assured the committee that we had nothing to conceal, and, as far as our acts were concerned, nothing to regret. After a thorough canvass of the entire question, the committee unanimously passed approving, and even flattering resolutions. The quarterly meeting of the Toronto City Circuit, before whom the question was laid the next Monday, also approved, and passed a vote of "cordial thanks to the representatives, for their wisdom and skill in managing this most delicate and important subject." All the newspapers which spoke on the subject, with one solitary exception, spoke approvingly; while the *Watchman*, of London, and the religious press of the United States, were in raptures. A majority of our quarterly official meetings, before whom the union measures were laid, approved of our doings, and we felt that the question was then safe; nothing remaining but the final vote of our Conference to complete these salutary arrangements.

January 14th, 1847.—This day, Toronto and New York

are connected by telegraph wires, over which despatches are flying with lightning speed. Truly, this is a day of wonders! In 1801, the year in which I was born, the first Act of Parliament was passed authorizing a railway in England, and now a network of railway is spread all over that island, and over many parts of the two continents. But this talking with our friends in Washington by lightning is the standing triumph of the age. Wonders will never cease. The ambitious are talking already of a telegraph line, either under or around the ocean, to Europe. When this is accomplished, the ends of the earth will soon be brought together in social converse. And what next? Shall we see men flying on wings, through the air, or crossing oceans in balloons, or bringing us tidings from distant planets of the nature of the people who inhabit them, and their work? Already one astronomer imagines he has discovered the axle of the universe. Dr. Maedir, a Russian gentleman, guided by the discovery of the elder Herschell, as to the figure of the stratum of stars to which our sun belongs, and the general belief of astronomers that all the stars called fixed stars have a proper motion, has been endeavouring to ascertain the precise star which really forms the hub of the universe. He has come to the conclusion that Alcyona, one of the seven stars which compose the Pleiades, is really that centre; and that our sun, and all other suns and planets are revolving round that grand centre once in 18,200,000 years. The distance to Alcyona is so great as to require one of its rays five hundred and thirty years to come down to us. Surely, "the works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." The intellect of man is a part of God's handiwork, and it is well for us when that marvellous power is employed in studying the wonderful works of God; for when guided and strengthened

by God, it can scarcely stretch too far in exploring the depths of creation, or in bringing forth wonderful inventions.

It may not be amiss to record here a well-merited compliment, which, among scores of a similar kind, has been paid to the Rev. Dr. Bunting, since the great Conference of the Evangelical Alliance. This comes from the Rev. P. Church, a Baptist clergyman, and will be endorsed by every candid person who witnessed his wise suggestions, and the statesmanlike view that he took of the various questions which came before us in that Conference. "Dr. Bunting," says this delegate, "wielded more influence than any other man in that body. And this was done not so much by the amount as by the excellence, and the appropriateness of what he said. He never failed to set the matter in the right light by a few pertinent remarks, 'and when he had spoken they answered not again.' He is an exceedingly wise man. If John Wesley has a successor among the living, Dr. B. is that man; to whom Providence, and the general voice of society, unite in assigning this high station. The Wesleyan Primate *de facto*, if not *de jure*. I had a good opportunity of noticing the perpetually recurring indications of clear-sightedness, lucid statement, and appropriate remark, as well as *suaveter in modo*, deference to others, and goodness of heart of this great man." This is the verdict which all must render to Dr. Bunting, though all may not be able to rise so far above bigotry and sectarian prejudice as to assert it in the handsome manner in which this Baptist brother has done. Methodism will never have cause to be ashamed of a Primate who, in the assembled wisdom of the Church Catholic, was able to gain this distinction. From personal observation, I am quite prepared to endorse every word of Mr. Church's statement as entirely correct. Never was I so happily disappointed in any man. The venerable Doctor carried my judgment with him in almost every act of his great mind.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1847,—met in Toronto on the 2nd of June. The Rev. W. Ryerson was elected President. Rev. J. Ryerson and I concluded to show the Rev. Dr. Alder the difference between London and Toronto etiquette—or at least to give him a different reception from that which he had given us in England—hence we walked down to his hotel, and invited him and Dr. Richy to accompany us to the Conference. The Doctor took my arm and Mr. R. took that of Dr. Richy, and in this friendly way we walked through the streets to the Adelaide-street Church, when we conducted them to the platform and introduced them to the Conference. Of course the great event of this Conference was the ratification of the re-union and the coming together of the two parties. In presenting our report we found a pleasing comment upon Job's wish—"O that mine adversary had written a book." Four of our brethren having been strangely misled by rumours had published a pamphlet against the conditions of the re-union. This pamphlet served Bro. John Ryerson for a text, and for two hours he gave it his undivided attention. The debates *pro* and *con* lasted about three days, when the measure was approved by the overwhelming majority of eighty-two to eight. Dr. Alder corroborated all that Mr. Ryerson and I had said, declaring that our statements and explanations were frank, ingenuous, and truthful. We had taken the precaution to invite the English District Meeting, then in session in the city, to meet with us during these discussions; for it was important that all our ministers should thoroughly understand the negotiations. Never was there a question of greater importance submitted to our Conference; never so much time taken up in discussing any question; and never did truth and peace achieve a more complete victory over prejudice, error, and division than was achieved during these three days. Indeed we hazard nothing insaying that, all things considered, there never was a measure

in Canada fraught with so many difficulties, surrounded with so many conflicting interests and opposing elements, and where so many parties, both in England and in this country, had to be consulted, which was invested with more importance to the community at large, or one, the settlement of which produced more beneficial results. Violent partizans had to be held with a firm hand for a little; but soon the storm was over and there was a great calm. Old sores were healed; old conflicts forgotten; and in a very short time no one was found rash enough to regret, or belligerent enough to desire, a return to our former position. Dr. Alder is a good tactician. Many amusing things were told concerning the manner in which he managed the opponents of the measure in the district meeting held in the Richmond Street Church. He was ably assisted by Dr. Richey, and also by the Rev. E. Wood, whom he brought from New Brunswick to take charge of the Missions. The Clergy Reserve question, which had most to do in dissolving the first union, was out of the way now, and other points of friction had been carefully avoided in our official documents; hence the entire measure worked smoothly; dark and lowering clouds were all removed, and the Church had peace and gladness. We laboured in cordial co-operation, until our connection with the British Conference was mutually dissolved by the confederation of all the societies in British America, in 1874. The following resolution was unanimously passed by the Conference, and fully endorsed by the President: "That the cordial thanks of the Conference be presented to our respected and beloved brethren, the Rev. John Ryerson and the Rev. Anson Green, for the judicious and faithful manner in which they observed the instructions and represented the views of this Conference and promoted the interests of the Church as our representatives to the Wesleyan Conference in England, and

for the successful result to which they brought their mission of peace and love."

This Conference was necessarily a long one, extending over two Sabbaths. The sundered parties came together cordially, and old fellow-labourers shook hands again with tearful eyes. Good old Father Case embraced me cordially, saying with much emotion, "Well done, my boy! You have accomplished what I never thought I should live to see accomplished, and I don't know how to thank you and Bro. Ryerson enough for your courage and zeal in undertaking a work so difficult and hopeless, and for your toil and prudence in bringing it to this happy issue." Mr. Ryerson and I were again appointed representatives to the next American General Conference. Our missionary meeting on Monday evening was a joyous occasion. Here again, as in former years, stood side by side, Ryerson and Richy, Case and Green, Jones and Sunday, pleading the same cause; while the people exclaimed "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." We were out of debt, re-united and happy.

March 22, 1848.—Thrilling news from Europe. When I was in Paris last summer a year ago, the French King having formed a matrimonial alliance with Spain, and erected strong forts on the seven hills of Paris which would command and protect that city to its centre, fancied himself secure for all his days. But how vain the hopes of man when he trusts in an arm of flesh! On the 22nd February, a feast was advertised to take place in the Chamber of Deputies, in honour of the Minority. The Government were unwise enough to forbid it. The people arose in mass, and eighty thousand soldiers could not manage them; but after three days' fighting the King had to fly to England, the asylum of the persecuted and the home of the oppressed. A Republic was formed in France, slavery abolished, and Thiers appointed ruler.

IMMINENT DANGER IN A FEARFUL STORM.—On the 17th of April, having arranged for my absence from the Book-room, and committed my dear family to the care and protection of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps, I started for the American General Conference, at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. I took passage at Buffalo on the steamer *Orion*, for Fairport. The night was calm, but while we were at breakfast next morning, in the Era Bay, the wind began to blow from the east, and it increased steadily in violence all day. At four o'clock we were nearing Fairport wharf, amidst high and powerful waves, when the captain said he feared I would not be able to land. This made me sad, for I could see my brother on the wharf, who had driven down to convey me to his own fireside, and I was tired of the tossings of surging billows. At this anxious moment, a fierce gale struck our ship and blew down both our funnels; one of them 'pitched overboard and was seen no more,—the other lay stretched along on the upper deck. This was an hour of imminent peril. Many faces turned pale, and women shrieked in agony, as flakes of fire were driven over the ship by fierce winds; and to add to our peril, at this critical moment, our rudder unshipped, and we were left to the merciless fury of the howling storm, without the least control of the ship, either by wheel or by rudder! We each seized a bucket, and worked with energy to prevent the rushing sparks from setting the cargo on fire, and burning the vessel, while the captain threw over a small anchor. Fortunately for us the ship was new and strong. In this consisted our only hope. Every moment I was being driven farther from my friends, who stood upon the wharf looking after us with painful anxiety. We were soon out of danger from the fire, but were being driven up the lake at the rate of about four miles an hour, dragging our anchor after us. In a short time we were out of sight of our friends on the shore. When the morning dawned

we found ourselves opposite Cleveland, and about ten miles from shore. If we continued at this rate we must soon be dashed against the rocks ahead of us ; but our watchful captain now threw out his sheet-anchor, which held us in position until four o'clock p.m., when the wind lowered and we managed to raise steam enough to carry us into port. This was the most gloomy night I ever witnessed. After I had done all I could to save life and comfort those who were fearful, I commended the ship and all on board to the protection of Almighty God, and then got into my berth—not to sleep, but to rest. I felt a comfortable assurance, in answer to prayer, that our lives would be spared to reach the shore. About two o'clock I left my state-room to ascertain the condition of affairs around me. The saloon was nearly abandoned to its fate. The confusion was indescribable. Chairs, tables, and sofas, were being tossed from side to side as the steamer was tossed by the waves ; while men, women, and children, were being rolled about in their own vomit. I stepped to the stairs to take a survey of the lower deck, but had not descended far before I saw waves six feet high dashing over it, carrying away everything movable in their course. I found another gentleman on the stairs, upon a similar errand with myself ; but while he was crossing the saloon to his state-room, a fearful lurch of the ship sent him head foremost, against his door, the panels of which he carried before him, leaving his legs in the saloon, while his head and shoulders only had reached his room ! Snow fell three inches deep towards morning, but did not prevent the people of the town from ascending their houses and balconies, by hundreds, to gaze upon us in our distress. There were steamers in port, but none dared to leave and come to our relief. Human strength, under such circumstances, is perfect weakness. God only is great, and alone could grant relief. An old sea captain, who had been twenty five years upon the high

seas, said] "he never felt himself in such imminent danger." But, thanks be to God, my faith did not fail me for a moment. I thought of St. Paul, who was "a night and a day in the deep," and could lean with unshaken confidence upon the same arm which protected him. I admired the strength of that sheet-anchor which held our vessel fast amidst the boisterous waves and pelting storm. It was an instrument of safety well calculated to give us hope. But I had a "hope as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast," which reached beyond the beds of Lake Erie. I cast it "within the veil," and it gave me "a strong consolation" during the perils of that dreadful night. I was able to be calm and peaceful while the howling winds seemed to be singing their mournful requiem over our watery graves. But my work was not done, and my life was spared.

"The practical lesson of all casualties is that we should maintain an habitual readiness for death. It is conveyed to us by a thousand monitors, but we become inattentive and apathetic. Still we may be sure that the warning is meant for us. Thus saith the Lord, "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." We should part with our families when we go to the business of the day as if we were to return no more. The business of life should be so conducted and so balanced up, that our successor may take it up without loss. And especially is it perilous for us to neglect the preparation of heart required to stand before God."

I found my venerable father, then 82 years old, living with my sister Abigail; quite comfortable, and remarkably vigorous, both in mind and body. When I left him I felt that I had looked into his bright eyes and upon his manly form for the last time until "this mortal shall have put on immortality," and bodies part no more.

I arrived at Pittsburg on Monday evening. This place was called Fort du Quesne until 1759, when the French were

driven out by the direction of England's able Premier, whose name it now bears. It is called the Birmingham of America, because of the dense clouds of bituminous smoke constantly thrown into the air from its numerous furnaces. This smoke is disgustingly unpleasant in warm weather. If permitted to mingle with perspiration, it soon blackens the faces of their most peaceable inhabitants. The town is beautifully situated, on a point between the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, where they unite and form the Ohio. My home during the General Conference was with the family of Mr. King, a wealthy manufacturer, to whom I became much attached.

The Rev. Dr. Richey and the Rev. John Ryerson were my co-representatives; and the Rev. Dr. Dickson ably represented the British Conference. He preached an admirable sermon on Sunday morning, on "The Church of the First Born," which was much admired by the brethren, especially by the Bishops and senior ministers. Dr. Dixon is pre-eminently a good preacher; but his personal presence is not overpowering. He is rather undersized, with blue eyes and light complexion. He walks carelessly, but thinks deeply. His mental developments indicate a strong mind and a powerful intellect. His style is plain, apostolical, forcible. I am glad he is to preside in our Conference.

My principal business with the General Conference was to obtain better terms for our Book-room. In 1832 they agreed to divide to us our share of their Book-room stock, amounting to about \$27,000. This they failed to do for reasons mentioned on page 177. In 1836, Messrs. Case and Lord brought the subject before their General Conference again, when they agreed to allow us forty per cent. discount on their books, as an offset to our claim. I was able to convince the committee that, in reality, they gave us nothing for our stock in their Book Concern. They would sell to any

reliable house, at wholesale, on the same terms as to us; therefore, we lost our stock entirely! The committee saw it at once, and unanimously voted to give us books at cost price. This they should continue to do, or divide to us our share of stock. Having finished our work, we all left for home on the 19th of May.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1848 commenced in Belleville on the 7th of June, Dr. Dixon in the chair. We were too late for the morning boat at Kingston, and nearly one hundred of us were crowded into a small evening boat, called the *Victoria*. The evening was dark, and hence our President missed seeing the charming scenery of this beautiful bay. Our captain did his best to make us comfortable, but refused the slightest remuneration. Dr. Dixon presided with much ability. The two parties came together cordially, and the union was found to work well.

The British Conference could scarcely have sent us a better man for the occasion than Dr. Jas. Dixon. At the close of the Conference, on Thursday, he gave us good advice: "Talk little," said he, "about the union, but let well enough alone. The union is on a better foundation than the former, every way; there is no antagonism now. Go on, then, and work for God, and love one another." The brethren reported 268 churches and 893 other places of worship in their circuits, making, in all, 1,161 congregations in Upper Canada.

Knox's (Presbyterian) Church, with the most beautiful spire in the city, was opened on the 3rd of September, and I was surprised to learn that this capacious house had been erected at a cost of £4,500. The collection at the dedication amounted to £231 16s. Good for our Presbyterian brethren!

A REMARKABLE PREDICTION.—I have just been reading the views of a Scotch divine, uttered 131 years ago, con-

cerning the seven vials mentioned by St. John, which, in the present state of Europe, are calculated to excite some attention. The Rev. Robert Flemming, who wrote in 1717, deducts eighteen years from the Julian year; and then, taking this date, he supposed that the fourth vial would run out about the year 1794, the precise time when the French monarchy was overthrown by Napoleon. At the same time he predicted the fall of the Pope in 1848, and, strange to say, the Pope is now an exile from Rome, driven away by his own people. "The fifth vial (Rev., 16th chap.), which is to be poured out on the seat of the beast, or the dominions which more immediately belong to and depend on the Roman See, will probably begin about the year 1794 and expire about 1848." Mr. F. adds the 1,260 years mentioned by the prophets to 606, that being the year when the Pope received the title of Supreme Bishop, which, according to his chronology, brings us to 1848. But he adds: "We are not to imagine that this vial will totally destroy the papacy, though it will exceedingly weaken it; for we find this still alive when the next vial is poured out." If Mr. F.'s views are correct, we shall for some time to come be receiving the fifth vial. The three unclean spirits still remain. But when the sixth vial is poured out, then, says John, "I saw three unclean spirits, like frogs, come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet; for they are the spirits of devils working miracles." This vial, he thinks, will have spent its fury by the year A.D. 2,000, when papal Rome will be destroyed, the dragon, her national protectors, conquered, the false prophet's power ended, and the Millennium begun. Whether Mr. Flemming has the correct key to open the mysteries concerning these vials or not, I cannot say; but any one who carefully observes the upheavings of earth's strong empires, must see that the

mighty struggles now going on in our world are looking towards a great religious war, which must burst the chains of error, bigotry, and superstition with which millions are now bound, and set the captives free. From the reading of the twelfth verse of this sixteenth chapter, I should not be surprised to find that the great missionary work now going on in India, China, and Japan is designed by God to prepare the way for "the kings of the east" to perform a glorious part in this grand struggle for truth. Arabia, the Euphrates of John, is literally being dried up, or swallowed up by superior powers. The ways of God are mysterious. I can not solve those mysteries, nor do I possess the spirit of prophecy; but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that an unseen hand is at work among the nations, producing marvellous results, well calculated to give the Christian student much comfort. The wonderful inventions of the present day are strangely helping that unseen hand to bring the ends of the earth together. Two years ago, I rode over the Great Western, in England, at the rate of about sixty miles an hour; and I now see by the papers that sometimes people are wheeled over this road at the rate of sixty-four miles an hour! Surely, we live in exciting times.

September 27.—This is the anniversary of my natal day. More than half of my life has passed; my days have darted away like a weaver's shuttle—but whither have they fled? What record have they borne on high? I feel ashamed when I think how little I have done for God, for the Church, for the world. Golden moments have passed unimproved. Souls have perished while I have been slumbering, and still a merciful Redeemer bears with my infirmities and multiplies my years. Unfaithful as I am, his Spirit bears witness with my spirit that I am born of God; and still the burden of my heart is, "Nearer, my God, to thee,

nearer to thee." O, the fullness of love which swells my grateful heart to-day! I do, indeed, dwell in the temple of contentment. Here all my little needs are supplied, and my mercies abound. Time past has flown swiftly away; the present, like a speck upon the dashing billow, is soon out of sight; but, O the future! the invaluable future!—will it be better improved than the past? With me, it must be short, at best; but if time is short, eternity is long. Who can fathom the depths of eternity? I see by the papers that Sir James C. Ross, in fifteen degrees south and twenty-six degrees west, sent down his line twenty-seven thousand feet (about five and a quarter miles), but even with this length of line could find no bottom. Who, then, will attempt to fathom the depths of eternity? But to that eternity I am hastening, and soon its mysterious light will dawn upon me. In view of that approaching hour, how vain and meagre, how trifling and empty the honours and glories of this world appear! Such are the vicissitudes through which mortals pass, that their brightest hopes often end in despair. Their "paths of glory lead but to the grave." It has been truly said that Alexander the Great, after conquering the world, set a city on fire and died in a debauch. Hannibal, after all his masterly achievements, died with poison, administered by his own hand. Cæsar, after calling the world his own, was assassinated on the spot of his highest aspirations. While the great Bonaparte, who made all Europe tremble, died a wretched captive on a barren isle! And now another Napoleon, who was long an exile in England, is President of France, while King Louis Philippe, who so recently held him in exile, has been compelled to fly from his throne and from his native country! But Jesus is a King who was never conquered, and "Christ in you the hope of glory," is our greatest riches

and highest joys. No wonder, then, that our incomparable Wesley could sing,

“On all the kings of earth with pity we look down,”

for certain it is, “there’s nothing lives but heaven.” The great Napoleon, therefore, was right when he said to General Bertrand: “I tell you, General, that Jesus Christ was not a man. His religion is a self-existent mystery, and it proceeds from a mind not human. Jesus borrowed nothing from human knowledge; neither was he a philosopher, for his proofs were miracles. Science and philosophy were powerless to salvation. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I, have founded empires; but upon what have we rested the foundation of our genius? Upon force! Only Jesus has founded an empire upon love, and at this moment millions of men would die for him. It was not a day nor a battle that won the victory over the world. No; in that war all the kings and powers of earth were on one side; on the other side I see no army, but a mysterious force and a few men scattered through all parts of the world, and who have no rallying point but faith in the mysteries of the Cross. I die before my time, and my body will be put into the ground to become food for worms. What an abyss between my deep wretchedness and Christ’s eternal kingdom, preached, loved, adored, and spreading through the world!” Poor Napoleon! His exile may have been, and doubtless was, a blessing in disguise. It gave him time to reflect upon the folly of worldly ambition, and the uncertainty of all earthly possessions.

Christmas day we worshipped God in his sanctuary, and if we did not, with the Magi, present our “gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, we did present our offerings for the poor, that, whilst we were feasting around our own

tables, they, too, might have something to remind them of these gifts which are spiritual and eternal.

A beautiful comet is now seen in the north-east, near Castor and Pollux. This comet, we are told, performs its revolution round the sun once in two hundred and ninety-two years. In looking at this singular display in the heavens, one can hardly wonder that a council of sailors came to the sage conclusion, that "a comet is a star sprung a leak," for such a conclusion is more reasonable and truer to nature than many suggestions coming from a higher source. But how different that star which loomed over Bethlehem 1848 years ago! This seems to be spitting out streams of fire in an alarming manner; that was as attractive in its charms as it was brilliant in its appearance, and it guided the wise men to the Babe in the manger, the great object of their journey and their desires.

On Saturday morning, the 7th of April, 1849, an alarming fire destroyed much property in Toronto. It commenced in a house on the north side of King, near George street. I hastened towards the scene of destruction, but as the wind was blowing furiously from the east, I saw large, fiery flakes flying off towards our own house, and I turned back to protect it. Some friends, seeing our danger, hastened in to assist us. In a short time these flying substances set fire to the roofs of several buildings. Our own roofs caught several times, but were saved by those who, with pails of water, were there to subdue the flames. Mrs. Green and the servants were packing up our valuables, ready for exit. But our little daughter, twelve years old, was seen in one corner of the room, with hands uplifted towards heaven, and praying fervently to Him who controls the elements to save our dwelling from destruction. She then turned to her mother, and said: "Dear mamma, if you will only pray to God he will save us, and our house will not be burnt." She had

great confidence in her mother's prayers, and in the protection of Almighty God. At this critical moment I saw a bright flame kindling on the 'eave-trough of our wooden printing office, at the rear of the yard, but the ladder being old and unsafe, I declined to venture up to extinguish it. Fortunately, at this moment my son came running into the yard, and, without examining the old ladder, ran up it in haste, and with his cap extinguished the fire: I trembled for his safety, but God preserved him, and he saved the buildings, with their valuable contents. Looking to the east, I then saw a little flame the size of my hand on one of the shutters of the Cathedral spire. I durst not leave to extinguish it, and soon the entire steeple was one sheet of flame, presenting a grand and awful appearance, in beautiful contrast with the lowering clouds, which darkened the heavens above us. Nearly every house between Church and Jarvis streets was on fire, but by diligence and care we kept the destroyer from our block, and our establishment was saved. When watchers were weary, and the fierce wind was carrying the cinders far away to the west, the good Lord came to our assistance, and a heavy rain did more to save the city than five hundred men could have done with pails and buckets.

The recent discovery of gold in California is creating much excitement at the present time, and many of our farmer's sons are hastening away to this El Dorado to dig up this precious metal. Many die on their way, leaving their bones to whiten on the Rocky Mountains; and many others, should they reach this land of hope, will doubtlessly be disappointed in the result. California was discovered on the 17th of June, 1576, by Sir Francis Drake. After this it got into the hands of Spain; but it is now, fortunately, owned by a Protestant nation, which seems determined to make the most of it.

One Conference follows another in rapid succession. We met this year in the city of Hamilton under the presidency of Dr. Richey, and Bro. C. Vandusen was elected secretary. At this Conference we adopted a graduated scale for claimants on our Superannuation Fund, by which each will receive according to the years he has rendered efficient service. As all effective ministers have to pay into this fund, it was deemed right and proper that each should be entitled to reap according to what he had sown. This arrangement should give satisfaction, and prompt both the ministers and laity to greater diligence in supporting a fund on which so many are depending for bread. Eight young men were received, their reception having been moved by the Book Steward, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, of Montreal, and supported by the Rev. W. Ryerson. We have a small increase of members, while our funds are fair, considering the very trying year through which we have passed. There is very little money in the country. We closed on Thursday evening, and went to our work with joy.

RESTORATION TO THE PULPIT.—It is a source of indescribable gratification to me to be able to resume my pulpit labours again. Four years ago my physicians told me I would never preach another sermon, and the sooner I gave up all thoughts of pulpit work the better. From my own feelings I was led to fear that this unwelcome announcement was too true. I had been overworked during the suspension of the union. The unparalleled toil and care which came upon a few of us during that anxious period, added to a heart disease, had tried my nerves to their utmost tension, and they gave way under it. For four and a half years I could not preach a sermon. Then I commenced on a small scale in Adelaide Street Church, House of Industry, and the Lunatic Asylum; but on the first day of July, I assisted the President in dedicating the Church at Richmond Hill, on which occasion I preached for half an hour with comparative ease. The

dear people welcomed me to the pulpit again, and my own mind was soothed and comforted beyond description. No one who has not experienced it, can imagine the sorrow which a man, called of God to preach and save souls, feels when driven from the pulpit by disease. All other pursuits shrink into nothing compared with this, and he longs for the time to come when he can again seize this old Jerusalem blade and lead on the hosts of Israel to battle and to victory. To me this restoration was an occasion of joy and hope. Ministerially, it was a resurrection from the dead ; and most devoutly did I thank God and take courage.

I find now that I have made a great mistake in not writing more of my sermons. When I entered the ministry, my highest ambition was to become a ready off-hand speaker ; and I wrote very few of my sermons, for fear I might be induced to commit them to memory and thus deliver them as a school-boy delivers his essays at college. I now find that I committed a grave mistake. I have not changed my mind, in the slightest degree, as to the impropriety of the method, adopted by some, of reading sermons to the people, and calling it preaching. Neither Christ nor his apostles ever read their sermons to their congregations, nor did they ever send out preachers to read sermons ; but to preach the Gospel to every creature. Had they done so, the Roman Empire might never have been subdued by the Cross, and converted to the faith of the Gospel. Reading is not preaching, in the Scriptural and apostolic sense of that term. Neither do I think that memorizing sermons *verbatim*, except on very special occasions, is desirable. It is true, such a course may strengthen the memory of a minister, and, perhaps, make his composition a little more correct and ornate ; but at the same time, his habits of recitation will necessarily weaken, if not entirely destroy his power and faculty for extemporaneous speaking, either on the platform

or in the pulpit. In this way his flowery efforts will be more than overbalanced by the loss of that peculiar unction which the Holy Ghost imparts to his servants who rely upon his help to supplement their own efforts, in thoughts, in words, and in influence. Ministers should be minute men, ready to offer Christ to the people at any time. During my entire ministry, up to my recent sickness, I never saw the time that I could not preach, when away from my own congregation, at three minutes' warning. Not that I could always make up new sermons at such short notice; but having the general plan in my mind, I could trust to Divine aid for language to clothe my thoughts, and elevate my aspirations. Some of the best ideas I ever received were given me while preaching, and some of the most thrilling effects produced whilst exhibiting them to the people. But now, having for years, dismissed all thoughts of ever being able to preach again, my sermons are gone from my mind, and I have to begin *de novo*. Had I written my sermons, the arguments, illustrations and proofs, which have done good service in former years, would be available now without the tenth part of the study and thought they now cost me. I see clearly that I should have written the sermons worth remembering. Had I done so I might, in this second edition of my former self, use the labours of former years, when my mental powers were strong, and my bodily strength not abated. It is a slow process for me to begin where once I began, and make new sermons for all occasions.

July 23.—The cholera is again raging in this continent. I spent an hour with Mrs. Stuart, who died of this dire disease. The tyrant soon performed his deadly work with this good sister, but she passed down into the dark valley fearing no evil. People are dying all around us, but some do not go as peacefully, if they go as safely. Seventy-five have died in our city within two weeks, and still the plague rages. Man

may do something in keeping the cholera at bay, but God alone can rescue us from its deadly power.

In August I went to Montreal to arrange for a branch of our Book-room in that thriving city. John Matthewson, Esq., kindly drove me through the city, and introduced me to many of our kind friends, among whom I obtained twelve new subscribers to the *Guardian*. We have a large number of pious and wealthy families here, who are doing much to enlarge the borders of Zion and promote the interests of the Church. Among these, the Torrences, Ferriers, Lunn, Kays, Matthewsons, and others stand out with prominence, and lead off in a most liberal and dependable manner. We have three churches in that city. That in Great St. James street is the largest Wesleyan church I have seen, either in Europe or America. Methodism is a power for good in Montreal; and if she could but remove the dense cloud of superstition which darkens that fine city and holds the people in bondage, she would soon fill those regions with light and truth.

September 14th.—The cholera is abating in Toronto. Last week, fourteen died in one day, but we have had no deaths now for two days, and the citizens begin to breathe easier. More than half of the cases in town have proved fatal. Of 766 persons attacked, 462 have gone to their graves. The passing events remind us of what Lorenzo Dow used to tell us of a remarkable prediction contained in an old German book written more than two hundred years ago, in which the author says: "I would not like to be a king in 1848, nor a grave-digger in 1849, nor a soldier in 1850, nor either in 1851." What the soldiers may have to do next year we know not, but certainly the grave-diggers have enough to do this year, in every direction. The dispensation of prophecy, as exhibited in the Bible, ceased when the Day-spring from on high visited us to give the light

of the glory of God on the face of his only begotten Son. The predictions, under the Old Testament dispensation, formed a principal portion of the Church's history during the days of the prophets, and the literal fulfilment of those predictions, and the miracles wrought by Christ and his apostles, furnish us with irrefragable arguments in support of the truth of divine revelation ; but how men in these latter days could look forward for two hundred years and see the events which occurred in France and Italy last year, and the mournful events which have occurred in Europe and America this year, is more than I can tell. No one can doubt, however, that it is quite easy for our God to lead the minds of individuals to such a course of study concerning the predictions of former ages, as would enable them to speculate upon the great events of the future with remarkable accuracy.

September 27.—This afternoon, while reflecting upon my birthday, and the rapidity with which my days are passing away, tidings reached me of the demise of one of the oldest and most reliable members of the Church in these parts. The venerable Peter Bowman, of Ancaster, took his flight this morning to the land of rest, and is now reaping his reward for his fidelity to God and his Church during a long period of persecution, privation, and toil. He had lived eighty-eight years on earth, and more than half a century as a pious member of the Church. I have known him since 1825, and I mourn for him as a pioneer of early times and a consistent Christian of undoubted worth.

On the 8th of June last, another old veteran in the east—Colonel Clarke, of Ernesttown—left the Church militant for his permanent home in heaven. Many pleasant reminiscences of the introduction of Methodism to Canada, both east and west, have I received from these godly men. Last October, Colonel Clarke wrote with his own hand as follows :

"In 1785 we located on a farm in Ernesttown. In 1790, the Rev. Mr. Losee came to Canada, and preached a few sermons along the Bay of Quinte, and then returned to New York. Some were convinced, by his preaching, of the necessity of being born again. In February, 1791, Mr. Losee returned to Canada, and formed what was called the Bay Circuit (Query: Kingston Circuit?), and some lost sheep were gathered into society, among them the unworthy writer, then twenty years of age." In February of this year he again writes: "It is now fifty-eight years this month since I united with the Methodist Church, under Mr. Losee." Bro. Clarke was one of the first members of the second class which was formed in this Province. There are a few still living who helped to form the first class, in Adolphus-town; and some, also, who, on the 2nd of March, 1791, helped to form the third class, in Fredericksburg, near Napanee. There are but few of these old waymarks left to the Church militant. One after another these first-fruits, these manly warriors of early times, are being gathered home.

"Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high, and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light."

May their successors be equally brave and equally successful. We cannot, if we would, detain our friends always on earth, but the question which Job asked five thousand years ago frequently occurs to us, as we commit our friends to the tomb: "If a man die, shall he live again?" This question has recently received a memorable answer from the Pyramids of Egypt. Lord Lyndsay obtained a mummy which had been in its coffin for two thousand years. When he

unwrapped him, he found a bulbous root in his closed hand, which he took out, and carefully deposited in rich soil, where the rains and dews of heaven fell upon it as of yore, and it soon sprang to life, "and in a few weeks stood forth a lovely and charming dahlia!" Who but that Being that made the world could have brought this dried-up root to life and quickened it into a beautiful flower, instinct with beauty and loveliness! And who can doubt but the same power which quickened this root could also, have brought the mummy to life who held that root in his hand? We weep when we see our fathers die, for we need them here; but we may dry up our tears, for if a man die, he shall live again.

October 21.—The Government, disgusted with the rowdies in Montreal, who burned down the Parliament buildings, has moved the seat of government to Toronto. Here His Excellency, Lord Elgin, has been received by all classes with much enthusiasm.

HELD BACK FROM DANGER.—Disappointment, like affliction, often comes from God, and contributes to our safety. I was in New York, and had arranged to leave for home by the evening boat; but when ready to start I found that a new hat which was made for me had not reached my hotel, and I had not time to go for it before the boat would leave. On reaching Mr. Beebe's, the porter assured us that he had left it at the hotel at the time appointed; but on strict inquiry, I was annoyed to find that he had left it at the wrong house. In the morning I took an early train for Albany, but on reaching that town I learned that the train, which carried on the passengers from the boat, had collided with another, when seven persons were killed and others severely wounded! I had blamed the careless boy who kept me from going on that boat, for he was to blame; but how little did I know then that my detention had held me back from danger, perhaps from death! God knows best what is

good for us, and many similar events in my life have taught me not to look upon every disappointment as a calamity. Patience under disappointment is a cardinal virtue which spreads sunshine in our path, and gives the believer peace.

January 1, 1850.—While we were enjoying the festivities of this day, our joy was moderated by the sad tidings of the death of the Rev. E. Healy. He was running through a field to extinguish the fire which was consuming a neighbour's house, when God said, "Stop, Ezra! Come home! Come home! I have a house prepared for you which no flames can consume, no elements demolish." At this summons his lifeless body fell to the ground, but his pure spirit was carried home to rest with God. He was a good man, a useful minister, and a hard worker. He left many spiritual children on earth, and doubtless found many in heaven. Holiness was his principal theme, and he knew well how to enjoy it. His faith was strong and victorious, and his simple eloquence at times quite overpowering. None have fallen more suddenly, none more safely.





CHAPTER XII.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1850

ASSEMBLED in Brockville on the 5th of June, Rev. Dr. Richey in the chair. Rev. A. Hurlburt was elected Secretary. We were favoured with a visit from our old friend, the Rev. Dr. Bangs. I suggested his appointment to the Bishops, at the late General Conference in Pittsburg, and he was most cordially received by our ministers and people. He was converted under the ministry of Rev. Joseph Sawyers, in 1800, and commenced his ministry in Canada. His reminiscences of the six years of his itinerancy in Canada were told with a relish, and much enjoyed by our people. "I remember well," said he, "the time and the circumstances under which I commenced my public ministry, and the trials through which I passed in those days of my childhood, when the woodman's axe and the preacher's voice were heard almost simultaneously; when the hardy pioneer of Methodism followed the emigrant to his lonely retreat, carried provender on his horse, tied him to a tree in the night, because there was neither a barn to shelter him nor a pasture to feed him; when we used to eat, preach, and sleep in the same room in the log-hut of the settler. We held our meetings in groves, in barns, or in log school-houses, and sometimes slept under the foliage of

the trees, where night overtook us in our travels through the wilderness." No part of our Conference proceedings gave us more satisfaction than the visit of this venerable divine. His presence was rendered a blessing to us, as it inspired us with new courage and confidence for the future, by contrasting the past with the present.

On Monday, the 11th, the affairs of the College came under review, when it was agreed that, under certain contingencies, it might be removed to Toronto. The afternoon of this day was rendered sad by a telegram informing us that the Rev. F. Metcalf was thrown from a waggon and found dead in his field. This dear brother, like Mr. Healy, went suddenly, and I trust that he also went safely. Had he been at the Conference, where we needed his counsel, it is possible he might have been living still. He was a firm friend of ours, and I weep for him as for a brother beloved. That he committed a great blunder in purchasing and settling on this farm, is more than probable. When I strongly advised against it, he pleaded his weak back as an excuse. But we had work which he could have done easier than tilling a stony farm. He would have made an excellent Book Steward or Governor of the College. I told him that, when I plighted my ordination vow to renounce the study of the world, I gave myself to God as a perpetual servant of the Church; and while that Church had work for me to do, I must adhere to that vow. But this dear brother has gone—gone suddenly—and gone, I doubt not, to his eternal rest. The Conference closed on Thursday, after nine days of careful deliberation and toil.

THE CLERGY RESERVES ONCE MORE.—Our united Parliament has agreed to ask the Imperial Parliament to pass a law allowing our Legislature to dispose of the Reserves as it deems best, securing first to each denomination the several amounts they now receive from Government or from the

clergy lands. The whole number of acres already set apart for a Protestant clergy is 2,395,687. Of these, 1,099,453 acres have been sold. The net proceeds of these sales amounted to only £720,756. The total avails will probably amount to £2,000,000. One Church claimed all of this, and hitherto has had the lion's share of all the receipts. Nine times the House of Assembly for Upper Canada passed Acts to dispose of these reserves for education and other purposes, but were defeated by the Legislative Council, acting mostly under the influence of one man. This vexed question seems difficult of solution. For twenty-five years it has agitated the whole country, and been a principal theme of discussion in Parliament and out of it, in Church councils and in domestic circles, at the hustings, at town meetings, and everywhere else, both at home and abroad. It has been canvassed and debated by statesmen and divines, by farmers and mechanics, by old women and young maidens, by male and female, old and young, high and low, rich and poor; and yet it is not settled! And from recent debates in Parliament, it appears as perplexing as ever! May the divine Being undertake for us, and put an end to strife by some means, and in some way that will secure religious liberty and equality to all portions of the community.

December 9.—To-day tidings reach us of the fall of the Table Rock, at the Falls. Yesterday a block of this rock, measuring two rods by four, fell into the abyssmal gulf below. The fall produced such a jar as loosened the canal-boat, which, for some time, had hung upon a rock over the cataract, and it leaped into the agitated, foaming chasm below, as if to soothe the angry waters which had just buried this huge rock beneath their waves. But, not able to remain under this surging torrent, she dashed off to the insatiable whirlpool, two miles below, where she

swims round that awful tunnel as if unwilling to make another plunge into regions she knows not of.

I preached a New Year's sermon in our Adelaide-street Church, on the rapid flight of time. We do well to review the past and often reflect upon days gone by ; but how little do we know of the future ! We may ascertain the length of any day by doubling the time of the sun's setting, or of any night by doubling the time of its rising ; but we know of no rule by which we can determine how many days and nights are allotted us in the future. That is a problem which none of us can solve, nor need we wish to do so ; but rather devote our energies to prepare for that day which knows no evening, and where the sun never sets.

The Book-room is prospering finely. We are paying off our debts, have enlarged our building, prepared a vault for the safety of our public documents, and increased our annual grant to Church funds to \$800.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1851.—Assembled in the Adelaide Street Church, Toronto, on the 4th of June. The past has been a year of much encouragement. The abundant crops have made money plenty, and furnished food for the rich and the poor. Grace and peace have graciously been vouchsafed to the Church, and our net increase of members is 1,171, while all our Church funds are healthy and prosperous. Brother James Spencer has been elected to the editorial chair as my colleague. A man of high and honourable bearing as well as of independent thought and action. I anticipate much comfort with him. We passed resolutions approving of the parliamentary effort to bring back the disposal of the Clergy Reserve to our country ; for we look upon the Imperial Act 4th and 5th Victoria, Chapter 78, as an infringement of our Constitutional rights—wholly at variance with the sentiments and wishes of the Canadian people, and obviously unjust to the Wesleyan Church, and other bodies, con-

stituting more than two-thirds of the people of this Province. According to the census of last year, Upper Canada contains 802,503 souls; of these 140,000 have returned themselves Methodists. And yet the Bishops, who have evidently manipulated this Bill, seem to imagine that £700 per annum ought to satisfy us! But we would far sooner devote the entire reservation to the general interests of the Province; and we have protested against this unfairness in the following language—"And this Conference, constituting by far the largest as well as the oldest body of Protestant Clergymen in Upper Canada, and exercising pastoral control over one thousand congregations including more than one hundred thousand adherents, records its solemn protest against any measure for any endowment or grant in perpetuity to the Church of England or of Scotland, not secured upon equal conditions to every Protestant denomination in Upper Canada." Help to all or help to none, is our motto, and we have, at least, nine-tenths of the country with us in this opinion. We are indifferent as to which way the question is decided, provided equal justice be meted out to all. We are not afraid, with the efficiency of our system and the truthfulness of our doctrines, to labour, side by side, with our brethren of other Churches, but we desire an open field, equal advantages and fair play.

July 2.—This has been a proud day for our friend, Dr. Ryerson. Having purchased a large block of land lying between Victoria and Church Streets, south of Gerrard, the Governor-General came down this afternoon and laid the corner-stone of the building for our Normal and Model Schools, in the presence of an immense assembly. Lord Elgin is a good speaker, and he exceeded himself to-day on the subject of Common School Education.

We are making some grand improvements also in our Book-room and Printing Establishment. About three

months ago I purchased a new Adams press, up to which time we had done all our printing upon a common hand press. But to-day (August 20) we have commenced printing by steam. Ours is now the only paper in this Province, I am told, which is printed by steam.

My time and energies have been much taxed of late in getting our Conference incorporated as the "Connexional Society of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada." Our object was to incorporate the Book-room, the Annuitant Society, Superannuation Fund Society, the Missionary Society, the Contingent and Church Relief Funds, all in one Act. But a few editors, culpably ignorant of our affairs, set up such a strange opposition as frightened some of our own people; and for peace sake we struck from the Bill all but the three first mentioned. Then it passed nearly unanimously. Billa Flint, Esq., M.P.P. for Hastings, introduced the measure as first prepared, and contended for it manfully. The law will afford me much relief, for now our Book-room premises are held by four individuals, one of whom is not even a member of the Church; and the entire business is transacted in my name!

While I was in New York for our winter's supply of books I preached in Madison Street Church "On eternal life," and in Vestry Street on the "Extent of the atonement." I found sweet relief in going from my business among publishers, to commune with God's people in his own house. But my pleasure was much increased by the privilege I enjoyed, on my way home, of visiting Middleburgh, my native place, after an absence of twenty-three years. I was a good deal excited to witness the changes which had taken place during my absence. I had seen much of the wide, wide world since my last visit, and every thing appeared new and strange. The leaders and guardians of my childhood were all gone, and the companions of my youth had grown gray. The house in

which I was born, and the barn in which I was born again, had both disappeared, leaving no vestige to tell where they once stood, save a few stones which had formed the foundation of a chimney. Fruit-trees which I had planted when a boy, had become venerable for age, and exhibited signs of decay. Even the brooks in which I used to angle for trout were comparatively dried up, and the school-house in which I was taught to read had entirely disappeared. The fields were there still, but so changed in appearance that I scarcely knew them ; and others were added on ground where once we made our sugar amidst the drumming of partridges or the screeching of owls. The same hills were there in their strength and grandeur. The same stars twinkled in the heavens, and the same valleys were rich in their beauty below. All else had changed ! I spent my first night with my esteemed friend, Captain George Tibbits. The window of my bed-room looked out over half a mile of rich low land, beyond which, on a sandy summit, are the graves of my dear mother and two sisters ; but twilight came too soon for me to get a view of them. On the declivities of a hill near our old farm, and in plain view from my bedroom windows, was a beautiful sight which, in connection with the thrilling scenes around me, kept my eyes wakeful nearly all the night. A farmer, in the cool of the evening, had set fire to a large number of brush and log-heaps which continued to burn with great brilliancy for a long time. These threw their bright rays up towards the darkened clouds which in turn reflected them back over woods and fields, hills and dales, in bewitching beauty, reminding one of what he reads of Fairy Land. I longed for the morning when I could go abroad over the scenes of my childhood, and gaze upon faces which I had seen in my youthful days. On Sabbath morning, the 20th October, as soon as breakfast was over, I hastened to my mother's grave, the most memorable spot to me of any in that place. Here I reverently

bowed before the Lord in silent prayer, devoutly thanking Him for the pious examples of a loving mother, and for counsel from those lips which are now silent in death. Here lay one of the best of mothers, who nursed me when a babe, cared for me when a child, and prayed for me before I had learned to pray for myself. Here I wept, and prayed, and meditated for an hour before I could tear myself away from this admonitory and suggestive spot. Hallowed are the recollections of a Godly mother ; and sacred the tomb where her ashes rest in hope until the trump of God shall quicken them to life. Then shall we

“ See truth, love, and mercy in glory descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom,
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awake from the tomb.”

I attended church with Mr. Tibbets, dined with Peelg Cook, Esq., my old class-leader and excellent friend, and preached in the evening in the church near my mother's grave. Some of my old school-mates were scattered through the assembly, but most of the congregation were strangers whom I had never seen before, or only seen to forget. I spent Monday in rambling over our old farm among the scenes of my childhood. Went up on the top of some of those rugged hills from which one can look away as far as the eye can reach, over hill and dale and mountain-top, and feast the eye with bold and picturesque scenery. Yellow fields, far away on the hill sides ; green pastures in the valleys, abounding with herds feeding and flocks grazing, made me exclaim more than once, O how grand ! how beautiful and lovely these landscapes are ! On Tuesday morning my short visit terminated, and I was obliged to turn my thoughts towards loved ones at home but,

"How fleet is the glance of the mind, compared with the speed of its flight

The tempest itself lags behind, and the swift-winged arrows of light."

The first sod was turned by Lord Elgin, this fall, for a railway to Collingwood, on the Georgian Bay, a much-needed improvement, and the city had a holiday over it. Preached often during the winter, attended missionary meetings, and pushed forward our Book-room business with a good deal of success.

The General Conference of the M. E. Church met on the 1st of May, 1852, in Boston. Having been appointed representative to that venerable body, I left home again, on the 1st of May, for that city. I was billeted with the Rev. Dr. Durbin, at the house of Dr. Gould, near the seat of the Conference. I gave them a full statement of our funds, our progress, and our prospects. I was able to give Dr. Durbin some assistance in getting his proposed measures on their mission-work through the committee. I had been present at two of their General Conferences before, and heard their reports on missions, and by comparing their receipts with ours, I found that, when they were receiving on an average twelve-and-a-half cents per member, we were receiving thirty-five; and now, when their receipts had gone up to twenty cents, ours had reached sixty.* As the great work of missions in heathen lands is one in which we all feel a mutual interest, I thought it right in some way, if possible, to provoke them to love and good works in this field. Dr. Durbin, being their Missionary Secretary, had turned his attention to the same subject, and we compared

* I see by the *Christian Advocate* of November 16, 1876, that they take credit for having raised, last year, an average rate of only forty-two cents per member, while they give us credit for raising one dollar and eighty cents per member!

notes. When I stated these facts to him, he was anxious to learn more of our *modus operandi*, and I presented him with a copy of our report. On looking at it he exclaimed, "That is truly a God-send at this moment; I shall now carry my point." He very naturally and correctly concluded that the publication of individual subscriptions might account in part for our superior success, and he was anxious for me to touch upon our missionary operations in my address to the Conference, which I endeavoured to do, in a modest and inoffensive manner. They resolved to increase their efforts in heathen lands, and voted a donation of \$5,000 to the French Conference, to help them in their great work in that land of spiritual darkness. In my address I touched upon all our Church funds, and the sources of their revenue, for which I received many thanks from members of that powerful body. On one evening we heard the great Kossuth, the expatriated ex-Governor of Hungary, lecture on the wrongs his Protestant country is suffering from the oppression of popish Austria. On one afternoon the Conference adjourned to receive an address in the great hall, from their great senatorial orator and statesman, the Hon. Daniel Webster, who had signified his wish to address that body of divines. Seats were reserved for members, but such was the rush when the doors were opened to the public that we found it difficult to retain them. Webster is a noble-looking man, tall, portly, and imposing. His voice is more senatorial than musical; his motions few, moderate, and easy; his language pure, free, and forcible. As a speaker, he is dignified in his bearings. It is a great treat to hear him; but, unfortunately, he is so fond of potations, that he thinks himself incapable of any great mental effort without the assistance of artificial stimulants. On another occasion the Conference took a holiday, chartered a boat, and took us down to an island in the bay, where, after par-

taking of an ample collation, we were treated to several speeches from distinguished individuals belonging to different churches. It was, altogether, a very enjoyable occasion. This, my third appointment and visit to the American General Conference, was in all respects agreeable. I had no financial claims to transact, no arrogant seceders to face, no diplomatic perplexities to trouble me. I had simply to reciprocate their brotherly attentions, present our fraternal regards, and do them all the good in my power. Their Church is rising in usefulness and greatness, is the largest Church in that Republic, and bids fair soon to be the largest Protestant Church in the world.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1852 commenced in Kingston on the 2nd of June. The past has been a year of ingathering, and our net increase was 1,372. During our sittings we were honoured with a visit from Colonel Bruce, who is brother to His Excellency Earl Elgin, our popular Governor-General. Mr. B. is Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, and I was happy to have the opportunity of acknowledging, in a short speech, the kindness and courtesy which our distinguished visitor always manifested towards our missions and missionaries—a courtesy which was the more acceptable because of the contrary feeling so often exhibited by some of his predecessors in office. “Honour to whom honour is due,” is a scriptural maxim; and when high officials do well, it is quite right to acknowledge their acts of promptness and impartiality.

My ability for extemporizing a speech was put to the test on Sabbath morning by our President, who, after the services had commenced, sent Bro. Douse down from the pulpit to request me to deliver the charge to the candidates for holy orders. I felt to regret that I was requested to deliver such an address without timely notice, but I did not like to say no; and throwing myself upon Him who has said, “As

thy day, so shall thy strength be," I asked for that strength and obtained it. By divine aid, I was enabled to succeed to the surprise of myself. God has never left me to sink when I have thrown myself entirely upon his help and gracious influences.

On the 10th September, preached in John-street Church, New York, the cradle of Methodism on this continent. I felt a degree of awe and inspiration while standing in that place, where Coke, and Asbury, and other heaven-inspired men had stood to preach the same gospel. Here Embury and Webb did battle for the Lord, and from this memorable spot went out an impulse which is still increasing in power and being felt all over this continent and far off in heathen lands. It is a sacred spot, around which cluster precious memories, which every Methodist in the wide world must revere; and woe to us if we let the fire go out which those pious heroes kindled on their rude altars! History furnishes few instances of success equal to that which has attended the labours of Wesleyan ministers in North America.

Finding my voice much restored, I preached often in town and country during the fall and winter; attended quarterly meetings, preached missionary sermons, and addressed missionary meetings. On the 26th of February, 1853, Mr. Wood and I dedicated our church at Thornhill. The day was exceedingly cold; but our hearts were warm, and the people were comforted. This house formerly stood on the north side of the ravine, but our people wisely removed it to a more eligible site. On the 16th of March, preached a funeral sermon for Mrs. Robert James, a good woman, sweetly removed from suffering to rest.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1853 commenced on the 1st day of June, in Hamilton, and I had the pleasure of my wife's company to it, a pleasure which I had seldom enjoyed. She generally refuses all invitations to attend Conference, for fear

she might occupy the place of some minister, or be burdensome to our kind friends who entertain them. But on this occasion she accepted an invitation from her sister, Mrs. Leggo, at whose house we were kindly entertained. We were honoured with a clerical deputation from Lower Canada, consisting of the Rev. Messrs. Borland, Brock, and Jenkins, asking to be reunited with us. Since 1820 we have been separated in council, as they composed a district of the British Conference. But, for obvious reasons, they now wish to be nearer the seat of Conferencial power, and participate in our legislative acts. Our fathers in England desire to transfer their entire district to our care, and give their ministers seats in our Conference. All parties appear to be agreed to the measure, and our President, the Rev. E. Wood, with his usual wisdom and discretion, is arranging for the union.

DEDICATION AT PETERBOROUGH.—The Rev. Wm. Ryerson and I reopened our church here on the 3rd of October. We found the old sanctuary much improved, and Mr. Ryerson preached with great power on Sunday evening. Mr. Shearen, a valuable member, took me to his comfortable home; but we dined with Mr. Gemley, at the parsonage. I have enough to do. My name is on three or four plans in the city, including the Asylum and House of Industry, which, with extra services, keep me busy.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.—Christmas, with its merry bells and multiform gifts, has come and gone, and now we keep our solemn vigil in dear old Adelaide. Preached on the flight of time, and enjoyed heavenly sweetness in our solemn, silent devotion.

1854.—Attended the February quarterly meeting in Markham, and the May quarterly meeting at Bradford. On May 21, preached before the district meeting in Montreal. As the annexation of that district to the Conference was

under consideration, the President requested the Rev. W. Jeffers and me to accompany him to that meeting, to assist in arranging business for Conference. The work in that Province has suffered somewhat, by reason of its great distance from Conferencial authority. There were several matters in their financial arrangements which they wished accomplished with the home Conference, and, as I purposed being there, I promised to aid them in that quarter to the extent of my ability.





CHAPTER XIII.

SECOND VISIT TO THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

QUR Conference met in Belleville, on the 7th of June. The net increase of members was two thousand and forty. The Book-room changed hands, and the incumbent was appointed representative to the British Conference. The ministers from Lower Canada took seats in the Conference and were stationed by it, though the negotiations for annexation were not entirely completed. The British Conference had requested us to take charge of their Indian Missions in Rupert's Land, believing that our comparative contiguity to them, and our appliances for that work, rendered such a transfer desirable. When I reached the English Conference, I found that venerable body well pleased with all we had done in Canada on this subject, and the committee willing to give £1,000 per annum to aid the missions in the North-west, and to make such appropriations as would give their missionaries, east and west, a financial status in our Book-room and other Church property equal to that of our own ministers, the Superannuation Fund only excepted. I then had the pleasure to witness their final sanction of the grand measures and arrangements by which Wesleyan Methodism was united and consolidated from ocean to ocean, and from the Niagara River to the *ne plus ultra* of our northern work.

My son and daughter accompanied me to Europe, but their mother suffers so severely by sea-sickness, that she could not be prevailed on to undertake the journey. We left home, June the 29th, leaving her to visit her parents and friends in our absence. We spent a Sabbath in Montreal, where we found the cholera was raging fearfully. Mrs. David Torrence kindly drove down to our hotel, and took my daughter to her own delightful residence. In Quebec, at Russell's Hotel, they assigned one of us a room in which Dr. Smith, of Port Hope, had died of this disease a few hours before! A kind friend warned us of our danger, and we left the hotel at once, and obtained permission to go on board our ship. On the 5th of July we weighed anchor, glad to leave a city visited with this fearful plague. But, alas! how little do we know what is before us! We had not gone far before we learned that the cholera was on board our ship! A Scotchman from Woodstock, by the name of Gordon, was dying in the steerage; and when we were opposite Green Island he expired, and the captain requested me to read the funeral service. His body, with his bed and clothes, were wrapped in oil-cloth, with lead enclosed, and when I read, "We now commit his body to the deep," it slid from the plank on which it lay into the St. Lawrence, and disappeared. I never attended a funeral under more solemn and painful circumstances. One of the firemen was suffering with the same disease, the passengers were much excited, and all my family, save one, were on board, confined to the narrow limits of the ship, where we were forced to remain, with death staring us in the face. It was not long before the fireman expired, and in like manner we buried him in the Gulf. Then a sailor was attacked, and after we passed Belle Isle, he, too, succumbed to this most alarming malady, and I buried him in the ocean's dark bed. These were trying moments to

us, but we knew we had the same Protector on the water as those we left behind had on land, and to him we applied for protection, committing ourselves and all on board to the gracious care of "the God in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways." The plague was stayed, the crew became healthy, and we reached Liverpool, after an eventful passage of seventeen days.

In London, after making suitable arrangements for my son and daughter to see that great city, I wrote to Dr. Beecham that I would go down to Birmingham by a certain train, but my tailor had so strangely deformed a waistcoat which he had made for me, that I was providentially detained in London until the next day. When I returned my vest to the tailor, he marvelled at its awkward appearance, and pronounced the blunder unaccountable; but when I reached the Conference the whole affair was explained. I sent in my card to Dr. Beecham, who, hastening to the ante-room, caught me by both hands, exclaiming: "Dr. Green, I am so happy to see you! You were to have come down by last evening's train; that train collided with another, and two strangers were killed, whose bodies could not be identified, and we naturally inferred that you were dead, and we were arranging to send up brethren to identify your body and bring it here for interment!" When I related the cause of my detention, the brethren exclaimed: "What a mercy! God has evidently used that tailor, whom you blamed, to keep you out of danger." What short-sighted beings we are! I was grieved at the carelessness of my tailor, and yet it is more than probable that the good Lord used that man to hold me back from danger—perhaps to save my life. Let those doubt a special providence who may, I cannot. The Lord's eyes are always upon his children, and his powerful arm is round about them. Guided

by such an eye and protected by such an arm, we are safe, whether on land or water.

I was received with the utmost cordiality by the Conference, and a time was appointed for receiving my address, which was reported, with great exactness, for the *Watchman*. (As this address, as well as a series of letters which I wrote describing our visit in England and on the Continent, was published in the *Christian Guardian*, I need say but little about our tour here.) By the request of the President of the Conference and the Book-Steward, I sat with Gush for a likeness which was engraved on steel and published in the *Wesleyan Magazine* for June, 1855. The Conference was so delighted with the affiliated Conferences in Ireland, Canada, France, and Austria, that they appointed Dr. Beecham to form one in our Eastern Provinces. During the Conference the Rev. J. H., now Dr. Rigg, and I visited Fletcher's grave in Madeley, and saw the room where he wrote his immortal "Checks to Antinomianism." We were richly rewarded by what we there saw, heard, and felt.

Our visit to the Continent was very interesting and instructive, particularly to the young people, and the only drawback to our pleasure was the absence of my wife. Dr. Cook, whom I met in the English Conference, requested me to visit Paris and preach to the people there, which I did on the 13th of August. But my visit to the City Road Chapel, London, proved one of the most exciting periods of my life. Dr. Bunting had arranged for this service, and he came two miles to be present. To even visit this memorable sanctuary and its surroundings, hallowed by so many thrilling events in history, was enough to fill my soul with feelings of awe and veneration; but to stand in that sacred desk where Wesley and Fletcher, Clark and Benson, Coke and Watson, had stood, and preach the same gospel which they had preached to generations, now in their graves,

filled me with emotions not easily described. Behind me, at a distance of a few feet, lay the most of these dignitaries in their silent beds; before me sat our Wesleyan Primate, Wesley's great successor, in his peerless power, devoutly listening to simple truths plainly uttered; while just across the street, in front of me, were the tombs of Bunyan, Watts, and Wesley's mother. In such a place, with such surroundings, and with the events of former times rushing upon my mind, how could I prevent weeping? But mine were not the only tears that flowed. It was, indeed, a memorable hour of thrilling interest, never to be forgotten. I had none of these feelings when in Paris, nor in any other pulpit in England; but this historic and sacred spot has associations which, to a Wesleyan Minister, are akin to those of the "Upper Room" in Jerusalem. When Dr. Bunting and I parted he said, "I shall see you again in England." I little thought at that time that I should ever look upon that venerable form again in this world; but his words proved true. We returned by the Cunard Line to Boston, and reached our cottage in Gerrard Street on 16th September, where my dear wife was overjoyed to receive her family back, after our exposure to so much peril. Tea being over we all gathered round the piano and sang—

"Home again, home again, from a foreign shore!"

Our happiness was now complete, and we wept for joy.

Our brethren in Yorkville, having secured an eligible site on Bloor Street, had erected a very convenient Church, after the Gothic style of the fourteenth century, fifty by seventy-four feet, with spire and bell; at a cost of £3,350, not including land; and on the 22nd September I preached one of the dedication sermons. Many important events took place during the summer. The Ministry in Quebec being defeated, appealed to the people and obtained a large

majority in the new house. Decimal currency was legalized by statute; a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States concluded; and the Seigniorial Tenure in Lower Canada abolished.

I assisted in dedicating a new church in Aurora on the 1st of October. The old church had been removed to give place to one more in accord with the demands of the times and the requirements of this congregation. Our old churches, like our old inhabitants who erected them, are rapidly disappearing. This one was of early date, and the birth-place of many souls; but when placed upon inclined timbers, it soon slid down to the rear end of the lot, to make room for a more pretentious edifice. I remarked at the tea meeting on Monday evening that it was unusual for an entire church to backslide in a day; but if we must have backsliders, then by all means let them be church edifices rather than church members. On the 15th of October, Dr. Wood, Mr. Spencer, and I, dedicated our new church at Milton. Twenty-eight years ago I used to preach in this neighbourhood in a log cabin, and on a week-day, when the people came together in the evening through their roadless forests by torch light. Now the dense forest has given place to fruitful fields, the winding paths to good roads, and the old log-cabins are replaced by comfortable and substantial dwellings; while a thrifty village has sprung up, with capacious churches and lovely surroundings, one of the principal ornaments of which is found in our convenient little brick sanctuary.

A MIXED CONFERENCE AT KINGSTON.—Arrangements having been made for a Council of ministers and laymen to re-model our temporal affairs, we met in Kingston for this purpose. The Conference Special Committee with one layman from each circuit elected by the Quarterly Official Meetings were present, thus giving about three laymen to one clergyman. This was right: financial men for financial

matters. The pastorate was not to be interfered with. The result was all we could have desired. Our Church institutions were thoroughly examined, our managing committees remodeled, and the salaries of our ministers increased about twenty-five per cent.

December 27th.—Preached a Missionary sermon in London, but was too ill to attend the meeting on Monday. Went home sick, and was compelled to lie by for a season.

A VENTURESOME JOURNEY TO QUEBEC.—Finding that our College was running behind in its finances, the Board wished me to visit the Parliament in Quebec, and ask to have our grant increased. On the latter part of February, 1855, Alfred Patrick, Esq., and I started for that ancient capital. Our railway was not then finished to Montreal, and we were obliged to go to Quebec through the States. We took the steamer at the Humber for Niagara, our bay being full of ice. On reaching the Falls we found that the road to Rochester was blockaded by snow-drifts, we therefore entered a car about to start for Batavia. But alas! the wind was sporting merrily with the snow, and a little before dark, after carrying a snow plough before our engine for miles, to clear the track, our train rushed into a large drift, gave a heavy groan, trembled a little, and stood still. Mr. Patrick and I found lodgings in a farm-house for the night, and the next day managed to get to Batavia. After reaching Troy, we were compelled to go through Vermont, by the Rutland line, to Montreal. While passing through Vermont, a pleasing incident occurred, which I mention here for the encouragement of others. The President of the road came into our car, and seeing me, hastened to introduce himself, saying that he had met me once at Saratoga Springs; and he felt anxious to relate a fact to me which was very comforting to himself, and would probably be pleasing to me. "You may recollect," said he, "of meeting with Colonel Wright and

his lady at the Springs." I remember it perfectly, said I : we were boarding in the same hotel, and I had much conversation with that venerable couple. "Well," said he, "they were my father and mother. They died this winter, but while living they were never tired of talking about you ; for your faithful labours were the means of bringing my dear father to God, at the eleventh hour. After spending more than seventy years in sin, he made a public profession of religion, and attributed his conversion to your sermon, your counsels, and your prayers." This, of course, gave me pleasure mingled with sadness. The old Colonel had seen much of the world ; had been a Senator at Washington, and was interesting in conversation ; but, though blessed with a pious wife, he was living without hope and without God in the world. He heard me preach one morning on the great atonement made for our transgressions, and was deeply impressed with a sense of his own ingratitude in rejecting a Saviour who had died to give us life. After this he sought my company often, and we endeavoured to deepen the good impressions which the Holy Spirit had made upon his heart. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that." The longer I live the more I am convinced of the propriety of taking Christ into all circles, and let his voice be heard on all suitable occasions. That minister who trusts to the pulpit only, will leave many souls out of the fold who might be gathered in by personal conversation. Educated men are disgusted by abrupt and obtrusive dogmatism and seldom benefitted by obtruse reasoning ; but in all my travels I have scarcely found a real gentleman who, on suitable occasions, was not pleased to have a word about the great salvation.

After three or four days' ride we reached Point Levi, but here, in sight of the Parliament House, we were again

blockaded, not with snow, but with drift ice on the river, which seemed to render crossing impassable. But four Frenchmen managed to slide us over in a canoe. Their feet frequently went down through the ice, but they managed to pull themselves up again by the boat, and on we went until we reached the city, glad to terminate a tedious and perilous voyage.

The Hon. Jas. Ferrier, who is always ready for every good thing, and a member of our College Board, accompanied me to His Excellency Sir Edward Head, and to the Ministers of State. After a good deal of effort, we managed to get fifty per cent. added to our grant. I spent a very pleasant evening at the Government House, where Lord Bury was anxious I should examine his manuscript on our Canadian Indians, which I had not time to do. Lady Head possesses remarkable conversational powers. The Governor-General, though quite accessible and easy in his manners, is much more quiet.

Quebec is a social city, with beautiful scenery in its surroundings, but too far north to please me. If the famed Gulf Stream could be diverted along the shores of Labrador, it would make this a charming country. When in London, I took my children to the "Great Globe," in Leicester square, where the surface of the earth is turned outside in. Here we were able to trace this stream from its origin in the Gulf of Mexico until it reaches the European shore. In this Globe, the lecturer could point his wand to any given point in earth's wide domain; for in this concave the entire earth, with its continents, countries, oceans, lakes, rivers, mountains, and seas, was spread out before us. I obtained a better view of this stream here than I had ever done before. When it emerges from the Straits of Bimini it is thirty-two miles wide, and probably fifteen hundred feet deep. The water in it is blue and warm, while the ocean on either side

is green and cold. It carries out of the Gulf a stream three thousand times larger than that which the great Mississippi carries into it. It follows the coast to Cape Hatteras, where it is one hundred and seventy miles wide ; thence, easterly, across the ocean. The British Isles divide it. Still it gives to Europe our temperature, some twenty degrees north of us ! But how is the Gulf supplied with water to replace this immense drain constantly made upon it ? There must be an under current from the poles carrying cold water in, equal to the amount of warm water which this stream carries out. This under-current from the north must exist, or the immense icebergs which we see on the ocean could not move towards the Gulf, as they do now, directly in the face of wind and wave. Currents in the sea may be created as currents in the air, by the expansive nature of heat. A vertical sun warms the waters of the Gulf, and they, in turn, warm the air in their course to Europe.

During my stay in Quebec, I preached for Bro. Pollard, and, assisted in his missionary meeting. He stands high with his brethren, and is doing a good work in this most interesting and important field. I had an opportunity to hear many lively debates in Parliament while attending to our business with its members ; but after hearing their best men in both Houses, I came to the conclusion that our Conference would lose little in comparison with them, either for debate or for good order.

In the month of May I preached a missionary sermon in Elm Street ; attended quarterly meetings in the Markham and Bradford circuits ; met the College Board at Cobourg ; examined candidates for the ministry, and attended district meeting in Yorkville.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1855 assembled in London on the 6th of June. We had the pleasure this year of receiving a representative from the British Conference, in the person of

the Rev. Dr. Beecham. He came out to form a Conference in the Lower Provinces, and was authorized, also, to commute the annual grant of £700 sterling for a fixed sum, to be paid at once. He received about £10,000, which was taken to England. The Rev. W. Case preached his jubilee sermon before the Conference, on the evening of the first day. From 1820 to 1833 he exercised great power amongst us, as one of our chief ministers, and has always been looked up to with much respect and veneration.

The resolutions agreed to by our Mixed Conference last October were presented, and cordially adopted by this Conference. We had taken the precaution to lay them before the quarterly official meetings, where they had been passed by large majorities. By these resolutions, mixed committees were to manage our Church funds, such as Missionary, Contingent, Church Relief, and Educational funds. It was also agreed that no self-supporting circuit should be divided without its consent. The claims of superannuated ministers were fixed at eight dollars for each year spent in the active work, giving sixteen years for the first fifteen; widows, two-thirds this amount. It was also resolved, "That this Conference has heard with great satisfaction the report of the Rev. Dr. Green, our representative to the parent Wesleyan Conference in England; that this report be received, and that this Conference records its high sense of the valuable services rendered to the Wesleyan Church in Canada by the very able and gratifying manner in which he has performed the important duties connected with that mission."

It was scarcely necessary to send the Kingston resolutions to the quarterly meetings, as they had already voted on them through their representatives; but we deemed it wise to give all our official brethren the privilege of voting personally on these important changes. The harmony man-

ifested was delightful. Good people sometimes make great mistakes by looking only to the great, the wise, and the powerful for success. It is not always the man highest in office, strongest in wealth, or greatest in talent, who does the most good. The great secret of success lies in unity—in enlisting all the members with their varied gifts, graces, and powers:—the widow with her mite, the poor with his pence, the millionaire with his purse, the learned with his logic, the eloquent with his oratory, and the diplomatist with his wisdom. We should so manage as to conciliate all, enlist all, and, if possible, secure the affectionate co-operation of all. It is the common soldier who fights our battles and gains our victories; the common labourer who builds our houses, ploughs our fields, and fills our garners; and it is just so in the Church. The ministry can do little without the laity. By their aid the temple rises; by their liberality the Church is enlarged; and by their prayers the pulpit becomes powerful. If we work together cordially, the world is ours for Christ; but if we are divided, the enemy will come in like a flood to destroy us.

July 4th.—This day the Book Committee presented me with a silver tea-service, as a remembrance of their appreciation of the manner in which I conducted that establishment during the ten years of my incumbency. At the same time I was presented by the Rev. John Mason, of London, with a neat-bound copy of the *Wesleyan Magazine*, containing, what he calls, a life-like engraving of myself, which was published in the June number of this volume. This portrait, painted by Gush, is all the more acceptable to me, because it was published by order of the President of the British Conference.

October 20.—Tidings have just reached us of the death of the Rev. Mr. Case. He died yesterday at his mission, being a little more than seventy-five years old. For thirty-

one years we were bosom friends. He was anxious for me to accompany him last winter in his tour through the eastern part of this Province; but illness and urgent duties at the capital prevented my having that pleasure. There are few men whom I loved more, or had more cause to love and revere. He gave me my first license to preach, and my first appointment to a circuit; assisted Bishop Hedding in my ordination, and elevated me to the office of Presiding Elder. I mourn for him sincerely; but he has gone safely.

Rest, patriarch, rest; thou hast finished thy course;
Thy walk has been meekness and love.
Thou hast kept the true faith, now fly to its source,
And receive thy bright crown from above.
In the hearts of our red men thy name is enshrined,
As a light which directed their ways;
Their white father's name with their love is entwined,
As they tell of their halcyon days.

January 1, 1856.—The passing years effect great changes in nations and churches, as well as with individuals. During the year just closed, Sebastopol has fallen, and our bloody war with Russia is hastening to its end. A new Conference has been formed in Eastern British America, with Dr. Richey at its head. The Grand Trunk Railroad is hastening to completion, while the Great Western has finished a branch to Toronto. The Church is rising in her strength, and we are looking for better times in the future.

On the 9th of March I preached one of the sermons at the dedication of our church in Guelph. Bros. Sanderson and Borland filled up the day. This church is of brick, large and commodious. The weather was intensely cold, but our congregations and collections were respectable. Bro. Warner, the Superintendent, was in his glory. But we had a hard time in getting there. The Grand Trunk

not being finished to Guelph, we went to Preston by the Great Western; thence in an open sleigh, facing a pelting storm, and beating a pathway for ourselves through deep drifts, sometimes fearing that we should have to lie by. But our driver felt the responsibility resting upon him, and he managed to force his way through to the town, where we were received with much warmth and gladness.

OUR NEW CHURCH IN PICTON WAS DEDICATED to God on the 4th of May. This was a great day for Picton, and one of much pleasure to myself. The first church on this peninsula was built at Conger's Mills, a little east of the town, in 1809, and is standing there still. In 1820 a church was erected in the village, on the very site where our new church now stands. When built it was the best Wesleyan Church in the Province, and it has done good service to the connexion. Three Conferences were held in it. That venerable sanctuary, the scene of many events in my own life, has just been removed, and a fine brick church, fifty feet by seventy, has been erected in its place; and to-day it was my happy privilege to preach the first sermon in it, and solemnly dedicate it to the exclusive service of Almighty God. Bro. Carrol took the evening service, and seven souls were converted, affording pleasing assurance that God had accepted it and entered the place of his rest. Bro. Slater, and those who have assumed the responsibility of this good work, are worthy of all praise. Few places on earth are more sacred and memorable to me than this and the old sanctuary which stood here; and yet, it is not difficult to predict that "the glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former." The commencement has certainly been more brilliant and promising. One-third of a century has passed, and a whole generation gone into eternity, since I joined the Canadian Church here. The changes which have taken place during that period are both admonitory and sugges-

tive. "The fathers, where are they?" The leaders who managed our Church then are not here now. A new generation has sprung up. The companions of my youth are mostly gone. New faces appear before me; strange voices greet me, and new walls enclose me. But God is the same, the Gospel the same, and the converting power of grace the same. Our religion has not changed. The same love warms us, the same hopes inspire us, and the same Redeemer saves us. Indeed, our path "is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." I was comfortably entertained by the excellent family of J. P. Roblin, Esq., who are choice friends in the best of causes.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1856 met in Brockville on the 4th of June. I was kindly entertained by the family of Dr. Reynolds, whose father was a member of my congregation when stationed here twenty-six years ago. Dr. Hannah and Mr. Jobson, representatives to the American General Conference from England, made us a short visit. I walked with them to the station as they left, when Dr. Hannah strongly urged me to visit his Conference again as soon as convenient. At that moment I scarcely expected that I should even see England again. But, strange to say, I had but just reached my seat in Conference when the co-delegate came to me with a request that I would accept an appointment to England for the double purpose of representing our Church in the British Conference and of obtaining assistance for the Wesleyan Church in Quebec. This Church, he said, was heavily in debt, and in danger of going out of our hands if timely relief could not be afforded. At first, I declined the honour; but the next day an agent from Quebec arrived, and he and other brethren made out such an urgent case that I reluctantly consented—though at a great personal sacrifice—to undertake the mission. From the beginning I had resolved never to let any personal

interests stand in the way of my duty to God and his Church. I knew that my absence would put my personal interests in great jeopardy, at a time when my family was depending upon my arrangements for support. But God first, and his Church next, had always been my motto, and I resolved to act on the same principles still. I hastened home from Conference, partially arranged my temporal affairs, took leave of my dear family again, and on the 11th of July started for Boston. The first Sabbath I preached in Schenectady; then hastened to the sea-side, and on the 16th started out of Boston Bay, on the steamer *Canada*, for good old England. I reached Bristol, the seat of the Conference, in time for the annual review of the Missionary Committee. Dr. Beecham, their senior secretary, had been removed by death during the year, and the committee felt this blow most painfully. Three able men were appointed to speak of this bereavement before the committee. The three selected were all candidates for the Presidential chair, viz.: Messrs. Young, West, and Bowers. We all knew that the Dr. was a great and good man, but we had scarcely imagined that he possessed all the excellences and greatness which these divines ascribed to him in their eloquent orations. Much interest was manifested the next morning during the election for President. When Mr. Keeling arose to report the result there was perfect stillness in Conference; and when he read, West, seventy-four, the interest was intensified. But when he deliberately read, Bowers, eighty-seven, there was a little relief—all felt sure of the result. But when he announced, Young, 108, there was a general burst of applause. Mr. Young was elected, not because he was the most eloquent orator, for both of his competitors were his superiors in eloquence, but because he had been a foreign missionary, and all missionaries present

voted for him. He was a good man and true, and he made an excellent presiding officer.

I was received most cordially by the Conference. On my arrival the Rev. W. Arthur met me at the gate, with his hand and smile of welcome. I proposed going to the Moon—an hotel where Mr. Ryerson and I had put up ten years before—but Mr. Arthur said, “No! We have no railway to the moon, but Mrs. Budget expects you at Kingswood Hill. That is just the place for you, and one of the very best at our command.” I found it all that Mr. Arthur represented it to be, and much more. Mr. Arthur knew the family well, for he had written the life of Mr. Budget, in a book called “The Successful Merchant.” The family consisted of Mrs. Budget, her amiable daughter, and two sons. Besides these were three servant maids, a butler, a cook, a gardener, and a coachman. The firm employed about two hundred men in carrying on their extensive business. Her son James was married to a daughter of Thos. Farmer, Esq., and lives at Clifton. A carriage and coachman were placed at the service of her guests. We dined in their establishment in town. This is one of the most amiable, orderly, and pleasing families with whom it is my happiness to be acquainted. Deeply pious, proverbially liberal, and abundant in wealth, they appear intent on doing good. Kingswood is an interesting place, full of precious memories. Here Whitefield commenced his out-door preaching. Here he wisely established a school for the education of minister's children. Here he laboured with the ignorant colliers until multitudes found the Lord. The old church, built by Wesley in 1797, is still standing. Mrs. James Budget invited about one hundred ministers to tea one afternoon, and entertained us under an immense tent pitched upon a beautiful lawn. Many speeches were made, and it was a most enjoyable occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer and their family were present. Mrs. Budget sat in state with her two mothers, under the friendly boughs of a wide-spreading tree, where each guest was duly presented and cordially received. The English people know how to manage these things in a most orderly and interesting manner. To me it was an occasion fraught with much interest. It gave me an opportunity of being introduced to, and forming an acquaintance with, all the most notable members of the Conference, and also of conversing with the leaders about an alteration in the Articles of Union, which I had promised our Conference to bring before that body. In these Articles, it was provided that the British Conference, from time to time, should appoint one of their own members to preside in our Conference. I asked them to extend their own power a little, so as to enable them to appoint one of our members to that honour, provided they deemed such an appointment, at any time, wise and suitable. This alteration was readily made, no one opposing it, though it was known that one of the Secretaries disapproved of it.

On the 3rd of August, I heard Mr. Arthur preach his "Tongue of Fire." He is a small man but a great preacher, and he held the assembly, for nearly two hours, in close attention. I was sorry when his charming sermon was ended. The ordinations took place on a week-day in another church, and I was requested to assist in the ceremony. On the 10th of August I preached in Kingswood, on the Atonement, and was requested to furnish a copy of the sermon for publication; but as I had taken no manuscript with me, I had a good excuse for declining. The sermon was quite original, and Dr. Harvard earnestly insisted that I should comply with the request. But I had no time to write it and prepare it for press, hence I was forced to disoblige my friends.

A missionary meeting was arranged for, in which they aimed to bring the ends of the earth together. To accom-

plish this, Dr. Bunting and Mr. Arthur from London, Dr. Green from Canada, and Mr. Calvert from Fiji, were announced as the speakers. Mr. Calvert, who had spent several years among the man-eaters of the South Sea, interested me greatly, and the people appeared interested in several features of our Canadian work. It was both pleasing and encouraging to see ministers who had been at the Antipodes in their fields of toil, standing upon the same platform, to plead the cause of Christian Missions. Surely ours is a great and an extensive field, and the Master is saying to us all, "Occupy until I come."

The closing scene in the British Conference is solemn and impressive. The Secretary reads extracts from the minutes, embracing the decisions on principal subjects, when the "legal hundred" stand up and formally ratify the whole. These venerable men remain standing, with all eyes turned towards the President, while he places his official signature to the journals. The benediction is then pronounced and the Conference is over.

In the early part of September I met the Missionary Committee, who unanimously voted £1,600 sterling to the Quebec church. By this timely relief, added to what we obtained in Canada, the church was saved to the connexion. We then dined together in the Centenary Hall.

On my way to Liverpool I spent a week with the Rev. Dr. Stinson, in Manchester; preached for him on Sunday, and assisted him and his eloquent colleague, the Rev. Mr. McCaulay, at a tea-meeting. The Dr. and I spent a day with Dr. Hannah, at Didsbury College; dined with the students, and had to give them a speech before we separated. Didsbury is a lovely village, surrounded with charming rural scenery; and our Theological College here is spreading light and sending out able preachers to many distant lands. I found my old friend and fellow-townsmen, James Metcalfe,

Esq., and his family, here. He has lately returned from Australia, where he has made a large fortune. Their hearts are in Canada, and they will soon be there again.

Having secured passage on board the steamer *Anglo-Saxon*, I hastened to Liverpool. I would fain linger much longer in this delightful country—a country which, for charming scenery, artistic beauty, and rural loveliness, has no equal in any part of the world which I have visited. At this time of the year it has charms truly attractive. One is never tired, as he dashes through the country, of gazing upon waving fields of grain, verdant pastures, flowery lawns, and fruitful gardens, interspersed with gentle streams and green hedges, by the side of which, flocks without number, and herds in great variety, are quietly feeding. England is the centre and source of all free Governments in our world. The Whigs are now in power, and, while listening to the debates in Parliament, I felt a strong desire to learn the origin of the two great parties into which the House is divided. On turning to Rapin's History of England, published in 1733, and kindly presented to me by the Rev. Dr. Hoole, we have it in detail. When William the Conqueror subdued England in 1066, he divided the land mostly among his friends from the continent, hoping thereby to gain complete control of the island. From this, until 1413, when Henry V. was crowned, a constant conflict was going on between King and people; the former, determined to grasp all power, and the latter, anxious to make their influence felt through a Parliament, as their fathers had done during the Saxon Heptarchy, when each of the seven kings had a little Parliament of his own, as well as an interest in a general council. The Popes helped the kings, while the people were left to contend against their combined power. When poor weak John gave away the kingdom to the Pope, the Barons arose in their strength and obtained the Magna Charta. All

the kings before Henry V. swore to maintain this chart of liberty; but all broke their solemn oaths! Henry III. revoked the charter, but the Barons levied war against the treacherous monarch, and under the Earl of Leicester took him prisoner. Leicester then governed, for some time, in the name of the king, his prisoner, and it is said the Commons were first called into Parliament under his rule. This struggle between King and Parliament continued until 1377, when Richard II. was deposed for violating the Charter. After this, for nearly two hundred years, no King dared to trample upon it. But when the House of Stuart came to the throne, in 1603, James I., aided by the Duke of Buckingham, attempted to overthrow the constitution, but failed, having died in the attempt. Charles, his son, who succeeded him in 1623, dissolved Parliament, three times, in four years, and then, for twelve years, levied taxes without a Parliament. Then, after Buckingham was assassinated, Charles called Wentworth, the Earl of Stafford, and Bishop Laud to his aid, who soon led him on to ruin.

Up to this period, the parties seemed to be composed of King and Pope on the one hand, and such of the Barons and people as contended for the great charter, on the other. But now the conflict assumed a more religious aspect. Laud advised Charles to force the Liturgy and Hierarchy upon Scotland. The Scots rebelled, and led an army into England. When Charles attempted to drive them back, his Peers and people, fancying that they saw the hand of the Pope in the movement, forsook him. He then called the Peers together for advice. They urged him to call a Parliament, which he did. The House met on the 13th November, 1640, but instead of driving the Presbyterians out of the country, it set about limiting the power of the king, who had governed for fifteen years without its aid! Stafford and Laud both lost their heads. The House then foolishly resolved to abolish

Episcopacy and establish Presbyterianism in its place. This created two distinct parties. The king's party was called Cavaliers, afterwards Tories. The Parliamentary party was called Round Heads, afterwards Whigs ! The origin of these two names, says Rapin, is this : " At that time a sort of Irish banditti or robbers lurking on the mountains or on islands formed of bogs, were called Tories. As the king's party was supposed to be favourable to the Irish Rebellion, which broke out about that time, they called his party Tories. These in turn called the Round Heads Whigs, a term of reproach," so called from certain robbers in Scotland. Burnett says the term came from a word used by teamsters in West Scotland, in driving horses—Whiggam, from which the drivers were called Whiggomers—hence Whigs. At this time, the terms Tories and Episcopalians were nearly synonymous, as were Whigs and Presbyterians. Charles encouraged this party strife, and levied war against the Parliament in favour of the Bishops. Cromwell opposed and beheaded him on the 30th January, 1648. Cromwell is said to be the only usurper in England who died a natural death.

After General Monk had set Charles II. upon the throne of his ancestors, the Duke of York, afterwards James II., who had been converted to Popery during his exile, returned, and began to intrigue for the restoration of that religion. There were now three parties aspiring to the religious government of the country. But the Whigs and Tories again united against King James and the Pope, drove James from the throne, called in William III. in 1688, and Popery went to the wall.

From these facts it will be seen, first, that those great parties arose in times of great peril to rescue the country from the tyranny of King and Pope ; secondly, that they received the names of Whig and Tory during the struggles of the House of Stuart ; thirdly, that the fiercest struggles

were against the tyranny of Popery, first to obtain the great charter, and then to maintain the liberty which it was designed to secure to the people ; fourthly, that the present parties, now called Conservatives and Liberals, are necessary to prevent corruption, and secure good and wholesome laws.

On returning homewards, I preached in the saloon of the *Anglo-Saxon*, Sunday morning, on "Hope, an anchor to the soul," and the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass preached in the evening. We had a pleasant passage. The distance from Tory Island to Belle Isle is 1,680 nautical miles. Add one-sixth to these, and it brings them into English miles, making 1,960, from land to land. From Belle Isle to Quebec there are 869 miles, or to Toronto 1,270. Hence it must be 3,230 geographical miles from Ireland to Toronto. Nothing could be more beautiful than the foliage on the mountains, each side of the St. Lawrence, this time of year, and especially to one just emerging from the Atlantic, where he has seen nothing, for days, but "the blue above, and the blue below." To emerge from such monotony, on a bright October morning, into this grand foaming river, and open one's eyes upon this gorgeous scenery, is most enchanting. England, with all its charms, has nothing superior to this. Far as the eye can reach, up these laurentine mountains, it may feast on the richest hues of variegated foliage. Orange and red, brown and scarlet, yellow and green, beautifully intermingled, inspire you with admiration for God's handy work. "Even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." No pencil but that of the original artist could paint scenes like these. So vast, so enchanting, so lovely ! And yet, how short lived all this array of beauty. These tints are but the hectic flush, the incipient stages of dissolution.

"Leaves have their time to fall

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

And stars to set ; but all,

Thou hast all times, O death ! "

A few autumnal blasts from the bleak hills of Labrador will soon remove this beauty and bury it in a wintry grave. How admonitory to blushing youth ! Dr. Horn's reflections upon the falling leaf called off my thoughts from this gorgeous array to scenes more enduring.

“ Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
On the tree of life eternal,
Man let all thy hopes be staid,
Which alone forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.”

We arrived in Quebec on Monday noon, the 6th October, and hastened to Toronto, where I was pleased to find my dear wife and children all well. Tell me not of the pleasures of travelling abroad, and forming new acquaintances there. To me, there is no pleasure like that which I derive from home, sweet home. My own family altar, my affectionate wife and loving children, my library, my own table and fire-side, with their surroundings—give me these, and others may travel as they please.

I spent the autumn in collecting for Quebec Church, and in preaching and attending missionary meetings in Peterborough, Port Hope, Adelaide, and Brantford. Our love-feast at the quarterly meeting in Brantford proved a feast of fat things indeed. It was refreshing to hear the venerable Dr. Digby give his thrilling experience. He said: “Mr. Howard was the first man who ever spoke to him about his soul's salvation, and his friendly counsel never left him until it resulted in his conversion.” Brother Howard's pastoral visiting has accomplished more good than his preaching. He is always at his work, and a wonderful revival in that town has been the result. On the 25th January, 1857, I reopened our church in Newmarket.

On the 16th, I assisted the Rev. Dr. Frederick Monod, from Paris, at a public meeting in Knox Church, to obtain aid for his work in France. He told us that out of thirty-five million people in France, only one-and-a-half million were Protestants; that they had not held a Synod, until recently, for a hundred years; that but a handful of the clergy were evangelical, the remainder free-thinkers; that, when he failed to get a simple resolution passed recognizing the divinity of Christ, he withdrew, and commenced preaching in a blacksmith's shop. He is now asking aid to build a church. He assured us that the ignorance of the people in religious matters is truly astounding. One old woman, in the Alps, went to hear a missionary, but returned home angry, declaring that she would never hear him again, for he looked at her with earnestness, saying: "You must kill your old man." Poor thing, when she became more enlightened she was able to crucify the old man with the affections and lusts, and then she and her converted husband joined the Church.

On the 27th of November, by vice-regal command, we celebrated a day of national humility, fasting, and prayer, for the restoration of peace in British India. We had preaching in all the churches, and collections taken for the benefit of the sufferers in that country. A fearful onslaught has been made upon our Christian brethren in India. Many have been murdered, and others reduced to great suffering. The Government has a difficult game to play, on account of the prejudice of the natives against the Christian religion.

On Christmas day we entered God's house and sweetly sang:

" 'Twas great to speak a word from naught,
'Twas greater to redeem."

Happy we who realize this fact. When we look upon earth

with its appendages, or upon the heavens, where worlds on worlds are sparkling in beauty and rolling round their orbits in amazing pomp, we have no difficulty in believing that creation was a great work. But the creation of worlds caused no agony in the garden, no bloody death upon the cross, no bursting of tombs. But to save a soul, God must be manifested in the flesh, atone for man's transgressions by the suffering of the cross, go down to the grave and sanctify it for our reception, and then arise from the dead for our justification. What theme, then, is equal to that of redemption? This earth must wax old and decay; but when we see it roll together as a scroll, and pass away with a great noise, we shall then behold a kingdom which cannot be moved, and, through this great redemptive plan, behold a land of rest which can never pass away. Let me, then, on this Christmas day, renew my covenant with Him who died for me.

January 3rd.—Preached to the poor, demented sufferers in our Asylum. They seem to enjoy this privilege greatly, and Dr. Workman assures me that no punishment is more grievous to them than to be deprived of these services.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1858 commenced its sessions in Montreal, on the 2nd of June, the Rev. Dr. Stinson in the chair, and the Rev. J. Borland, secretary. This was our first Conference in Lower Canada, and Thursday, the 4th, was a day of much interest. The friends sent us a deputation of laymen, headed by the Hon. Jas. Ferrier, to present an address of welcome. Several of us replied to their cordial greetings, and the hour was most enjoyable. The services produced a good effect both in and out of Conference. The reception of candidates, in the evening, called together an immense assembly, when three of us made speeches on the work of the Christian ministry. These services being new in Montreal, excited much attention.

DEATH OF THE REV. JABEZ BUNTING, D.D.—The long-expected event has come at last. Another shining light is extinguished ! A peerless prince in our Israel has fallen ! Dr. Bunting is no more ! He died at his house at Middleton square, London, on the 16th of June, in the eightieth year of his age and fifty-ninth of his able ministry. By special permission of the Lord Mayor, he was buried by the side of his first wife, in Chapel-yard, City-road. Dr. Bunting had few equals, and no superiors, in the Church. From my first acquaintance with him, in 1846, when he was leader of the Conference, and of the Canada Committee with which Mr. Ryerson and I negotiated our union, until my last visit with him, at his own house, in 1856, there was no man that I admired and venerated more. I was with him in three Conferences and several important Church Committees, as well as in the Conference of the great Evangelical Alliance, in all of which I looked upon him as the first, the best, the greatest of men. His extensive information, urbanity of manners, and gentlemanly bearing made him a favourite in company ; while his discriminating mind, power in debate, and happy faculty in leading others to the same conclusions with himself, gave him wonderful power over Conferential bodies. His last words were, "I am in the hands of God. I have peace. I have fought a good fight." Venerable divines carried him to the altar where Wesley and Benson, Clarke and Watson, Newton and Buchan had lain before him, and thence to his silent tomb, where he sleeps in peace.

The Revs. the President of the Conference, the Superintendent of Missions, and the President of Victoria College, called on me, earnestly requesting that I would accept the Bursarship of our College again ; and, strange to say, contrary to my wish and purpose, I have been prevailed on to do so ! President Nelles is an invaluable officer at the head

of that University. He is doing a great work for the youth of our country, and I should be ashamed were I to refuse to do all in my power to hold up his hands and help him in this his time of need. We resolved to make an effort to pay off the debt by an appeal to our people; and on the 1st of October, Revs. Dr. Stinson, Dr. Nelles, W. H. Poole, and the Bursar visited Montreal, preached and held meetings in all our churches there for the above-mentioned purpose. Colonel James Ferrier took me to his own comfortable home, and helped us greatly. We visited Toronto and other places for the same object.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—On the first of October, this wonderful work of art was opened to the public; and New York is all in a blaze. Torches illuminate the streets and rockets the heavens; while orators are loud in their praise of Cyrus W. Fields, Esq., their enterprising fellow-citizen, whose praise is now in all the cities. This work annihilates time. London is four hours, fifty-five minutes, and forty-two seconds before New York; but the latter city now receives despatches nearly five hours before they are dated in London! Toronto is five hours, seven minutes, and twelve seconds behind London in time; but Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland, is only two hours and forty-eight minutes behind Valentia, in Ireland. If two parties were to leave Toronto on Monday noon, to go round the world, the one going east and the other west, and meet again on Monday, it would then be Sunday to the one and Tuesday to the other. Had the infallible Pope tried this, he would not have imprisoned Galileo for saying that the earth is round.

On the 5th of December I preached in Elm Street for our College, from Prov. iii. 13, &c. This sermon, though preached in the interest of education, was delivered without manuscript. I might, perhaps, have been pardoned had I read my sermon on such an occasion; but I don't like to set the

example to my young brethren; for I fully concur in the following observations made by wise men in the late British Conference on that subject.—Mr. Arthur contended that the minister who reads his sermons to the congregation, “sets a downward example. Our fathers found a reading age, they made it a preaching age. Let us keep it up.” Mr. Jackson said, “I would not for the world practise the reading of sermons. The practice must never be the practice of Methodism.” Mr. West said, “The habit of reading sermons is not preaching. If the habit were established it would be a downward tendency.” I am delighted with these remarks, coming, as they do, from headquarters. It is true, Wesley did sometimes read sermons; but very seldom. No verbal accuracy can make up for the want of unction. There may be occasions when reading is pardonable—even advisable; but, like angels’ visits, they are few and far between. I have read a lecture or two in former days, but cannot remember ever having read a sermon, even a controversial sermon. We spent the week in making public appeals on behalf of the College to our Toronto congregations.

A NEW MISSION IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.—We have just selected our brethren to commence a mission on the Pacific Coast; and on the 16th December we held an interesting valedictory service in Richmond Street Church, and a public breakfast on the 17th, in the St. Lawrence Hall. Dr. Evans, with Messrs. White, Browning, and Robson, go out as missionaries, and next week I am appointed to accompany them to New York to make the necessary arrangements for their voyage. On Sunday, the 2nd January, 1859, I preached in St. Paul’s Church, on the Fourth Avenue, and on Tuesday evening, the 4th, by the request of their minister, we held a valedictory service in this splendid sanctuary. Our old friend, Francis Hall, Esq., took the chair, and the Rev. Dr. McClintock, in a few appropriate

remarks, introduced us to the people. Bishop Janes gave an able and admirable charge to the Missionaries. I could not press Dr. Evans into the work, and therefore had to take the heavy end for Canada myself. I took an occasion to refer to the first Missionaries sent from New York to Canada, through an almost trackless wilderness; a journey nearly equal in those days to that undertaken by our dear brethren now. It took them twenty-one days to accomplish it, during which they slept out in the forest six nights. The Rev. Dr. Bangs was present, and after service he came to me and said that in his "History of Methodism" he had stated that they slept out twenty-one nights. But he admitted that he was probably in error, and that my statement, obtained from Mr. Case, was correct. The whole affair was invested with much interest and reflected great credit upon our American brethren. They manifested a deep interest in this mission, which could not but be grateful to the feelings of the dear brethren bound for those distant regions. The steamer on which they were to sail to the Isthmus was delayed a day by heavy snow storms, which blocked up the roads and kept back the mails, but on Thursday, the 6th, the weather was fine, and the gallant ship bore away these messengers of salvation towards their fields of sacrifice and toil, while their handkerchiefs were waving in the breeze in response to ours on shore. By these white flags they seemed to say to us, farewell, we depart in peace and in hope. I returned home invigorated in mind and in body, and devoted all my energies to missionary meetings, College addresses, and other duties connected with the Church.

My evenings at home were spent in studying astronomy with my daughter. The sidereal heavens had many charms for her, and we often went out after tea to study the map which the great Teacher, himself, has prepared. We have now three planets visible to the naked eye, while Orion towers

aloft with his belt and sword as if to martial the hosts for some mighty conflict. But yonder is Mars, with his ruddy coat, looking down upon him as if to say, sheath your sword, draw it not at your peril, for I am the god of war. But, dear Eliza, fear them not; we are safe; for yonder, above all these worlds, sits the Prince of Peace. "He has prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over all." "Truly, papa," said she, "and that is a pleasing thought, but is it not strange that Job, who lived thousands of years before the telescope was known, should be able to give us so much information concerning these heavenly bodies?" Yes, dear, it would be strange, indeed, apart from inspiration; but God was his teacher, and the light of science only confirms the truths he revealed. Both Dr. Clarke and Professor Mitchell tell us that the word which, in the 38th of Job, we translate "foundation," in the original Hebrew is "sockets." Whereupon are the sockets thereof fastened! Clearly proving that when that patriarch said, "He hangeth the earth upon nothing," he understood the revolutions of the heavenly bodies as we do now. The Bible, by its frequent references to science, has been exposed to the criticisms of modern scientists; and yet, the more they search the book of Nature, the more they are obliged to confirm the book of Scripture. No man has been able to "bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion." And God's question to Job, "Where is the place where light dwelleth, and who knoweth the paths to the house thereof?" still remains unanswered. We know that it travels at the rate of 12,000,000 miles in a minute, and if our atmosphere were removed it might, perhaps, rush down upon us like the destroying lightning. But our God regulates all these things. Let no man, then, talk of errors in the Bible until he understands the mysteries of creation.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION—THE BOOK-ROOM.

THE Conference this year was held in Hamilton. Bro. Elliot presided with energy and ability. We were honoured with a deputation from the Eastern Provinces, consisting of the Revs. Drs. Richey and Pickard. They ask for a union between their Conference and ours. To open the way for such a union, Mr. Jones and I brought the subject of a General Conference once more before the brethren ; but their reluctance to be divided into three or more Annual Conferences prevailed, and our proposal was again rejected. Dr. Richey seemed much disappointed, for he had a great desire to return to our work in Canada.

The event which effected me most, was my re-election to the office of Book-Steward. No member had spoken to me on the subject, knowing that I had resisted their entreaties the year before at Montreal. This election, by a large majority, embarrassed me greatly, and I asked time to consider. I did not like to refuse labour to which I had been appointed ; and yet I felt very reluctant to return to an institution greatly involved, which I had left but five years before in a healthy and prosperous condition.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.—In our journeyings through the country to obtain funds for Victoria College, we have

often been asked why we have not received our share of the funds of the Toronto University, according to the provisions of the Act of 1853; and we have resolved to ventilate that subject before the next Session of Parliament. The propriety of this course will appear obvious when we look at the following facts. In 1797, the Duke of Portland reported that fifty thousand acres had been set apart in Upper Canada "for the establishment of free grammar schools in those districts in which they are called for; and in process of time, for establishing other seminaries of a larger and more comprehensive nature for the promotion of religious and moral learning, and for the study of the arts and sciences." In 1829, sixty-six thousand acres of these lands were taken by U. C. College, and two hundred and fifty thousand acres for King's College; but not an acre to "other seminaries" in the country. An able pamphlet, prepared by Dr. Ryerson, was printed and circulated. District conventions, composed of delegates from all circuits, were held for the purpose of petitioning Parliament for an investigation. And then a deputation, consisting of Dr. Stinson, Dr. Green, and Dr. Nelles were appointed—with such assistance as Dr. Ryerson could afford—to prosecute the subject before the Government and Parliament.

On the 21st of March the Parliament appointed a committee consisting of the Honourables the Premier, Cameron, Brown, Foley, and Caley, with Messrs. Wilson, Roblin, Simpson, and McCan, to consider our petitions; and Dr. Stinson, Dr. Nelles, Dr. Ryerson, and the writer were summoned by the chairman, Malcom Cameron, Esq., to appear and give evidence. On the 26th March, Dr. Stinson and I appeared before the Committee in the Parliament House, Quebec, and set the battle in array. The Doctor spoke for half an hour on the importance of education, and then I

spoke for more than an hour on the legality and justice of our claims. While I was speaking the Rev. Dr. Cook, President of Queen's College, entered the room and, on behalf of that College, joined his strength with ours. The Committee requested a synopsis of our speeches for their report. I continued at the Capital until we considered our case fully made out. We proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the Act of 1849 was repealed, and the Act of 1853 enacted for the avowed purpose of giving assistance to colleges out of Toronto. I was obliged to leave to prepare our accounts in the College and in the Book-room, before the Toronto College commenced its defence; but left an able trio—Messrs. Ryerson, Nelles, and Pool. Dr. Ryerson was irresistible in his masterly replies. The Committee's report published by the House was all that we could have expected; and the Parliament, without any solicitation on our part, added \$2,000 a year to our Parliamentary grant, and appointed a friendly commission to examine the whole question. Unfortunately for us, the political strife in the country delayed further action until the Toronto College had exhausted the funds! In addition to my duties in the Book-room, the College, and the Parliament, I managed to attend many quarterly meetings and preach extensively in different parts of the country.

The Conference of 1860 commenced in Kingston, on the 6th of June. The Rev. Dr. Sargent, from Baltimore, and the Rev. Dr. Pickard and Mr. Narroway, from the Eastern Conference, were present and did us good service. The Conference cordially endorsed our doings at the Capital on behalf of education, and gave us a hearty vote of thanks. My home at this Conference was with my esteemed friends, Dr. and Mrs. Lavell.

On the 28th October, I dedicated Zion Church, a little north of Brampton, on Bro. Spencer's circuit. This ground

formed part of our first mission which received pay from a mission fund. All our circuits were missions formerly, in the best sense of that term, but with this anomaly,—they received no assistance from abroad, as no missionary society was formed in our Church until the 21st April, 1819. In 1820, Fitch Reid, with a young man to help him, was sent to York—now Toronto—with instructions to visit those parts called “The Bush,” and a small grant was made to aid in their support. They formed societies which have greatly increased in strength and numbers until, by God’s blessing upon pious toil, they have dotted this beautiful part of the country with lovely sanctuaries where God is worshipped in the beauty of holiness.

The Prince of Wales, under the escort of the Duke of Newcastle, is making a flying visit through our country. He has everywhere been received with high consideration, and he seems to entertain a profound sense of the devoted loyalty of the people. The Duke would not allow him to land, either at Kingston or Belleville, because the Orangemen were resolved to enter the processions with their distinctive badges. In Toronto they were more considerate, and we had a grand display of arches, banners, and torches. On the 19th September, Drs. Stinson, Ryerson, and I, presented the Wesleyan address to His Royal Highness, which he received kindly, and expressed his pleasure in recognizing all churches in this country as standing upon equal ground and enjoying equal rights and privileges. He gave \$800 to Victoria College, which is to form “a Prince of Wales prize.” The personal appearance of the Prince is not very imposing, especially in the presence of the Duke and General Williams. The Duke is a noble looking person; but from all I can learn, his moral vision is clouded with the mists of Oxford and Rome. The Orangemen will never

forgive him for coming between them and the Prince in their demonstrations of loyalty, under their distinguishing devices.

Our Missionary Committee of review and appropriation met on the 30th October, in the Richmond-street Church, Toronto. The mission field has become so large, the work so great, and the interests to be consulted so numerous and complex, that it requires much time and care to see that no one is injured and no point neglected. I have been engaged in this work from its inception, have witnessed its progress with delight, and its present magnitude with gratitude, and therefore cannot but rejoice, as I see field added to field, and messenger to messenger. This is the great work of the age, and Christians should see to it that nothing is wanting on our part to make it fruitful and triumphant. A writer in the *Christian Advocate* says: "That at the end of the fifteenth century there were about 100,000,000 professing Christians in the world. At the eighteenth they had increased to 200,000,000; and this number will probably be doubled this century. From these figures it will be seen that the Protestant religion has given a mighty impetus to Christian conquests. At the present time, three continents—Europe, Australia, and America—with many islands and large portions of Asia and Africa, equal to about three-fifths of the globe, are under Christian sway, while two-thirds of our race are under Christian Governments." These are encouraging facts. But if all true Christians would unite, as the churches of Ireland did during their great revival last year, and work and pray for the extension of Christ's kingdom, heathendom would soon bow to the sceptre of Jesus, and all heathen monarchs acknowledge the sceptre of Christ.

January 6th, 1861.—Preached a New Year's sermon in Yorkville, and then returned to my library to ascertain the meaning of the word *Selah*, which occurs seventy-four times in the Psalms and twice in Habakkuk; but found such a

chaos of opinions among learned men on the subject, that I gave it up in despair. Most Jewish commentators, with the Targum, think it means eternally, forever; others a sign in music to repeat. Luther says it is equivalent to silence; Wocher, up, my soul; Gesenius, let the instrument and the people be silent; Sommer, hear Jehovah, and a vigorous burst of trumpets; others say it is the same as Amen, so be it. But when so many doctors differ, who shall decide?

War is now inevitable in the United States. South Carolina has retired from the Union, and in the echoes of the first gun fired on old Sumpter we hear the knell of American Slavery. In his opening speech, on the 4th of March, President Lincoln declares his purpose to maintain the Union intact, and now the North and South must end the strife in deadly conflict. War is a great evil at best, and of all wars a civil war is the most uncivil. But if war must come, then, by all means, let it set the captive free.

The ball-room, I regret to say, has been made very popular of late by the visit of the Prince of Wales. In conversation with a high-spirited lady, recently, she was unsparing in her admiration of the Prince on this account. I was ungallant enough to express my regret that the eldest son of our excellent Queen should devote so much time to this childish amusement, and at all times of night. Immediately she put herself in opposition, and my sentiments were set down as unreasonable and unscriptural; opposed alike to ancient customs and to modern tastes. As to that, said I, the ancients knew nothing of the dance of the present day. Among the Jews, men and women never danced together; and Cicero went much further than I would go when he said: "No man dances who is not either drunk or a fool." That it was forbidden in the harem of Turkey, and formed no part of the voluptuous paradise of Mahomet. But Charles VI. of France, called the Mad, and his faithless wife

Isabella, introduced it in 1385 ; one of the darkest periods of our world's history ; and since then, thousands have been sent to an early grave by their exposures after their imprudence and excitement in the ball-room. "But," she asked, "did not David and Miriam, the sister of Moses, dance before the Lord, and has not God told us there is a time to dance ?" Truly, said I, David danced before the Lord, and his Queen "despised him in her heart, and said he acted like one of the vain fellows." Still you don't despise the Prince when he dances, but praise him to the skies. Miriam also danced on the banks of the Red Sea, but there were no men with her. "All the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances," while she cried : "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously ; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."—(Exodus xv. 20.) Go then and dance like Miriam, with women only, singing the praises of God for his provident care, and you have my cordial consent. It is also true that Solomon said : "There is a time to dance." But in the same paragraph he also said, "There is a time to die ;" but surely you will not contend that you have liberty to die when you please, because there is a time to die ! No ! But when the Lord sends you out, as he did Miriam, to sing of his merciful deliverance afforded you, then that is your time to dance. I admired the conduct of the Christian Indians, as reported by our missionary at Sarnia. When the Prince visited that mission he desired the Indians to dance. The pagans were ready to exhibit their folly, but the Christians said : "Please excuse us ; if His Royal Highness desires, we will hold a prayer-meeting, but we cannot dance." The Prince approved their choice, but had no applaudits for the pagans who offered to dance. "I preceive," said she, "that I will have to give you up as a hard case." I beg you will not, said I, but rather convince me, if I am in error. Hitherto I have placed my arguments

upon the lowest ground ; permit me to remind you before we part of the loss of valuable time which these fantastic vanities occasion, of the good impressions they expel, the feelings of piety they extinguish, the prayers they hinder, and the fearful responsibilities which their votaries incur, and then we will adjourn the conversation.

This has been a year of hard fought battles and oppressive toil to me. The work of the Book-room and Publishing department of the Church has not been neglected ; the Bursarship of the college has not proved a bed of roses, and the movements for college reform have required constant thought and attention ; but in the midst of all this toil and strife, I have found much comfort in my pulpit labours and sanctuary privileges. One day is better than a thousand. God's house is my delight. Here I find sweet rest.

The Conference of 1861 commenced at Brantford, June 5th. Dr. Stinson presided. Having been appointed Chairman of Toronto District, in the place of Bro. Wilkinson, who is gently and peacefully departing to the spirit land, I was obliged to leave home the week before, in order to be present at the Stationing and other preparatory Committees. We made another effort to divide the Conference on the principle of confederation. The Committee reported a plan, which was to be printed ; but the brethren being reluctant to separate, took another year to consider our propositions. One good brother withdrew from the Conference to enter Parliament.

The announcement of the death of Thomas Farmer, Esq., one of the Missionary Treasurers, in England, called forth tears and lamentations in Conference. Opportunity was given for those of us who knew him to express our elegiac sorrows. The Church has sustained a great loss in the death of this distinguished layman. As a man of high-minded sentiment, large-hearted benevolence, commanding

influence, and useful piety, he has left few equals, and no superiors. May the mantle of his godly benevolence fall on all the laymen of the Church.

The religious census of 1861 is now before the public. Upper Canada has a population of 1,396,091, having increased, in ten years, 46.65 per cent., while the United States has increased only 35.52 per cent. The churches are reported as follows: Methodists, 341,572; Church of England, 311,565; Presbyterians, 303,384; Roman Catholics, 258,141; Baptists, 61,559; Lutherans, 24,299; Congregationalists, 9,357; and a few others. The Presbyterians are divided into several fragments, and so are the Methodists. If united, they would constitute two large bodies. Nothing but vanity, false ambition, or ignorance keeps us apart. Our strength is divided and our means wasted by upholding opposing altars in many neighbourhoods, where one minister could do the work better than three or four. O, when will the Methodist people learn their true interests, lay aside their groundless bickerings, and cordially unite to save their squandered funds, and send the gospel to the heathen beyond!

I have enjoyed my mind very much this summer in offering Christ to lost men; but at our quarterly meeting, held on the 5th of August, at Richmond Hill, my earthen vessel was completely filled with the divine grace. As I descended from the pulpit, weary and exhausted, to commence our love-feast, an aged brother commenced singing:

“There is rest for the weary.”

Both the words and the music were so exactly suited to my feelings that I burst into tears of joy; and as they sang,

“On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
There is rest for ygu,”

I had such pre-libations of heaven's joys and heaven's rest as melted my whole soul into love. The brethren caught the flame, and we sang and rejoiced together.

On the 22nd of September I preached the funeral sermon of Mrs. Lever, of Weston, the mother of the Rev. J. Lever. Last month we buried her husband. They were upwards of ninety-two years old. They joined the Church when the first class was formed in York, in September, 1818. No sooner had we laid her by the side of her husband than the earth which covered him fell gently over her, as if he was willing to share his mantle with her in their peaceful and silent bed.

On the 22nd of December I dedicated a small church in the village of Eden. This place may not be the best representative of the old garden on the Euphrates, but we have planted the Tree of Life in it, and no flaming sword prevents the people's approach. I was comfortably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lawson, who have done much towards erecting this little sanctuary. I have just been reading the beautifully written letters of "Junius," first published, in 1769, '70, '71, and '72, in the London *Advertiser*. No one knows who the author was. They were probably written by Horace Walpole, though many think Lord Lytton was the author. They were sent to the printers, copied in a lady's hand by Mrs. Clive, an actress. They doubtlessly had great influence upon the public mind when written, and contributed not a little towards the correction of the abuses practised by the great national leaders of that age. They are written in pure English, and in a style worthy of being copied by our best authors.

The lamented death of our noble Prince Consort, on the 14th of December, has thrown our country, and the entire nation, into deep mourning. No death, except that of the Queen herself, could be more regretted by the people at

large. But there was light in the midst of our darkness. How refreshing, in these days of ritualistic tendencies and dependence on forms, to hear this dying Prince repeat, as the embodiment of his faith in Christ, our beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages!"

" Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

Yes, the cross is the only safe refuge for sinners. All are safe here, and kings and peasants have equal access. Happy he who can look above sacraments and forms to the all-cleansing blood. The cross! The cross! None can perish here!

January 5th.—Commenced the sanctuary services of the new year by dedicating a new church on the third line of York. The Rev. Thomas Brock delivered a forcible discourse in the afternoon. Mr. Johnson, with whom we dined, has been foremost in this good work, which was much needed in his neighbourhood. He and his fellow-labourers will have their reward.

On the 19th, preached a missionary sermon and attended a public meeting in Galt. Our cause is weak here, and needs all the help and encouragement we can bestow upon it. I attended a large number of these meetings during the winter, and preached missionary sermons both in city and country. On Easter Sunday, April 26, preached an Easter sermon in Adelaide-street Church, and had my own hopes brightened while proving the doctrine of the resurrection. It is comfortable to know that, "since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead." We shall all be made alive in Christ the first fruits.

The Conference met in Belleville this year, and, in the absence of Dr. Stinson, the Rev. Dr. Wood was elected President. Some thought that Mr. Wilkinson, the co-dele-

gate, should preside, but as there were no hopes that the President would ever be able to preside again, the counsels of the aged prevailed, and we elected another chief minister. Then the British Conference were asked to appoint the writer "our President for next year." This request, being nearly unanimous, was very gratifying to my feelings; for as this was the first time we had asked the appointment of one of our own members to this high office, I looked upon the request as a full endorsement of my efforts to bring about the union, and help to work out its great provisions for the good of the entire community.

On the 28th of May I arrived in Quebec, to look after the interests of our College; but that evening the Ministry were outvoted on a military question, and had to change sides with the Opposition. Everything was thrown into confusion, and I returned home disgusted and discouraged.

August 10th, dedicated a new church in Glen Allen, on the Peel Circuit. I was entertained by a farmer, who met me at Berlin, and with tearful eyes said: "I have asked the privilege to come and meet you, hoping I might induce you to spend a night at my humble dwelling." He then asked me if I remembered preaching at a quarterly meeting at Thornhill, about twenty years ago, on Isaiah's vision? "Yes, perfectly well," said I, "for, when I sat down, I felt as though I had preached my soul out of my body." "I was there," said he, "glad to get near enough to hear through a window. Three of us, young men, were standing together, weeping; and when the sermon was ended, some of the people left, and I said to my companions, 'It must be a good place in there; let us go in and see.' We did so, and were all converted to God. We are still members of the Church, and living for a better world. You now see why I was anxious to come and meet you." "Thank God," said I; "I have no greater joy than to know that my children walk

in truth." We spent a happy evening together. I preached twice on the Lord's day, and assisted at the festival on Monday, when we had two temporary wings put up on each side of the church, to accommodate the people. This is a small village on the main road, and will doubtless grow up to be a place of importance. The church is beautifully situated, and can be seen from a distance.

On the 24th of August the ex-President sent for me to consult about the making of his will. I found him so very low that I feared any mental effort might terminate his existence at once, and I therefore advised him to make no effort at division, but give all his property to his wife, Mrs. Stinson, for the support of herself and her children. He approved of this, and it was done accordingly. He assured me that he felt all the power and comfort of that gospel which he had preached to others, and trusted that he was ready for his departure to his heavenly home. During prayers, his responses were frequent and fervent. This was the last time I saw him alive. On the 26th he took his departure, full of love and full of peace. I preached his funeral sermon from Job 14 : 14, "If a man die, shall he live again?" He was one year before me in the ministry, but how long in the heavenly inheritance, none can tell.

Go, Christian warrior, to thy home above,
And seize the laurel of undying love ;
Thy pain is o'er, thy last sad tear is shed,
Thy noble form is free among the dead.
Blame not these tears, they give the heart relief ;
Who wept with Mary will forgive our grief ;
But hush, our sighs ! our brother lives again,
And with our God eternally shall reign.

Dr. Stinson was a noble specimen of the English gentleman, about five feet eight or nine inches high, with a good physique, light complexion, bright eyes, and a well-balanced

head, he presented a commanding appearance in the pulpit ; and being gentlemanly and Christianlike in all his bearings, he was a general favourite. But he has gone, safely gone to rest ; and,

“ I too my willing head shall bow,
I too the crown shall gain.”

On the 17th of October, started for New York for our winter's supply of books. The civil war then raging threw the trade into utter confusion, and books were very high. On my return, preached in Albany for my nephew, the Rev. W. H. Meeker, M.A., and heard an excellent sermon from himself.

November 16th, dedicated a new church in Mr. Kerr's vicinity, Smithville Circuit. The Rev. Mr. Rose took the afternoon service, and the Rev. Mr. Rice, of Hamilton, preached an able sermon in the evening. I was delighted to see many familiar faces present, and several of them from a distance. Mr. Kerr is the patriarch of the place, and the Lord has blessed him with a heart to work for the good of others ; hence the erection of this house.

I see by the English Minutes that the British Conference has appointed me President of the Canada Conference for the next year, and my excellent friend, Mr. Carroll, as my co-delegate. The ice is now broken, and the way prepared for other Canadian ministers to fill our Conferential chair ; and this is as it should be, for we have men in Canada quite equal to those sent to us from England, and they know the country and its wants much better.

December 28th, dedicated a new brick church in the neighbourhood of Senator Aikin's, Brampton Circuit. Found a comfortable home with Bro. Graham, whose fine family of daughters interested me much with their music. Bro. Spencer is doing a great work for this people. This is

the second church which he has asked me to dedicate during his Superintendency. At our festival, on Monday evening, we paid off the debt, and named the church "Bethany." We were all pleased with the results.

"That man may breathe, but never live,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank;
Creation's blot! Creation's blank!"

March 1st, 1863.—Dedicated our new church in Elora—a good brick edifice, seventy by forty-five feet, made to seat seven hundred, and is exceedingly creditable to Bro. Foreman and his charge, who have built it. The Revs. J. Brock and T. Cosford assisted in the services. The church stands in a good part of this rising town, and promises to confer great blessings on the surrounding country. The festival on Monday exceeded anything of the kind I had ever seen in town or country. Nine hundred persons took tea on the occasion, and the speaking was excellent.

The war in the States is dragging its slow length along, but it is now certain that it must result in liberty to the captive. On the 25th of December, Jefferson Davis favoured his nation with a Christmas-box in the shape of a Declaration of Independence for the Southern Confederation; and on the first day of January, 1863, Abraham Lincoln favoured the people with a New Year's offering in the shape of a Presidential proclamation setting all the Southern negroes free!

The Commissioners appointed to examine into the extravagancies of Toronto University, have favoured the public with an excellent report, and our Committee has expressed its approval. The Commissioners are the Hon. Mr. Patton, Vice-Chancellor of the said University; Dr. John Beatty, a member of the Senate of Victoria College, and Mr. Paton,

a member of the Senate of Queen's College. But we are opposed in high places. If we were asking public aid for sectarian purposes, the Parliament would do well to refuse us ; but having offered to forego the privilege of granting degrees in arts, and to send our pupils to a common board for examination, it is difficult to see why we should be thus opposed, merely because we desire to impart education to youth on religious principles.





CHAPTER XV.

SECOND PRESIDENTIAL YEAR.

THE Conference of 1863 commenced on the 3rd of June, in that ancient city, Quebec. In accordance with the request of the Canada, and the appointment of the British Conference, the writer took the chair, and the Rev. J. Spencer, A.M., was elected Secretary. In many respects this was a memorable and an important Conference. It was the first over which a Canadian minister, appointed by the British Conference, presided; and in that respect it formed a new era, alike pleasant and hopeful, to our Canadian ministers. 2. It was the first ever held in this picturesque city, where, just one hundred and four years and three months before, the immortal Wolfe broke the chains of French rule in America, and added a new empire and half a continent to the English throne. Our brethren from the west enjoyed the trip and the scenery immensely, and were benefited by tide-water breezes. 3. We were favoured with two representatives from the American General Conference—the Revs. Dr. Hibbard and Dr. Hodgson, who did us good service in the pulpit.

During our sittings, a deputation was appointed to wait upon His Excellency, the Governor-General, not for the purpose of presenting a formal address (this had already been done), but to evince our continued respect for the

representative of royalty on this continent. The Rev. Dr. Hibbard accompanied us. After introducing my colleagues to His Lordship, I delivered a short impromptu address, assuring the Governor that we had not sought the honour of an interview to solicit favours, but to remind His Excellency of some of the moral elements at work in the country, and to assure him of our undiminished confidence in the equity and wisdom of his administration. In reply, His Excellency assured us that it afforded him much pleasure to receive a deputation from so large, useful, and influential a Church as ours was, and especially so, as one gentleman present was from the General Conference of the United States. He also congratulated us upon the equal rights which all churches enjoyed in this free country, and which they should continue to enjoy during his administration. All parties seemed gratified with the interview.

We were favoured with a deputation of laymen from the Church in Quebec, bidding us welcome to their city and their homes, and assuring us of the great pleasure which our visit had afforded them. I found a comfortable home with the family of D. McPherson, Esq., of the Presbyterian Church. To me it was an admonitory fact that of all the ministers and preachers employed in Canada in 1824, when I entered the work, I was the only one present. Eleven of our ministers had died during the year, among whom were two ex-Presidents (Stinson and Wilkinson), and one co-delegate, Mr. Messmore. Many looked upon it as very remarkable, that, of all the forces in our first Conferential work, one individual only had come to this Conference, and be capable of going through all the fatigues of the chair with apparent ease and composure. But little did they know of the anxiety which lurked within that individual's bosom. We closed on Thursday in time for the evening boat west, and being the majority, we had preaching on board.

July 5th, dedicated a re-arranged and improved church at Drummondville. The good brother, who was advertised for the evening, failed to appear, and I had to preach both sermons. Bro. Kerr met me at Queenston and conveyed me to his own quiet and peaceful home. Good Mrs. Lundy, at whose house I was once ill—nigh unto death—came to me smiling, and asked: "Do you know me?" Know you, yes, said I; how can I ever forget you? I was sick and you took me in. I can never forget one who watched over me with a mother's care when my life hung in the balance, and I was trembling on the borders of the spirit land. I not only remember you, gratefully, but it is truly refreshing to meet such old and tried friends.

July 12th, preached in Montreal, and ordained a young Frenchman for our French work in Eastern Canada. We feel a strong sympathy for the thousands of the Celtic race who have found a home in this Province, and we are striving to do them good.

August 16th, dedicated a beautiful and capacious brick church in St. Catharines. The editor took the afternoon service, and the President of Victoria College preached in the evening. The house is 60 by 90 feet, with large galleries, and will seat upwards of 1,000 people. It is the largest and best church in the town, and was much needed. Mr. Rose has done himself credit, and the cause good service in this enterprise.

August 23rd, preached in Guelph, and ordained Mr. Stephen Kappelle for our German work. Dr. Freshman, Mr. Brock, and other Presbyters joined me in laying on of hands. We have a large number of Germans in Canada, and are doing all we can to bring them to Christ. Some of the earliest members of our church in this country were from Germany and Holland, and they made firm, zealous, and useful members, leaving bright and sunny paths behind

them, in which we may well wish to walk. It would be difficult to estimate the many blessings which have come down to us through the pious exertions of the Keageys, Bouslaughs, Bowmans, Clines, and VanNormans; the Springers, Warners, Vandusens, and Brouses of former days. These good families have their record on high, and the rich inheritance they have left to the church militant is above rubies. We are now sending missionaries among those who speak the German language, trusting and praying that we may be equally successful among them. Our brethren in the United States and Germany are succeeding admirably among this interesting people. In the former country they have 246 ministers, with 21,532 church members; and in the latter 24 ministers and 2,181 members. The German mind, at present, is dangerously led astray and benighted with that pantheistic idealism which ignores the personality of deity, and, like the pantheism of the Hindoos, gives full scope to the spontaneous productions of their own minds, independent alike of reason and religion. If Methodism, with its pure gospel truth and ardent piety, cannot disperse this gloom and arrest the progress of this virus, then, I fear, Germany must be abandoned to its blighting neology.

October 12th, went to Paris to bury my old colleague, the Rev. J. Spencer, where I preached his funeral sermon, from St. John's Gospel xi. 25, and a large number of ministers attended these obsequies. Bro. Spencer was a faithful friend and an industrious minister of Christ. He will be greatly missed, and his place not easily filled in the church. On the 1st November, Dr. Wood and I preached the annual sermons for our Conference Missionary Society, in Kingston, and attended the Committee of Appropriation during the week.

DEATH OF OUR DAUGHTER.—On the 7th December, when at Paris to attend our missionary meetings, I received a

telegram: "Come home immediately—sad news from Montreal." The train was just coming in and I hastened home. On reaching the station in Toronto, my son met me saying, "Eliza is dead!" Poor boy! he could say no more. I had mused upon the wording of his telegram, and was prepared for the announcement. On reaching home I found my wife ready prepared to go with me to Montreal. Dear Eliza had left us the previous Monday to join her husband in that city, and on Thursday was attacked with the peritonitis. So rapid were the ravages of this disease, that on Monday morning, the 7th December, 1863, she exchanged mortality for life. We brought her home for burial. She was a good girl, never causing us needless pain, and was doubtlessly taken from the evil to come. The circumstances under which our beloved daughter was taken from us were exceedingly painful; but in the language of Bishop Heber, we could say:—

"Thou hast gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Since Christ was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died."

Christmas day was the saddest in our family history. As usual, our family group, including four generations, were together; but one chair was empty; one smiling face, for the first time, was absent. She, who was ever the life of our Christmas evenings, could not be seen; and that sweet voice, accustomed to send musical notes through our halls, was hushed in death, and her piano draped in mourning. Oh! what a blank! What a Christmas evening! What a change in our household!

January 17th, Rev. J. A. Williams and I dedicated our new church at Meadowvale. A cold day, but a crowded assembly,

February 21st, dedicated a new church in Claremont, Pickering Circuit, assisted by Bro. Clement and Mr. Beard. I spent a night with my estimable friend, Bro. McFadden, who is in good spirits in view of this new sanctuary. New churches are being built in every direction, and the interests of truth and piety are in the ascendant.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1864 commenced in Elm-street Church, June 1st. My successor, the Rev. W. L. Thornton, M.A., a distinguished member of the British Conference, was present from the beginning. The past year was one of hard work and continued effort; but I was enabled, through divine grace, to preach nearly every Sabbath, attend my Book-room duties, assist in all Conference Committees, dedicate a large number of churches, deliver missionary addresses, and attend to those duties which came upon me daily—"The care of all the churches." The year was one of great peace and prosperity. No storms to disturb our work, no divisions to enervate our strength; but peace and harmony were our portion. The Conference, on the whole, was a good one; but there was one disturbing element which, for the sake of truthful history, may be briefly mentioned here.

For two years a Committee had been preparing a revised edition of our Discipline, which they had finished and reported to the Quebec Conference; but that Conference deemed it wise to send it to a large Committee, with full powers to publish it; and on the motion of the Rev. S. D. Rice, twenty-four wise and faithful brethren were appointed to that work. This large committee met several times, and after much prayerful and careful attention, published an excellent Discipline for the government of the church. But at this Conference some members contended that the whole proceedings were illegal; that no Conference had power to delegate its legislative functions to another body, and there-

fore the book should be disallowed ! On this point we joined issue. Some contending that such a committee was more likely carefully to consider every change proposed, and come to a deliberate and wise conclusion, than the whole Conference ; that our Discipline had generally been published by a committee, and that the very edition which we had revised, was never presented to the Conference for its sanction ; that the committee earnestly requested the previous Conference to consider their report and decide, but they preferred delegating that power to a large and wise committee ; that the principle of investing committees with legislative powers had been acted upon in England, in the States, and in Canada, from the beginning ; that the General Conference, exclusively legislative in its functions, is a body of delegates, but not as fully representative as was our committee, for they were never unanimously elected as the members of this committee were. That our Conference itself was a delegated body ; in a word, that there could be no legislation, either in Church or State, without delegated power, given to some persons to act for others ; and finally, to deny this principle was to deny the existence of the Conference itself as a legally constituted body ; for, in 1846, Messrs. Ryerson and Green negotiated the present union with a committee appointed by the English Conference ; but, like our Committee on Discipline, "invested with full powers" to settle the question. That committee exercised their power and completed the union without submitting it to their Conference, and actually appointed Dr. Alder as our first President ; and our Conference received him and the committee's report, and all this before the British Conference had even met ; that on the decision of that committee we had been acting ever since. It follows, then, as a necessary sequence, that if a Conference cannot legally delegate its legislative powers to a committee, then our Church has no legal existence at all ! The Confer-

ence, ever zealous of its power, reserved the book for further revision. But when, in after years, it was revised under the presidency of Dr. Punshon, this book was taken as the Discipline of the Church and the basis of revision.

On the 19th June, dedicated our new church in Collingwood, assisted by the Revs. G. H. Davis and Chas. Fish. Our brethren there lost their former church by fire ; but Bro. Fish threw his masterly energies into the work of rebuilding, and this beautiful sanctuary is the result. On the 21st of August I dedicated a church in Richmond Street, Toronto, for our coloured brethren. These poor African children are good singers and they filled the house with good music.

January 1.—Commenced the New Year by preaching to my poor children in the House of Industry. Mr. and Mrs. Duckett had been feasting them upon the good things of this life, and I spread before them that feast of fat things to which we are all invited, without money and without price. I told them I was commissioned to go out into the hedges and ditches and invite all to this feast. The poor and the ragged, the halt, the blind, and the sorrowful, all, all may come to this feast and receive this bread of life. As I was leaving the room one poor cripple said, " Ever more give us this bread."

" Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their humble joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

March 26.—Attended the dedication of the Barrie Church. Dr. Wood preached in the morning, Dr. Jeffers in the afternoon, and I in the evening. I had the pleasure of dedicating the first Wesleyan Church in this beautiful town, and was happy in being able to assist in this richer feast. Rev. G. H. Davis, the Superintendent, urged me strongly to give them the same sermon I preached at the dedication in

Collingwood, on the mystery among the Gentiles, passing high encomiums on it. I appreciated his compliment, but thinking that there was more in the frame of mind in which he heard me than in the superiority of the sermon itself, I judged best to leave the impressions upon his mind, undisturbed; and I gave them "The Tree of Life in the midst of the garden." The church is a plain gothic building with spire, standing on an eligible site, and is an ornament to the town. It has a front gallery, and will seat about six hundred people.

April the 9th, I preached a funeral sermon in our Queen Street Church for the lamented President Thornton; who, being President of the British, the Irish, and the Canada Conferences, as well as representative to the American General Conference, was officially connected with all the Wesleyans in the world.

An important decision in the Privy Council has just been pronounced by the Lord Chancellor Westbury, in the appeal case of Bishop Colenzo, of Natal, against the decision of Bishop Gray, Metropolitan of Capetown. The Council declared the letters patent constituting these sees null and void in law; and that "The Church of England is not a part of the Constitution in any Colonial Settlement." The Episcopal Church in the Colonies is, therefore, not a part of the Church of England, but a voluntary association. Hence they have a perfect right to manage their own affairs, as we do ours.

GOOD NEWS! THE WAR IS ENDED IN THE AMERICAN STATES.—On Sunday, the 9th of April, General Lee surrendered to General Grant. The bloody tragedy is now over and the world is glad. Gold has been at a high premium there, with no hard money in circulation. Indeed greenbacks,—their legal currency,—have been sold in Toronto at 64 per cent. discount. But never was paper money thrown out with such profusion since it was first issued in 1483, by Count Mendoza, the General

appointed by Ferdinand and Isabella, of Spain, to guard the Alhambra against the Moors, who blockaded that place. The Count, under these circumstances, issued small notes to pay his soldiers. The King honoured these notes, and hence arose the use of paper money. Five days after Lee's surrender, President Lincoln was shot dead in a theatre by a miserable ruffian named Booth. His death was generally lamented, and funeral services were held in Adelaide Street Church, and other places in Canada, where suitable addresses were delivered and much grief expressed over the tragical end of this great statesman.

The Conference of 1865 commenced in London on the 7th of June, I went up a day or two before to attend the Conference Special Committee, and found a comfortable home with His Worship the Mayor, who, with Mrs. Glass and her little daughter Eva, contributed much to my enjoyment. Happy is he who finds a home away from home. The Rev. Richard Jones was called to the chair, and presided with much propriety. We were honoured with two venerable representatives from the M. E. Church, viz., the Rev. Dr. Chas. Elliott, and the Rev. George Peck. They were accompanied by Dr. Eddy, and they rendered us efficient aid. On the 12th I presented my sixteenth and last Annual Report of our Book-room. Being three score and four years old, and suffering with a heart complaint, I intimated to Bros. Jones, Taylor, Carroll, and several of my friends, that, while I did not feel free to refuse to serve, I would be pleased if my brethren would select a younger and stronger man to take my place; and the Rev. S. Roe was elected thereto. I was returned to the Book-room six years ago without my consent; and I am now released without my official request.

On the 1st of October I preached the anniversary sermons of the new Church in St. Catharines, and then accompanied

my friends, Revs. E. B. Harper and I. B. Howard, to Buffalo, where we attended the Sessions of the Genesee Conference. Bishop Janes preached at the Ordination of Deacons, and I at the Ordination of Elders, and assisted in laying on of hands. By special request, I addressed the Conference on Saturday, immediately after Bishop Janes had given an account of his late visit to the British and German Conferences. This is the Conference from which we were set off in 1825, and it was refreshing to meet old veterans and friends, like Doctors Fillmore, Chamberlain, Durbin, Carlton, Bishop Simpson, and others. The Conference had a most efficient and gentlemanly secretary in the person of the Rev. Dr. Depuy. We received a warm vote of thanks for our visit, and urgent requests to come again. On my return I visited the Capital with Dr. Taylor, and obtained better terms for our Indians and our Indian schools.

October 15th.—Preached in the Asylum, and the Superintendent gave me a copy of his Report, which pleased me much. Infidels, tiplers, and formalists have long been accusing us of making people crazy by our exciting services and emotional religion; but in this report, the Doctor put the saddle on the right horse. His statistics showed that taking the average of eleven and a half years, the Roman Catholics have sent to the Asylum one for every 626 of their population; the Episcopalians, one in 657; Presbyterians, one in 719. The Methodist only one in 1,260. All others one in 1,185. Dr. Werkman says:—"Now I doubt not, all except the Methodists will be ready to affirm that religion has nothing to do with insanity. They however, may contend, and I most heartily believe with truth and justice, that religion—their religion—has much to do with insanity; not however with its production, but with its prevention." The Doctor continues—"Though they constitute one-fourth of our entire population they only constitute

one-tenth of the inmates of our penitentiaries, they are seldom found before a police magistrate or seen at horse-races, public executions, street brawls or other demoralizing assemblies. Trace them through all their relations, social, civil, and domestic, and they will be found to involve a larger measure of mental and bodily conservatism, and consequently of production against insanity, than any other class." This is a good testimony from a competent witness, and both reason and observation corroborate these facts. Our doctrines as well as the emotional and earnest nature of our devotions, are well calculated to heal the broken heart and soothe the soul in moments of anguish. Are any driven to despair, fearing that they are not of the elect? We tell them that Christ tasteth death for every man. Are any crushed under the dogmas of priestly cupidity, fearing the pains of purgatory? We remind them that as soon as the pardoned sinner dies, he is with Christ in paradise. Are any oppressed with anguish because not able to buy their loved ones out of purgatory? We tell them that purgatory is a fable and that angels are ready at his death-bed to bear the pious soul directly home to God. In this way, insanity is prevented, and many souls saved.

Strong confidence in the happiness of the dead gives joy to the living. Judging from the experience and observation of fifty years, I am fully persuaded that there is nothing better calculated to relieve the mind from painful anxiety, crushing grief, and mental anguish, than scriptural, emotional religion. Men love to be excited—will be excited; and of all excitement, religious transports are the most healthy, the most elevating, and the most beneficial. The doctrine of assurance which we preach is well calculated to give joy to the young convert, composure to the pilgrim, and hope to the afflicted. We can well afford to pity those who see insanity in religious revivals, but at the same time, can revel

over their cups, ruin themselves and families in gambling, and spend sleepless nights in speculations.

February 28th, 1866.—Attended a large mixed Committee in Kingston, and agreed to celebrate the Centenary of Methodism on this Continent. In the former celebration, we gave one-half of the proceeds to the Superannuation Fund; in this only two-fifths; and \$6,000 are to be sent to Ireland to aid in building a Wesleyan College. On the 28th of May, by special request, Dr. Wood and I accompanied Dr. Scott, our President elect, to Hamilton to assist in laying the corner-stone of a new church on Maine Street. The building is to be one hundred and sixty feet by sixty-six. If the plans are faithfully carried out, it will be the best church in that city.

On the 6th of June the Conference met in Montreal, Dr. Scott in the chair. We met in committee the day before, to deliberate upon a communication intimating that the English Committee would discontinue the payment of £600 sterling annually to our Contingent Fund! By the request of Dr. Ryerson and other brethren, Bro. Jones and I had written, fully explaining the ground on which our claim rested; and while in committee, Dr. Scott received a telegram, saying: "We can't resist the claim." This timely decision saved us from much trouble. The Conference was rather stormy, and I was glad when it ended.

In July we visited Saratoga, but a letter from Dr. Taylor made it imperative on me to repair to Ottawa to resist some changes made in the Indian Department affecting our mission schools. We finished our business in time to return to Saratoga and spend some time with my family at those healing waters. Again leaving my family at the Springs, the Rev. William H. Meeken, M.A., and I started, on the 27th of August, to visit our mothers' graves, in Middleburgh. These graves are near the Huntersland

Church, on a sandy elevation, where, at an early date, on the south-east corner of his farm, Mr. Joice set apart "God's acre" for a common cemetery. On the south-west corner of this lot, and immediately on the brow of the hill as it slopes off towards the creek, is my mother's grave, with my two sisters lying at her feet. Marble slabs tell the visitor whose ashes these tombs contain. This is to me a memorable and sacred spot. I have visited beautiful cemeteries in France and England, Canada and the United States; have seen the tombs of kings and emperors invested with historic fame; but never saw a grave where my affections linger with so much tenacity as here. My mother! Oh, the charms of that dear name! Few words fall upon my ear with equal sweetness. It moves the tenderest chords of the heart, and awakens sweet remembrances of life. What ties are so imperishable as those which bind a mother's heart to her child? Her care is constant, her love deep, and her anxiety great, amidst all the vicissitudes of life; but those lips which first kissed me, that face which first smiled upon me, and those arms which first embraced me, are now hid from mortal sight. The dismal sound which came back from this grave, fifty years ago, when the sand was first thrown upon her coffin, seem still to be reverberating around me. Dear mother! I never can /
requite your care.

"Unknown to all, except to heaven above,
Are the pure gushings of maternal love;
A magic name, whose universal power
Binds me to thee until the latest hour—
A name whose sweetness holds a firm control,
Forever grateful to my filial soul;
At home, abroad, in life, in death the same,
Still swell the accents of that precious name." \

By the appointment of the Conference, I assisted in our

Centenary celebration both east and west. At Belleville, met William McArthur, Esq., who came over from London in the interest of our College in Ireland. He is an admirable speaker, and he gave us much assistance. On the 21st of October I preached a centenary sermon in Toronto from Ps. 44 : 1, "We have heard with our ears, O Lord ; our fathers have told us what things thou didst in their day." The meeting for Toronto followed in Richmond Street Church on Monday evening, Mr. McArthur assisting.

December 23rd, dedicated a new church on the mountain, near the city of Hamilton, and preached twice.

January 1, 1867.—The year just closed will be memorable for two events—the battle of Sadowa, last July, which transferred the Empire of the Cæsars from Austria, where it was held a thousand years, to Prussia, and from Papal to Protestant hands ; and the celebration of the Centenary of American Methodism. On the 12th of October, 1766, Philip Embury preached the first Methodist sermon on this continent, in New York, to five persons, who formed the first class. But, "behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth !" These five have increased to more than two million church members, and his congregation of five to ten million adherents, and now the work is swiftly spreading to heathen lands !

The Conference this year met in Hamilton, and I had the pleasure of introducing to it our old friend, Dr. Richey, who, with Dr. Pickard, came urging a union between their Conference and ours. This would involve a division of our body ; and, though discussed freely, the measure failed.

On the 1st of September, preached on the Grimsby campground, where I heard from his own lips the experience of a converted infidel, which convinced me that fact is sometimes stranger than fiction. He was the son of a minister, but married a gay wife, and went to a Western State to

practise medicine. He had two brothers in the ministry, and one of them, being ill, went to his brother for medical aid. The evening circle was gay, and he was shown to his bedroom without a word said about family prayers. This surprised him greatly, and he resolved to correct the error in the morning. When breakfast was over, he asked his brother if he had any objection to have family prayers. "Objection!" said the Doctor, "Objection! Yes, every objection in the world, and if you were a gentleman you would not ask it! My principles are fixed, my purposes formed, and no man shall interfere with my domestic arrangements. The comforts of my house and my medical skill are at your service; stay as long as you please—but no prayers here!" The minister then fixed his sharp blue eyes upon him, and said: "Brother, your father's prayers are keeping you out of hell! He is now tottering on the brink of the tomb; and when he falls, God only knows what will become of you." Thus saying, he left the table, to offer those devotions in secret which he was forbidden to offer in his brother's family. But, "how forcible are right words!" The Doctor went to his carriage-house, walked in his garden, and wandered in his fields, like his Master in olden times, "seeking rest, but finding none." He then ordered his carriage, and informed his wife that he must go to his farm in the country, and might not return for ten or twelve days. He wandered about on his farm; but, stung to the depths of his guilty soul by his brother's rebuke, he stamped his feet in rage. He could think of nothing and hear nothing but those scorching words of God's minister, constantly ringing in his ears, "Your father's prayers are keeping you out of hell!" He thought of his first home, of the Bible on the stand, the hymns they sang, and the prayers offered for him, as well as for his two pious brothers. His father's image and his pious life came up vividly before

him, to increase his agony. Day after day wore away, but brought him no relief; he could neither eat nor sleep, and his infidel sentiments gave him no comfort. "My God!" he cries, "what shall I do? This question must be settled, or I am a dead man." With these feelings he threw himself upon his knees in his parlour, and cried mightily to the insulted God of his Father for mercy. At this awful crisis, the Holy Ghost whispered to his soul: Will you give up your infidel companions, and tell them boldly that you abandon their evil ways forever? "Yes, Lord, I will! I will! Only give me peace." Quick as the lightning's flash, light then dawned upon his dark mind; he arose, and was happy. But here another difficulty arose—"How can I broach the glad tidings to my thoughtless, pleasure-taking wife? She is joined to her idols, and this thing will break her heart." It then occurred to him that if she were there, standing on the carpet where the good Lord saved him, he could reveal this great truth to her, and it might do her good. The carriage was ordered, and a hasty note written, saying, come to such an hotel with the least possible delay. At the time appointed he stepped to the door, saw his wife alight, took her arm, and, without remark, led her to the parlour where God saved him, and said: "My dear wife, I have something important to tell you, and I beg you not to be offended." "What is it, husband? You look poorly; are you dangerously ill?" "But will you not be offended?" "Certainly not; but, pray, what is it?—do let me know." "Well, my dear wife, I am a Christian! On this spot God has converted my soul." She burst into tears, flew to his embrace, threw her arms around his neck, and said: "Thank the Lord! This is the happiest day of my life; for since you left home, God has converted my soul also." And they praised God together. O, the power of the Holy Ghost! Who can tell God's "utmost?" I related these thrilling

facts to the congregation, and then called upon the converted infidel to confirm them, which he did, adding many pleasing facts thereto. 'O, how important is family worship! How salutary faithful dealing!

Great power was displayed on this camp-ground. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were there doing battle for the Lord, and in their simple, urgent manner, inducing many sinners to come to the mercy-seat. Many marvelled at the influence of their artless appeals, forgetting that there is an unseen power which alone can make any effort effectual. "Rome," says a writer, "sitting upon her seven hills of beauty, once ruled the world, but there was an invisible power beneath those hills prompting the godly band of martyrs to such acts as made the world tremble, and ultimately brought an entire empire to the foot of the cross. In like manner Leo X. held millions in bondage, put his foot upon the neck of kings, and played with eternal interests; but Luther, with the simple but trenchant blade of truth, made all Europe tremble, while Leo gnashed his teeth in rage." It is wise, therefore, to let God work in his own way, and by whomsoever He will, for He knows best.

On the Sunday following, I preached in St. Catharines, and then, on the 19th, hastened away to Indiana, to visit my sick brother at Ligonier. The poor man was suffering from dropsy in his legs, and obliged to keep his arm-chair day and night. I found him in a good state of mind, ready for his great and last change. I preached twice in this beautiful town, and then started for Michigan, by the way of South Bend, on the St. Joseph's River. The country is charming and the land very rich. I met my eldest brother in the town of Charlotte, preached to the people on Sunday, and then bid my friends farewell and hastened home.

The Rev. Dr. Wood informed me that the arrangements which Dr. Taylor and I made two years ago with the

Government for re-opening our Manual-labour School at Muncey, had been ignored by the new Superintendent of Indian affairs—a Frenchman, by-the-by—and we visited Ottawa to set things right, and found a home with Mr. Jas. Pennock. From the beginning, we have had to encounter bigotry, prejudice, and unnecessary opposition in carrying on the good work among our aboriginal tribes. It is exceedingly hard for some men to rise above the sectarian proclivities of early education; but when they assume the reins of government they ought to be impartial. We obtained the assistance of several hon. gentlemen, and fair promises were made to us. The confederation of four Provinces is now completed, and the Parliament of the new Dominion is in Session, but Newfoundland and Prince Edward are left out in the cold. On our way home we met the Missionary Committee at Whitby, settled some difficult questions, had a good visit with Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, who are evidently ripening for the final harvest, and reached home safely.

February 21st, 1868, was a great day for Newcastle. Our friends have erected a brick church, 42 by 65 feet, with steeple and bell, and this day Dr. Ryerson, Mr. Whiting, and I solemnly dedicated it to the service of Almighty God. This church is on the westerly limit of my first circuit, but what a change since I preached in their old log school-house, 44 years ago! A new village has sprung into existence, and new faces appear in the congregation. Scarcely one of my former congregation are here now.

On the 7th May, we had a pleasing demonstration of the enlargement of our mission work. The Richmond-street Church was crowded to take leave of the Rev. George Young, who goes to open a new mission in the Red River country; and of the Rev. E. R. Young, son of the Rev. Wm. Young, and the Rev. R. Campbell, who go to the Saskatchewan Valley. They made good speeches; but the observed of all

observers was the Rev. W. M. Punshon, M.A., our newly-arrived President, who comes out from England to remain for a few years. His fame as an orator preceded him, and we all rejoiced to see this distinguished divine amongst us.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* divides Christendom as follows :— Roman Catholics, 178,360,000 ; Protestants, 95,350,000 ; and the Greek Church, 70,000,000. From these figures, compared with those of 25 years ago, it appears that the Protestant religion is gaining rapidly upon the other two ; and if our missionaries and mission friends are faithful to their heavenly calling, they will soon make a grand change in these figures. The house of Dagon is already tottering to its fall, and the Babel of superstition begins to tremble.





CHAPTER XVI.

REV. MR. PUNSHON'S VISIT TO CANADA.

THE Conference of 1868 met in Kingston, and was remarkable in several respects. First—The privilege of having the first orator of the age for our President inspired us with hope and confidence. Mr. Punshon is a regular John Bull in appearance, not tall, but stout and massive, weighing 225lbs. In the chair he is firm without severity, and conciliatory without weakness. He unites two elements seldom found in the same individual: thorough business talents in the chair, and wonderful eloquence and power in the pulpit. In the presence of such a master-mind, the little party jealousies which had recently been gaining ground amongst us, arising from national origin, vanished away, and great harmony prevailed in all our ranks. Secondly—For the first time in our history we had a most delightful exchange of fraternal greeting with the Synod of the Scotch Kirk, which was sitting at Kingston at the same time. The Rev. Dr. Cook, of Quebec, the Rev. Dr. Urquhart, of Cornwall, and the Hon. Alexander Morris, of Perth, saluted our Conference with brotherly and appropriate speeches; and Dr. Taylor, Dr. Nelles, Jas. Elliott, and the writer were appointed to return their Christian greetings. The occasion was replete with interest, and the speeches delivered were published in pamphlet form and circulated

in Scotland. A first effort was made at this Conference to ascertain the value of our Church property, and the districts reported churches and parsonages worth \$2,126,246.

August 28th, preached at the Grimsby camp-meeting. Bro. Carroll presided with much energy, and the Lord God of Israel was with us. The next Sunday evening I had the pleasure of preaching for the Rev. John Potts, in our beautiful Centenary Church, in Hamilton. This is the best Wesleyan Church in the Province. The arrangements are admirable, the acoustics perfect, and the large congregation well accommodated.

A GRAND MOVE IN TORONTO FOR CHURCH EXTENSION.—As I was walking by McGill Square, on the 8th of September, and reflecting upon the manner in which the negotiations between the city and the Montreal Bank, for that square, had fallen through, a builder of the city came to me saying: "Doctor, you should now step in and buy this block for a church. You can sell old Adelaide for \$10,000, and I will give you \$1,000 towards a new church here." "Thank you," said I, "that is worth thinking about." Before I reached home another gentleman offered me \$500 for the same object. I immediately went to Dr. Ryerson, my co-trustee, and reported these facts. "First-rate," said he, "let us call a committee and see what can be done." I then went to President Punshon, who agreed with us, and seventeen persons met and agreed to purchase the square. Dr. Ryerson and Mr. Lauder were deputed to negotiate with the Bank for us. They purchased the entire square, three and a-quarter acres, for \$26,000, but as the Mayor and the Roman Bishop were both anxious to get the property, a much larger sum than we gave was at once offered—but offered a few minutes too late.

On the 21st of June, 1869, in Ottawa, the Rev. Dr. Nelles and I presented the address of our late Toronto Conference

to His Excellency, our new Governor-General, who favoured us with a satisfactory reply. Mrs. Green, Mrs. Dr. Ryerson and I then left for Saratoga. On my way home I attended camp-meeting at Mexico, where I was pleased to meet our old friend, the Rev. Chas. Dunning, formerly of Prescott.

At the request of the Rev. W. H. Poole and his committee, I went to Goderich, and on the 19th and 20th December, assisted the Rev. Charles Lavell, M.A., in delightful missionary services. I had never visited that town before, and was anxious to see it. J. V. Detlor, Esq., took me to his own peaceful abode, and drove me through the town to the different points of interest. They can supply the entire Dominion with as good salt as is found on this continent. Goderich is beautifully situated on the banks of Lake Huron, and destined one day to be a place of much importance.

During the winter of 1870, a murderous rebellion took place in Manitoba, and our missionary there found himself in close quarters. The Hon. Wm. McDougall, C.B., was appointed Governor of that Province, but a French Fenian got himself elected President by the half-breeds, and refused to let the Governor enter the Province, and he returned. At that time of the year it was found next to impossible to send an army into these forests to put down the rebellion.

I was sent for this winter in great haste to baptize an only child of a dear friend, supposed to be dying. On entering the house, the father stood upon the stairs weeping, and said: "Oh, Dr., I fear she is dying." "I trust not," said I; "the prayer of faith shall save the sick." Our prayers were ardent, and immediately after baptism, little Maud was better, and her recovery soon followed. Let no one suppose that it was baptism which saved the child; but the divine answer to "effectual, fervent prayers." Baptismal regeneration is a strange conceit, calculated to do much harm. To

suppose that a priest can save a child or regenerate a soul is presumption ; and to imagine that water has power to wash away sin is absurd. Who can forgive sins but God ? Can water be transubstantiated into the blood of atonement ? or into the cleansing power of the Holy Ghost ? Look at the drops on the child's head—they are water, not spirit—and yet it is claimed that such baptism regenerates the child ! How absurd ! The Council of Trent said : " If anyone says that a child may be saved without baptism, let him be accursed ! " But Jesus said : " Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Look at this strange notion for a moment. If no child can be saved unless baptized by a priest in the fabled succession, then his salvation depends upon the will of a man, not on the mercy of God. God cannot save a child if the priest will not baptize it ! and yet God says (Titus 3 : 5.), " Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy He saveth us by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, which He shed on us abundantly." Mark, this " is the washing of regeneration," not regeneration by washing ; shed on them by God, not by a priest. Baptism does not change our nature, but merely our relation to the visible Church. It is therefore only " an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace ; " and it is evident that we may have the one and not the other.

On the 28th of May, assisted Messrs. Cochran and Gooderham in re-opening our church in the Falkner neighbourhood, Dundas Street. Mr. Falkner's is a model Christian family, whose hospitality I have often shared. Wherever they are known they have a name better than precious ointment. I dedicated this Church, February 1st, 1856.

The Conference assembled this year in Adelaide Street Church, Toronto. This was the first instance of the Confer-

ence meeting two years in succession in the same city. We were favoured with the assistance of the Rev. Gervase Smith, from England, and also with the counsels of Dr. Lindsey and Dr. Lowrey, distinguished representatives from the General Conference of the M. E. Church. We were also favoured with several deputations from other Christian bodies; and the Rev. John Gemley and I were deputed to present our congratulations to the Presbyterians in their first General Assembly, then sitting in Toronto. A good deal of amusement was occasioned by a remark in my address:—"We do not come to you as Presbyterians," said I, "but as children of John Wesley, and we expect and are prepared to meet you as children of John Knox. Is it not a little remarkable that your great founder in Scotland, and ours in England, were both called John? I never read these names but I think of another man who bore the same name, and of whom it is written: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." We can say there were, at least, two men sent from God whose names were John. They were sent to do a great work; they did it, and did it well; and now their names are inscribed on tablets more imperishable than obelisks of marble." When the Moderator, Dr. Willis, replied to us, he remarked that they had two men whose names were John—John Knox and John Calvin—and therefore, as they had two to our one, we should come and join them, instead of their coming to us. Here I remarked: "We will take another John, if you please—John Fletcher." These retorts amused the Assembly, and we parted in cordial good-nature and good friends. (See *Guardian*, 22nd ult.)

On Thursday, the 16th of June, Dr. Punshon, Dr. Ryerson, Mr. Smith, and I went out to the village of Maple, to assist Bro. Fish in laying the corner-stone of a new church there. At the recent Conference we adopted a formulary

to be used on such occasions, and I had the honour of reading it for the first time after its adoption, in laying this stone. On the 7th of August I also assisted Bro. Fish at his quarterly meeting at Richmond Hill, and preached twice. Our love-feast proved a time of much rejoicing. 'Squire McConnell told the people that he heard me preach during my first round on my first circuit, forty-six years ago, when we had neither door, floor, nor window in the log chapel where we worshipped. Another brother said "he was brought to God under a sermon which I preached at a camp-meeting on Cunningham's farm, thirty years ago, and still his face was towards Zion." Many pleasing reminiscences of a similar nature were referred to, which carried me back to days which I love to remember, and scenes on which it is profitable and cheering for me to dwell.

A GREAT DAY IN TORONTO.—August 24th, we laid the corner-stone of our Metropolitan Church, on McGill Square. I read the introductory service, Dr. Wood led in prayer, and Dr. Ryerson laid the stone on the east side of the building, which stone weighed more than three tons. Dr. Punshon presented the silver trowel with appropriate remarks, and Mr. W. T. Mason read the contents of the tin box deposited. Three hundred dollars were laid upon the stone, after which we dined together in the immense tent erected on the south end of the lot, where thrilling speeches from Dr. Punshon, J. Macdonald, and others, were followed by liberal subscriptions. The church is designed in the French Gothic style of the fourteenth century. The entire length of the building is 216 feet, by 104 in width. A vestibule in front, 14 by 100; and chapel, in the rear, 60 by 60. The audience-room is 124 by 68 feet, gallery all round, and designed to accommodate 2,400 people—the largest church edifice in the city. The main tower will be 30 feet square and 190 high. My time has been much taken up in obtaining subscriptions and

looking after the interests of the work. Dr. Punshon made a happy remark at the close of the services, which produced much cheering. Said he : "This morning, without special design, I read in Haggai that on the 24th of the month was to be laid the foundation of the house," and it was also added that "the glory of this latter house should be greater than of the former." Old Adelaide was glorious ; may this house excel in glory.

Being requested to preach the last sermon in Adelaide, on the 28th of August, before the hands of spoliation were laid upon those sacred walls, I took for my text, "They go from strength to strength," &c., Ps. 84 : 7. As a proof that we were going "from strength to strength," I gave them the history of Methodism in Toronto.

On the 23rd of September, assisted the Rev. E. H. Dewart and John Macdonald, Esq., in opening a new church in Mount Pisgah, Aurora Circuit. The Editor and I had more amusement than rest the night before, while endeavouring to sleep in one bed ; for the lower end gave way and let our feet down upon the floor, while our heads remained nearly two feet higher. This gave us an easy attitude for talking, but a miserable one for sleeping. The sage conclusion to which we came, after this adventure was, that two full-grown men should never be turned into one bed, unless it was very wide and very strong. Bro. Macdonald fared better in the parsonage.

February 1st.—This day, the first Mixed Committee on Methodist Union met in the Music Hall, Toronto. For three or four years we had been passing resolutions and appointing committees to open the door for a closer communion between the five bodies of Methodists in Canada who preach the same doctrines, sing the same hymns, and are substantially governed on the same principles. Of the four offshoots from the parent stock, three had their origin

in Europe, viz., the Primitives, the New Connexion, and the Bible Christians. The Episcopal party sprang up in Canada. Last evening we had a meeting together for speeches; to-day we met face to face in committee, and commenced the good work in earnest, (the Bible Christians only absenting themselves). The Hon. the Secretary of State for the Dominion took the chair. I had the honour of submitting the following resolution, which passed unanimously: "That a union of all the Methodist bodies in this country, on such principles as may be mutually agreed upon, is highly desirable." The delegates from the four Conferences spent two or three days together, and agreed upon a good report, which we presented to the Conferences which met in Belleville.

February 5th.—This piercing cold day I rode ten miles into the country in a buggy, to preach a dedication sermon in the York Church. This is a beautiful brick church, thirty-seven by eighty-eight feet, with spire, bell, stained windows, &c., &c. On our way home I preached in Eaton's school-house for Bro. Finch, who kindly drove me out.

June 19th.—Assisted in laying the corner-stone of a new and capacious church on Berkeley Street, Toronto. Mr. Coatsworth has nobly led the way in this very creditable enterprise. On the 1st of July, Dr. Taylor, Mrs. Green, and I, accompanied by a large number of singers, went out to Orangeville to lay the corner-stone of a new sanctuary in that beautiful village. The Toronto, Grey, and Bruce Railway was not quite finished, but the Manager, through the agency of Mr. Anderson, kindly placed a car at our command, and gave us the first ride over that narrow-gauge, remaining over Sunday to bring us home again.

A VISIT TO THE SEASIDE.—On Thursday, the 11th of July, Mrs. Green, Dr. Taylor, Anson, and I started for the

ocean, to rejuvenate impaired strength. We spent the first night on a Pullman car, pleased to know that we might sleep if we could; the second, at Island Pond, and the third at Portland. Spent the Lord's day at St. Johns, and then hastened away to Halifax through the flowery valley of the Annapolis. At Bedford, we were both surprised and delighted to meet our dear friends, Mrs. and Major Morrow, who had kindly come up to meet us and conduct us to their hospitable mansion, where, by previous invitation and arrangement, we spent five most pleasant and memorable weeks. We travelled one thousand miles to get there—six hundred and thirty to Portland, two hundred by ocean to St. Johns, sixty-one on the bay to Annapolis, and then one hundred and twenty-nine by rail to Chebuctoo, now called Halifax. (See my letters in the *Guardian*, August 23rd, describing this town.) But the pleasure we had in this Christian family and their friends more than repaid us for many such journeys. I preached in the kirk and Wesleyan churches in Halifax, and tried to do good. Anson and I each caught a codfish, on which we breakfasted; and Bro. Morrow took me to a mine where they were digging gold out of the rock, seventy feet deep. We passed through Grand Pre, the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline," and found his description of this "Acadian land" true to life. On our return, Captain Prichard and his excellent family laid us under lasting obligations by meeting us at the boat and conveying us to his own house; for, as it was the night before the great boat race, every cab was engaged and every room in the inns occupied. Only, therefore, for his kindness in seeking us out, we must have spent a gloomy night, without any place of rest. We shall never, can never forget this act of kindness to us in a strange city.

December 3rd.—Preached an anniversary sermon of the

church opening on Mount Pisgah. We did not halt at the base, crying, with Watts,

“O, could we climb where Moses stood,” &c.,

but mounted to its apex, and with Wesley, sweetly sang,

“The Promised Land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see.”

January 11th, 1872.—Assisted Dr. Punshon in dedicating our new church at Teston. After we dined together, we managed to obtain subscriptions enough to pay off the debt and leave the little sanctuary free.

The 4th of April was a great day for Toronto. The Metropolitan Church was solemnly dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. Several of us took part in the service, and I was delighted to find that my voice, though not what it once was, filled this immense sanctuary so completely as to enable two thousand five hundred people to hear distinctly every sentence and syllable uttered. The arrangements and acoustic properties are so complete that it is easy for both speaker and hearers. The services were efficient, impressive, and successful. Our highest expectations were exceeded, and the whole country surprised to learn that the proceeds of the dedication, including subscriptions, lecture tickets, and collections, reached the unparalleled amount of thirty-two thousand dollars! Dr. Tiffany, of Washington, and Dr. Punshon preached excellent sermons. This noble enterprise has given such an impetus to church-building in the city and country as cannot fail to produce the happiest results to thousands!

April 26th.—We formulated a Bill for the incorporation of our Missionary Society, and I was requested to go to Ottawa, and get it through Parliament. I always try to do what the Church requests, but I have had so much to do

with Governments and Parliaments that I am heartily sick of such work. But, as we failed to get this society incorporated in 1851, when we got the Book-room and Superannuation Fund incorporated, we must make another effort now, for we need the protection sought for in this Bill very much.

May 5th.—Attended a delightful quarterly meeting at Wellington Square. Our love-feast proved a rich festival of heavenly influence and divine transport. Good old Father Van Norman seemed ready to take wing. He spoke of former days with streaming eyes and joyous emotions. He is eighty-eight years old, and has been seventy years in the Church. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." On Monday, Bro. Hansford drove me up to Hannahsville, which reminded me of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

THE CONFERENCE OF 1872 commenced in Montreal, on the 5th of June. I found a comfortable home with good Mrs. Dickson, who seems to be ripening for her heavenly inheritance. Held a conference with the deputation from our eastern brethren. The way seems opening for confederation. Mr. Gemley and I went as a deputation to present our Christian greetings to the Congregational Union, then meeting in Montreal. June 13th, Mr. Gemley and I attended the anniversary of church-opening in Collingwood.

After our visit to Saratoga Springs this summer, I had the long-sought pleasure of introducing my wife to Middleburgh, my native town. No event for years has given us both more pleasure. She was charmed with the scenery, and delighted with the hospitality of friends in this lovely village. On one occasion our excellent host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, accompanied by a pleasant party, took us up on to a little mountain called the Onistegawa, vulgarly known as "Vroman's Nose," because in shape it

resembles a man's nose. Here, from a height of four or five hundred feet, we had a good view of the Schoharie Flats, stretching off in their richness and beauty on either side of the river, and bounded in the distance by towering hills and fertile vales, covered by forest and field, in charming contrast. I never beheld a more lovely landscape—except, perhaps, from Wine Cliff, in Wales. Below us, in every direction, were waving fields of corn, interspersed with shocks of wheat and other cereals in great variety; while the lovely village, with its neat white houses and modest towers, was sparkling in the sunbeams. Again and again we exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful!" I preached for the Methodists and Lutherans, and attended worship in the Dutch Reformed sanctuary, which was the first church I ever entered. My reflections here brought up very solemn thoughts. When I first entered this church and heard the minister preaching in its pulpit, I marvelled at his ability, and thought he must be nearly equal to God himself. I felt a degree of awe and veneration, which made me tread very lightly; but little did I think then that I should ever aspire to the high dignity of the pulpit myself, and preach the gospel to thousands on both sides of the Atlantic. But sixty years have produced marvellous changes.

On the 28th of August we started for home, and on Sunday evening, the 1st of September, I preached for the first time in the Metropolitan Church. September 15th, I preached to an immense crowd at the Norval camp-meeting. Fully two thousand people had to stand during the sermon. There were probably six thousand people on the ground. I thought it a little remarkable that at my age—seventy-two years—I should preach, in my own city, to the largest assembly which I ever addressed in a church; and then, to the largest congregation which I ever addressed in the open air. I was told all heard me distinctly.

At our Committee for Appropriation, held in Brockville, we were rejoiced to find an increase of ten thousand dollars in our missionary receipts, and we resolved to commence a mission in Japan. Dr. Punshon, Judge Deacon, and the writer were requested to visit Ottawa again, in order to obtain justice for our Indian schools. The Hon. J. C. Aikins had charge of the Indian Department, and we found him ready and anxious to do the right thing. He agreed that we shall have deeds of occupation for all lands granted us by the chiefs so soon as we get them surveyed. This ought to satisfy all parties concerned. Our Ottawa brethren are building a new church in Lower Town, and have obtained the use of the Court-house until it is finished. I had the pleasure of opening this new place of worship on Sunday evening. From Ottawa, Dr. Punshon and I repaired to Montreal to negotiate terms of confederation with a deputation from the Eastern Conference. A large committee attended, and terms of confederation were cordially agreed upon.

On returning to my lodgings from a missionary festival, Tuesday evening, the 22nd of October, my host and hostess were much surprised to find their house brilliantly lighted and filled with a large company, who cheered as we entered. This joyous party had been brought together on learning that this was the birthday of the Hon. James Ferrier, and also the golden wedding day of himself and his excellent wife. A bountiful supper had been spread on his table by different members of his family, which was also tastefully adorned with rich and costly presents. Speeches were delivered by the Mayor, Dr. Punshon, Mr. Potts, Mr. Ferrier, Judge Torrance, and others. This family have long been pillars in the Church, and it was pleasant to see four generations in it unite, with others, to do honour to this venerable pair.

After eighteen days' absence I was glad to get home again, and more so because I was suffering with a severe cough, arising from a cold which I took at Brockville by going to the sessions of the committee through heavy rains. Foul weather followed us to Ottawa, and heavy rains poured upon us during our stay in Montreal, so I only found fair weather when I reached home. My appointments were out, and I desired to be able to attend them. On the 19th of November I delivered a short memorial oration over the body of Sister Evans, brought from Muncey for sepulture, and the next day assisted at the funeral of Mrs. Gemley. But amidst all our sorrows we have something to cheer us. Lord Dufferin has just replied to a salutation from the Governor of Australia over wires just finished to that country, lying on the other side of the earth! On the 1st Dec., preached twice at the anniversary of our church opening in Barrie, and addressed a tea-meeting the next day. Stopped at the parsonage with my dear friends, Bro. and Sister McDowell. On the 22nd, we appointed Dr. McDonald ald missionary to Japan, and Mr. Cochran, if health permits, will probably be sent out also. The young Emperor—the "Child of the Sun"—has condescended to set his foot upon earth, and is seeking for both scientific and religious knowledge. His Empire embraces three hundred and eighty-four islands and thirty millions of inhabitants. We enter this field in hope. December 22nd, addressed the Sabbath-school in Whitby, and Dr. Ryerson and I preached anniversary sermons of church opening in Brooklin.

January 12th, 1873.—Opened a new church in Wardsville, a small village of some five hundred inhabitants, on the River Thames. The church, with its steeple one hundred and thirty feet high, occupies a commanding site, and its friends deserve much praise for their enterprise and liberality. On Sunday, while sitting in the altar, the sexton

opened the windows which placed me in a draft, and I got such a stiff neck as nearly prevented me rendering any service on Monday evening. On rising to speak, my enlarged heart so pressed upon my lungs as to greatly injure my voice and make me tremble in every part; but I rallied after a little, and was able to speak for nearly twenty minutes. The house was filled with friends, many of them from a distance. Results cheering.

On the 19th of January, assisted Bro. Harper at his Missionary Anniversary in Guelph. Preached in the morning, and heard an excellent sermon from Bro. W. W. Ross in the evening. A good meeting on Monday evening. I was very unwell, but Mrs. James Hough, at whose house I lodged, nursed me so faithfully that I was able to get through my work with some comfort. I was unusually happy in preaching on Sunday morning; at the conclusion of which we sang that beautiful hymn, No. 189. Oh how these words kindled a fire in my heart and sent a thrill of joy through my soul! My yearning for sinners, as I saw a world lying in wickedness, was great; but God's love was greater, and it filled me with divine transport. The pain around my heart was severe, and I felt that I was losing strength every day; but, in the language of our hymn, I could sing—

“Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.”

On reaching home we called in Dr. Geikie, who told me plainly that my heart was affected and I must desist from preaching. I replied, the Lord's will be done; but

“'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.”

One wishes to work as long as he can, still it is not always easy to know what is duty.

May 7th.—Assisted Dr. Punshon, Dr. Wood, and others in the valedictory services connected with our two missionaries leaving to open a Mission in Japan. This is our first effort for a mission beyond the seas, and many prayers are offered for its success. No part of the heathen world at the present day presents a more inviting aspect, and Messrs. Cochran and McDonald go out with high hopes and large expectations. Dr. Punshon preached his farewell sermon on the 11th of May in the Metropolitan, and a large number accompanied him to the steamer. He leaves foot-prints behind him which tell of his great power for good, and our prayers and best wishes follow him in his return home. We have this year erected, at Thunder Bay, the first Protestant Church and parsonage ever built north of Lake Superior; showing that while we are stretching our hands over the ocean, we are not forgetful of destitute settlements in Canada. The Lord is doing great things for us. At our district meeting in Yorkville, we had an increase reported of six hundred and sixty-two church members. On the 27th I attended the Senate and Convocation of Victoria University, and assisted in presenting prizes to the successful competitors for these honours. It is now forty-three years since I began to work for this institution—first as an Academy and then as a College—and now we have our graduates in every part of the country. These annual services, replete with interest and full of promise to our Church and country, make me glad that I have been able to take any part in founding and supporting this College. My old home at the house of Mr. Stephens was ready for me, and nothing left undone which could add to my comfort.

The Conference of 1873 was held in London. The principles, on which the Committee on Union proposed to

unite the Wesleyan Church of Eastern British America and the New Connexion Church with ours, underwent some changes. We had provided for a vigorous oversight of the entire work by General Superintendents, who, as the visible headship of the Church, were expected to form a bond of union, maintain uniformity, and produce a fellow-feeling from ocean to ocean. But these principles were so changed as to abolish a General Superintendency, and provide for a President who—divested of all executive power during the four years of his incumbency, is to be the mere Chairman of the General Conference and its committees. In executive matters the Annual Conferences will be independent of the General Conference. The provisions for transferring ministers were much improved; still, the plan is too cumbersome. Might not the Presidents of the General and two Annual Conferences affected, transfer a brother for labour merely, without changing his relation to his Conference?

Dr. Rice, our President, gained for himself golden opinions, and we asked the British Conference to appoint him to that office for another year. This Conference was necessarily a long one, and the second in our history, embracing two Sabbaths; but much important business was done. My home was with Mr. and Mrs. Perrin, on Dundas Street.

Feeling the need of country air we went, on the 8th of July, to Meaford to get the fresh breezes from the Georgian Bay; and this being the fiftieth year of my ministry I preached a jubilee sermon there from 2 Peter 1:13-15. Meaford is a pleasant little village at the terminus of the Northern Railway. In this invigorating retreat we were favoured with the company of Mr. John Cook, his wife, and little Maud—Mrs. John and Mrs. Herman Cook have laid us under many obligations by their acts of kindness during our illness; indeed, they have been more like tender children to us, than ordinary friends. August, the 25th, attended a

meeting of the Evangelical Alliance of Toronto, and was unanimously elected a delegate to the General Conference of the Alliance, together with Rev. Messrs. King, Marling, Reid, and R. Wikes, Esq., M.P. Messrs. Potts and Wallace were appointed alternates. At this Conference, which met in New York on the 2nd of October, I was billeted with John C. Havemeyer, Esq., son of His Honour the Mayor,—an excellent family, who made me feel at home with them. The Rev. Dr. Rigg was my fellow-guest; a brother whom I had three times met in the British Conference, and we enjoyed the social hour very much. We appointed the Rev. and Venerable Dr. Woolsey our President, who presided with ability and impartiality.

This was the sixth General Conference of the Alliance, and was composed of about four hundred members—representative men from all evangelical Churches, and from all enlightened nations from China to Canada. To see so many venerable men of piety and ability consulting together for the benefit of the religious world was a most interesting and imposing sight, and New York was moved to its very centre. No building could hold a fourth part of the people who crowded to hear; and church after church was filled, and then application made to us for speakers. But there was no lack. We could supply one hundred congregations at the same hour with interesting speeches. The difference between this and the Conference I attended in London in 1846, when the Alliance was formed, was obvious and real. Then we met as an experiment, feeling after some common ground on which we could stand, side by side, with mutual confidence. Here we had a doctrinal basis provided which had worked well for twenty-seven years. There we met as strangers, not knowing whether, with safety and cordiality, we could take one step together or not. Here we came together as brethren beloved, with high expectations of doing good. There we

were entering upon untried ground, with no experience to guide us, no preparations made to aid us, no papers prepared to instruct us, and very few sentiments which we seemed to hold in common. Here our course was marked out, principal speakers selected, topics provided, and able papers prepared to occupy us ten days. Little time was taken up in discussing doctrines ; but all were anxious to bring before the public, and before the world, those grand principles on which we are agreed, and by which we wish to make lasting impressions for good upon the human family. The interest increased as we advanced. The divine Spirit rested upon our councils and assemblies. Mutual good will prevailed, and all appeared happy and hopeful. We had a large number of representatives from our Dominion, who, at the request of Lord Alfred Churchill and Mr. Davis, the Secretary of the English Branch of the Alliance, met together and took steps to form a Central Branch for the Dominion. I was honoured with the chair, and the Rev. Mr. Grant, of Halifax, was appointed secretary. We unanimously agreed to make Montreal the general centre, and three members from each branch were to form a Provisional Board. On Saturday I presented our resolutions to the Conference, accompanied with a short speech. On Sunday morning I preached in the Central Church, Seventh Avenue, and in the evening attended our farewell meeting in the Academy of Music. How long New York could have borne this wonderful excitement, I cannot say ; but it was intensified to the very end.

Having been invited to hold a session in Philadelphia and another in Washington, and free passes having been furnished us there and back, about 200 of us started for that purpose on Monday morning. We called at Princeton where Dr. McCosh showed us the house in which that great divine and revivalist, Jonathan Edwards, died. He and Dr.

Ashbel Green, and other presidents of the college, are buried here. We took lunch in the college building, and then hastened off to the city of brotherly love. We were met by the Hon. Mr. Stewart, and conveyed to Independence Hall, where His Excellency, ex-Governor Pollock, received us cordially, addressed us eloquently, and gave us a hearty welcome to the hospitalities of the city. It had been arranged for us to dine together in the Park, but our visit at Princeton had interfered with this plan, and we dined together at the Metropolitan, with a large number of distinguished guests from the city and country. At our evening services we found that the excitement created in New York had preceded us. The hall prepared for our Conference Session would not hold a tenth part of the people who wished to see and hear the strangers; hence, church after church was opened and filled. Philadelphia is a beautiful city, situated between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, in the south part of Pennsylvania. It is the second largest city on the continent, having 674,022 inhabitants, while New York has 926,341.

On Tuesday morning we started for Washington, distant only 138 miles. We crossed the Susquehanna where Washington crossed with his army; left the Chesapeake Bay on our left, and soon reached Baltimore. Here we were met by a deputation from Washington, and saluted with a speech from one of its members. Baltimore is a grand old city, with 263,354 inhabitants, and is a stronghold of Methodism; but we had no time to see much of it. The country between this and the capital is not very inviting. It was the scene of much conflict between the North and South during the recent war. On reaching Washington we deposited our luggage at Willard's Hotel, and hastened to the White House, where the President was waiting to receive us. He had delayed his promised visit to his former companions in arms, for two days, in order to enjoy this visit. We were presented by

the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of the Methodist E. Church, whose ministry the President attends. The President is a trustee of the Metropolitan Church, where we met in the evening ; but several other churches were filled also. Mr. Fisch, of Paris, amused us greatly, by giving the people credit for brilliant bonfires in the streets made in honour of our visit, when some of us knew they were kindled on the evening of their election to do honour to the successful candidate. The City Fathers voted us the liberty of the city, paying our expenses while there ; and the Governor made a banquet for us, and gave an admirable speech. Many of their public buildings are superb, but with none was I better pleased than with the Patent Office, which contains more than 7,000 patented inventions. Washington's apartment, containing his saddle, sword, pistols, official garments, &c., &c., reminded me of similar relics of Bonaparte which I had seen in Paris. The first press used by Dr. Franklin is here, and resembles the old hand-press used in our office before I introduced into it the first steam-press used in Toronto. On the morning of our leaving, at the request of the Messrs. Harper, who are to publish a history of our Conference, we stood upon the front steps of the magnificent Capitol, and were photographed by Mr. Gardiner, a celebrated photographer of that city. The picture was a great success. Many faces are easily recognized. On my way back I remained a night with my excellent host and hostess in New York. By invitation, however, we spent the evening with His Honour the Mayor, where we were entertained by a German—who never had arm or hand—and who played sweetly on a violin ! His skill in the use of his toes, was marvellous. He could tune his instrument, put in new strings, open his knife and trim them, take his handkerchief from his pocket, and wipe his face with dispatch : thus proving that when God deprives us of one sense or of one limb, He usually gives additional

power to others ; hence this man could use his toes with about as much apparent ease and grace as some men use their fingers.

December 7th and 8th, assisted Bro. Laird at his missionary anniversary in Owen Sound. I was carefully cared for by Sheriff Snider. This town is growing finely, and from its situation and surroundings, seems destined to become a large commercial city.

January the 11th, preached at the anniversary of the church opening in the village of Erin. That was my first visit to this beautiful little village. Mr. Tyler, with whom I stopped, seems to be the moving spirit in the church here. At our tea-meeting, on Monday evening, we paid off the debt against the Wesleyan Church, which appears one of the best in the place.

On the 15th January, we formerly opened our College at Dundas ; and as I had given the first address in Victoria College, the Principal was very anxious I should deliver the first in this also. Several of us took part in the opening services, and in the evening we met in the church, where Dr. Ryerson, Dr. Nelles, Dr. Rice, Mr. Sanford, Mr. Horsler, and the writer, delivered speeches. The College stands upon a sightly and healthy elevation, with orchard, gardens, and play-grounds attached. The proprietors and directors have spared neither pains nor expense to make it attractive and useful. Indeed, few places present more attractions to the young aspirant after knowledge. Pure religion and a sound, diffusive education, are indispensable elements to freedom and prosperity in any country.

At a special meeting of the Council of our Evangelical Alliance, the basis for a Dominion Alliance, agreed upon by us in New York, was accepted, and the Revs. Canon Baldwin, King, and myself, were appointed members of the

Provincial Board, to arrange for holding the Dominion Conference, next October, in Montreal.

THE LAST SESSION OF THE CANADA CONFERENCE.—This Conference, held in the beautiful Centenary Church of Hamilton, with Dr. Rice in the chair, was one of unusual interest from beginning to end. Peace reigned in our borders, prosperity attended our ministry, and our prospects were cheering. Upwards of 3,000 members had been added to our societies during the year, and our institutions were in a healthy condition. A pleasing incident occurred at one of our sittings. Messrs. W. E. Sanford, Dennis Moore, and A. Macallum, the executors of our old but much-lamented friend, E. Jackson, Esq., came upon the platform and presented a cheque for \$10,000, left in Bro. Jackson's will for the benefit of Victoria College. Several senior brethren were asked to make remarks in connection with this most impressive memorial service. My memory of this excellent man carried me back over forty years, during which time, amidst conflicts, storms, and divisions, this pious, consistent, and liberal supporter of the Church, had proved himself, in the best sense of the word, one of the most consistent churchmen in the country. No sooner had the Conference, with grateful hearts, acknowledged this handsome bequest, than Mr. Sanford arose and presented another cheque for \$10,000 from Mrs. Jackson, "to aid in establishing a Chair of Theology" in our University. These were noble gifts; but they did not exhaust the means, nor the large-hearted benevolence of Mrs. Jackson; hence in her will she bequeathed \$30,000 more—\$10,000 each to our Mission Fund, Superannuation Fund, and Theological Chair at Cobourg. These princely amounts were duly paid at our Toronto Conference, in 1876. We all felt that God was taking Christian education under his divine care and protection; and we appointed a committee to consider in what manner we could best

express our gratitude in some monumental way, suggestive alike to the present and to future generations.

This Conference was a peaceful and joyous one ; but when the hour came for closing up the business of the Canada Conference forever, and separating into three bands, we felt a degree of sadness come over our spirits. And no wonder. Some of us had fought together side by side for fifty years ; and through good report and evil report ; amidst divisions, secessions, and slanders, had remained firm in our loyalty to that Conference which had now met for the last time. Thereafter strangers were to mingle in our councils and take part in our debates. There were but five brethren present who took appointments when the Conference was organized at Hallowell, fifty years ago—Revs. John Ryerson, Solomon Waldron, Robert Corson, Joseph Messmore, and Anson Green. Of the fifty-one annual meetings of this body, I had attended fifty—including its formation and its dissolution,—besides one General Conference in 1830, and one Special Conference in 1840 ! I had seen its beginning, aided in preparing all its books of discipline, took part in its discussions, and helped in founding its various institutions. I had introduced several of its members into the ministry, and had voted at the reception of nearly all the rest ; had ordained some of them, and assisted in the ordination of most of the others. Had lived to see our ministers and preachers increase from 38, in 1824, to 715 in 1874 ; our members from 6,150 to nearly 74,000, and to find that more than one-fourth of the population had returned themselves Methodists in the census of the Province. These facts are now before the world, and have become matter of history. They speak for themselves, and we are not ashamed of the testimony they give. The fathers of our Church were not ignorant men, as our opponents have tauntingly intimated. It is true, there were some weak men among them, and

where is the Church that has them not? But there were giants in those days as well, and no Wesleyan need be ashamed to compare such men as Case, Metcalf, Madden, W. Ryerson, Peter Jones, and Jas. Evans with any men of their day. It is true that all the founders of the Canadian Church were not titled men. They were, rather, founders of schools and colleges than classical students in universities. They were better preachers than writers, better pastors than scholars; still, they were learned men in the most practical sense of the term. Self-educated it may be, but they were men of one work, and they knew how to do that work well. Salvation was their science, the Bible and men their text-books, and they studied them faithfully. They knew the truths of the Bible, and could preach them; its doctrines, and could defend them; its precepts, and could obey them; its promises, and could enjoy them; and we, their children, can now rise up and call them blessed.

It is a pleasing sight to sit on the platform, where I have had a seat for thirty-three years, and look over this Conference of four or five hundred ministers, all heralds of the love of God. On the heads of many the almond tree is blossoming, but there are a large number of ardent young men, full of love and zeal and promise, ready to catch the standard as it falls from the hands of the aged, and with unfurled banners and a firm grasp rush to the conflict, crying, "None but Jesus! None but Jesus!" The moment was one of much excitement, calling up pleasing reminiscences; but the hour came for us to part, and we committed the executive reins to faithful men, in their different Conferences, with confidence, trusting that they will fight as bravely, labour as diligently, and bring forth fruit as abundantly, in their more separate capacity, as they have done while toiling side by side with us. But our old friend, the Canada Conference,

which has nobly defended the truth, and multiplied its children by thousands, has done its work, and will disappear from the record.

“ So fades a summer cloud away, .
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.”





CHAPTER XVII.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE—CONCLUSION.

THE three Conferences, having notified absent ministers to be present, met immediately, in different churches. The members of the Toronto Conference repaired to the John Street Church, and did me the honour of appointing me President, *pro tem.*, to organize. Dr. Wood was elected President for the year, and the Rev. John Shaw, Secretary. We then elected delegates to the General Conference, chairmen of districts, and representatives to sundry committees, and adjourned about twelve o'clock, glad to get a few hours' rest before we started for home.

ROUND LAKE CAMP-MEETING.—The trustees of this beautiful ground, acting under the patronage of the Troy Conference, and the advice of the Bishops of the M. E. Church, wisely resolved on holding an International Fraternal Meeting here, to commence on the 8th of July, and continue two weeks. To this meeting representative men, from every branch of Methodism on this continent, were invited; and Joseph Hillman, Esq., their enterprising President, favoured me with an invitation as a Wesleyan minister. Mrs. Green, Anson, and I reached the ground in time for the first sermon, which was delivered by Bishop Janes. We were provided with a good room in the cottage of Miss Schofield, from

Cohoes. Ten branches of the great Wesleyan family were represented by three hundred ministers and several thousand laymen. Ten Bishops were there, five from the north and five from the south ; together with Presidents and ex-Presidents, D.D.'s, P.E.'s, editors, agents, secretaries, professors, and pastors in great variety. We heard no murmurings, felt no friction, and discovered no jealousy. We were all one in Christ Jesus, and the special was buried in the general. Party differences appeared small, and even contemptible in the presence of this combined host, cordially co-operating under the powerful workings of God the Spirit. Geographical boundaries are natural and right, but for two or more opposing parties of our great family, to be contending for the same ground, is unwise, unscriptural, and absurd.

There were three sermons daily from the grand stand, which were taken down by stenographers, and are to be published by the Book-room. The Rev. Dr. Douglas, of Montreal, and the Rev. John Potts, of Toronto, ably represented the Wesleyan Church of Canada in their powerful sermons. While the former was preaching, His Excellency the President of the United States occupied a seat among the dignitaries on the platform. Bishop Janes presided with marked ability. His will was law, and that law was cheerfully obeyed. When he called at our lodgings to invite me to preach, I replied in the language of Bishop Hedding, "We are regulars, and must go when and where we are wanted." "I thought so," said he, "and therefore telegraphed your appointment to the papers two hours ago." There were no attempts at organic union, and yet no means could be used better calculated to effect it. The ground was laid out in streets, walks, and avenues, and adorned with cottages, offices, and fountains of water. The preaching, singing, and praying were all but overpowering, while "showers of blessing" fell profusely all around us. I was never more happy in my life.

The earthen vessel was full. I dared not ask for more. By divine grace I was so strengthened, both in body and mind, that I was able to take my full share of work in preaching, praying, exhorting, giving addresses, leading preachers' meetings, and finally in consecrating the elements of the Lord's Supper on the evening of the last day, "That great day of the feast." Never did I witness a more solemn and impressive sacramental service. The evening was calm, and numerous lamps sent their brilliant rays over the ample foliage, lending enchantment to the scene; while venerable bishops, learned divines, and toil-worn veterans reverently knelt together to receive the tokens of our Redeemer's dying love. The next morning, all had the privilege of shaking hands with the clergy, and the feast was ended.

By the request of Dr. Eddy, the Bishop, and the Rev. Mr. Bool, the President of the Sea-Cliff Camp-ground, I attended another meeting there, and gave them a sermon. This ground is on Long Island Sound, about thirty miles from New York. It is a lovely spot. The tabernacle is firmly built, and designed to accommodate five thousand people, and the cottages present an attractive appearance. Here I met with Brother Wilson, formerly of Toronto; with Bishop Peck, Dr. Sargent, Dr. Depuy, and many other old friends. Mr. Kettell gave us a clam-bake under the green trees, near the Sound. The sea breezes proved beneficial to me, and I returned with increased strength. On my way, I dined with the amiable family of Joseph Hillman, Esq., of Troy. We spent a Sabbath in Schenectady, preached in their new and beautiful church; was shown through Union College by Professor Wells, and enjoyed the hospitality of J. B. Graham, Esq., whose acquaintance we had made at Round Lake. Bishop Peck and his intelligent lady having cordially invited us to spend a week in their splendid mansion in Syracuse, we gladly accepted the proffered honour, and had

a most delightful visit. Professor Bennett, and other learned professors, kindly took us through their new and grand University Buildings, which stand on elevated ground in the south part of the city.

September 6th.—Preached to a large assembly in our spacious Metropolitan Church,—a church which Dr. Wiseman, of England, declared “the best in Methodism,” and Dr. Parker, of London, “the best in the world.” It is safe, I think, to say that we have the largest Protestant congregation in the Dominion, if not on the Continent. Oh that our holiness and diligence were equal to our responsibilities!

The General Conference assembled in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on the 16th of September, 1874! the Hon. Judge Wilmot—ex-Governor of New Brunswick—led us to the choice of a President. As the Rev. Dr. Ryerson—by reason of his connection with the Government—had never occupied our Presidential Chair, many of us were anxious to make him the president of this legislative body; and he was elected to that high honour accordingly. The Rev. D. D. Curry, from the Eastern body, was elected secretary; and the Rev. Wm. Scott, of the Wesleyan Conference, and Benjamin Hopkins, Esq., from the New Connexion body, were appointed assistant secretaries; and the Rev. John Bredin, journal secretary. This Conference will form a new era in the operations of our Church:—1. It was the first Wesleyan Conference in which laymen took a co-ordinate part in the transaction of business. 2. The first in which the three Churches, recently united, had met together with mutual interests, to consult for the good of united Methodism. 3. The first, since our union with the British Conference, in which the executive and legislative functions of the Church were entirely separated, and legislation only attended to. The laymen, with trifling exceptions, wore their newly acquired honours with becoming humility and respect; and

the three bodies came together with mutual good feeling, and mutual respect. We felt the advantage of having first-rate business men associated with us in council ; and while there were measures adopted, and changes made, which some of us regretted, yet I cannot say that they would have been greatly different had we remained in our former separate capacity, without the assistance of our lay brethren. I am a great believer in ultimate results. We cannot all have our own way, and when the Church, in her assembled wisdom decides, I bow to her decrees.

Much important business was necessarily left undone, but referred to appropriate committees to finish. That on Church Property, of which I had charge, was expected to conform our model-deed to the new state of things, and get laws enacted in eight or ten Provinces confirming our decision on church property, so as to secure it to the Methodist Church of Canada. This devolved much anxiety and toil upon the committee, for the Conference gave us no instructions, save their mandate to do the work needed, and we did it accordingly. Judge Jones, Judge Deacon, and A. Lauder, Esq., M.P.P., gave us the benefit of their legal knowledge in Ontario, while hon. and legal members of the committee managed matters in other Provinces. But the work proved too much for me in my feeble state of health, and I sank under it. From our last committee meeting I went to my bed, and was not able even to attend church again for months. The united Church, with one thousand ministers and more than one hundred thousand members, if rightly managed, will be a strong body, and a great power for good in the land. It reaches to Bermuda in the south, to Prince Edward's and Newfoundland in the east, and to Vancouver's in the west, and far over the sea to Japan. Our victories have been glorious in the past ; may they be even more sublime and holy in the future. But I am admonished that

my Church work is nearly finished. During my confinement and absence from church, Christ was more to me than pulpit eloquence or ministerial aid. I enjoyed constant peace with the great Head of the Church himself, whose presence makes our paradise, and whose smiles create our heaven. I had long felt that a protracted heart complaint was gradually undermining my constitution. At the November quarterly meeting, in Klineburg, I could scarcely finish my sermon. I would willingly live to take care of my family, preach the gospel, and lead sinners to Christ; but the Church can easily do without me. Her institutions are rising in strength and multiplying in number; her ministers are valiant for the truth, and her members pious, while her children are increasing on both sides of the earth.

With pleasure, therefore, at this period of our history, we may "walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof; mark well her bulwarks and consider her palaces, that we may tell it to generations following." Her foundation is in the holy mountain, her protector is divine!

"For her my tears shall flow,
For her my prayers ascend;
For her my cares and toils belong,
Till toils and cares shall end."

On May the 8th, 1875, we buried our dear Mother Hopkins in the Necropolis, Toronto. She was a good woman, a charming and loving mother, and a true and faithful friend. I loved her as I did my own dear mother. She was eighty-two years old, and her youngest brother (John) died while we were attending her funeral.

The Toronto Conference held its first regular meeting this year in Picton, on the precise spot where the Canada Conference held its first session in 1824. It was a rich treat to me to go back to the old ground, and retrospect the years

that had past since I first entered the pulpit of that town. The ministers were kindly entertained by liberal-hearted friends. I was particularly fortunate in having a comfortable home ready for me with Mr. and Mrs. Allison, both children of old and valued friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Poole as fellow-guests. The Conference was invited to a picnic, which friends from town and country provided for us, on the sand banks at the lake. Master Allison drove me there and to other places of interest, during my stay with this excellent family. Our Conference was a pleasant one, and if its ministers and the membership increase in proportion for fifty years to come, as did those of the Canada Conference, its ministers will then be numbered by thousands and the membership by hundreds of thousands.

May 4th.—We organized the Board of the Superannuation Fund according to the regulations of the General Conference. The writer was appointed chairman, the Rev. G. R. Sanderson, secretary, and the Rev. J. Douse and W. T. Mason, Esq., treasurers. At present, our jurisdiction is confined to the ground formerly occupied by the Canada Conference, to the interests of which the proceeds of this book are given. Our brethren in the east manage their own fund.

The International Camp-meeting at Round Lake, for 1875, commenced earlier than the former one, and I scarcely expected to be there; but President Hillman telegraphed for me, and I managed to spend three or four days in that delightful place, but was not able to preach. We met many valuable friends there, among whom was the Rev. Dr. McFerren, from Tennessee, who, with that large-heartedness which characterizes the hospitality of our Southern friends, cordially invited us to spend the winter with his own family in the sunny South. We also met with Miss Manning and Miss Julia Becker, from my native town, who urged us to

visit that place, which we did, and were met at the station by their kind-hearted parents, who conveyed us to their own comfortable homes, and treated us with marked attention. At our last visit in Middleburg, I had urged our friends to build a new church on a most eligible site in the village, and promised to visit them and preach in it if they would do so. One of the first objects which struck my eye, on reaching their beautiful town, was the steeple of their lovely sanctuary, erected on the very site which we had selected; and, as they had performed their part of the contract to my entire satisfaction, they called upon me to give them the promised sermon. On the 8th of August I preached my last sermon there—perhaps my last on earth—from Heb. 2 : 9, exhibiting the nature, the design, and the end of the Messiah's humiliation. Some of my earliest friends now living were present, and I had much comfort and sweetness of soul in dwelling upon and explaining the great atonement. Dr. Wells was present, and, knowing the danger of my disease under excitement, trembled for the result. The next Sabbath I was smitten down with my heart complaint, and confined for weeks before I could start for home. The two doctors (Wells) attended me, and refused any remuneration, but, in the most decided manner, they forbade my ever preaching again. I replied, "The Lord's will be done!" But it seemed to me a remarkable providence that, after preaching for more than half a century, and on both sides of the Atlantic, I should return to preach my last sermon to the friends of my youth, where, fifty-four years ago, I commenced my public career as an exhorter! I cannot close this part of my narrative without recording our high appreciation of the unremitting kindness of the Mannings, Beckers, Cooks, Watsons, Wells, Albrows, and others, during our visit in their beautiful town. I managed to get home by easy stages, and was thankful.

The winter following was unusually mild. On the 11th of March, 1876, robins and pigeons were flying about merrily ; but they found plenty of snow before the month was ended.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1876 met in our commodious new church in Peterborough, on the 14th of June. Dr. Kincaid met me at the station, and conveyed me to his own house, near the church, where he and his kind-hearted wife looked after my health and comfort with unabated attention. I was happy in being able to get to this Conference, and glad to witness the great improvement made in this part of the country since it formed a part of my first circuit. I regret that I have not room to describe these improvements and the doings of the Conference at greater length. The resolution asking me to publish this narrative was quite unexpected, but I returned home and devoted what little strength I had to the work, only regretting that the request had not been made when I had more time and strength to do credit to myself and justice to the Church in whose interest I have written.

CONCLUSION.

IN bringing this narrative to an end, the predominant sentiment of my soul is that of gratitude. When I commenced abridging my journal and making extracts for this work, my health was so impaired that I had reason to fear I might not be able to finish it ; but my wife has rendered me valuable assistance, and the Revs. Messrs. Manly and Johnson rendered me some service in the commencement ; while God has been better to me than my fears. Indeed, I have been a child of many mercies all my days, and still my blessings abound ! I am now far on in my seventy-sixth

year, and after spending nearly fifty-three years in the Christian ministry, and fifty-seven in uninterrupted communion with the Church, I feel that I am an unprofitable servant—"my good is all divine." God has been my guide, my protector, my friend. Under his banner, and by his gracious aid, "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith." I am at peace with God, with my own conscience, and with all mankind. I have many friends; and if I have enemies, I am not aware of having given them cause to become such. My brethren have kindly borne with my imperfections, and my God has richly supplied all my needs. "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

If my life has not been an eventful one, the century in which I have been permitted to live most assuredly has, and some of those events are briefly recorded in this book. At the time of my birth, railways were not known, navigation by steam was not deemed practicable, and telegraphic cables had not been thought of; machinery was in a crude state; old women were carding wool by hand, and young maidens were spinning and weaving it into cloth; the British and Foreign Bible Society had not been formed, nor any Wesleyan Missionary Society organized. But now the ends of the earth are brought near together by steamships and telegraph wires! My life has been a happy one. "I know whom I have believed," and my confidence in Him remains unshaken. If I were permitted to go back and live my life over again, my highest aspirations would be realized in being a pious, devoted, and useful Wesleyan Minister.

I have had my share of the honours and responsibilities of office, having spent only nine years in circuit work. Still, I look back with the greatest pleasure upon those rugged fields where, amidst privations and hardships, I aided those who occupied new ground, and preached the

gospel in rude log-cabins. Precious memories of the past ! I love to think of that heroic period when, with scanty means, the foundations were laid of those institutions which are now the glory and hope of the Church. Through all these years a sound conversion has been insisted upon. In the first sentence of this book I recognised its value, and in the last I must urge it as of infinite importance.

And now, gentle reader, we must part for a season. We have taken a long journey together, in which lights and shadows have mingled ; but the day is far spent and the night is at hand. The shadows lengthen around me as the sun sinks behind the western hills ; still the sky is cloudless, and the evening calm and peaceful. " My course " is nearly finished, but the crown sparkles at the happy goal, and beyond the everlasting hills is the dawning of a brighter day. Devoutly thankful to Him who has been the guide of my youth and the joy of my riper years, I can now say :

" Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat ;
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete."

